

CIVILIZED AMERICA.

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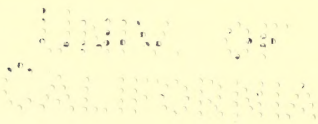
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ONE of the subjects which most naturally attracted my attention was the position and prospects of my emigrant fellow-countrymen throughout the Union. I was soon satisfied that I saw them in a character altogether new, and infinitely improved in comparison with that which they show in their native island or in Great Britain. The poverty, suffering, and discontent of the masses in Ireland are no doubt modified when they cross the channel, and shift the scene of existence to the English shore. Their industry has more scope, their earnings are larger, their material interests bettered. Small advantages, however, are gained in a moral sense. Degraded by a feeling of inferiority and the overbearing manner of their new fellow-subjects, far from the associations of home, and aloof from the community at large—without anchorage ground or a congenial soil, like sea-beaten ships or trees uprooted by

the wind—they are, in the true, but perhaps impolitic, words of a great living statesman, “aliens in race, language, and religion.” Thus it is that the mass of Irishmen, the poor, ill-educated, lower classes are never seen in their real native character, in what is, logically and legally, the land of their allegiance, or the step-mother country to which they may have removed.

It is no wonder, then, that they yield in large numbers to that instinctive longing for change which throbs in the breast of the unhappy ; that they seek elsewhere the good which Nature tells them is the birthright of humanity ; and that, having fixed on the goal of their hopes, they should crowd to it, and aid those they love and have left behind to follow and share in their success.

A wide field is open to their adventurous course ;

“ The world is all before them, where to choose ; ”

and many a voice is raised, to counsel or deceive them. Inducements of various kinds are held out. Solid advantages are mixed up with visionary speculations. The real is blended with the ideal, in the seductive pictures of colonial enjoyment. Objections are made, and obstacles suggested, as self-interest dictates to the agents who would dissuade the voluntary exiles from taking the course of their predilection. But the welcoming whisper of affection from the United States, answered by the urgings of their own hearts, insensibly draws them on ; and they hopefully trust themselves on “the broad Atlantic,” to proceed in immense majorities to the harbours of New York and Boston, or the other seaports of the Great Republic.

They have powerful reasons to expect a warm welcome and a ready-made home in this land of political promise. Ireland has strong claims on the good-will of America. When the war of the Revolution broke out, the inhabitants

of Belfast were the first European community—the French Court does not come under that classification—that gave open expression to their good wishes for the American cause. Public meetings, quickly following the first, were held throughout the country, to encourage transatlantic resistance ; and as the contest went on, Ireland, catching inspiration from the example of the New World, took that noble attitude of resistance which gained for her in 1782, under the guidance of Grattan and his patriotic associates, the legislative and commercial independence which was destined to so short a life. But from that period of a common sympathy—which ought not to be affected by success or failure—Irishmen have never ceased to look towards America with affection ; loving the people who won the freedom for which *they* vainly sighed, and regarding that country as the natural haven for hopes too often shipwrecked in the tempests of hard fate that beat upon their native land.

Any one who has travelled in Ireland, not merely with eyes to see her former wretchedness, but also with ears to hear her complainings, must have remarked the enthusiasm towards America that mingles with them. By the less-elevated ranks, the small farmers, artisans, and peasantry, the United States are considered as a sort of half-way stage to Heaven, whither some of the kindred or friends of almost every family have already repaired ; and whence they receive accounts, that even when unexaggerated or falling short of the truth, paint this new-found home, in comparison with their own domestic misery, as the very *El Dorado* of Spanish romance.* Infants suck

* “ The Irish on their arrival in America cannot believe their own eyes ; they feel as though under a spell. They do not dare to describe to their friends in Europe the streams of milk and honey that flow through this promised land.

“ An Irishman who had recently arrived, showed his master a letter which he

in, as it were, with their mother's milk, this passionate admiration of the New World. They are cradled in eulogiums on its excellence. Its praises are the lullaby of the child. The boy is taught to venerate its greatness; and the man talks of and sighs for its far-off shores, with a fervid admiration that knows no bounds.

The poetic mind of the Irishman, his warm heart, and ambitious temperament, all unite to give the colours of enchantment to the fairy-land he pants for. The beauty, the affection, the glory he pictures to himself form the arch of the covenant which Heaven seems to have made with the poor exile. Long before he trusts his fate upon the ocean he sees America, in the visions of night as well as in his day-dreams, more verdant than his own green fields, more fertile than the valleys, more sublime than the mountains. But, above all things, he reckons with too ardent security, on an ardour equal to his own, in the noble race with which he has peopled his fancied elysium. Often do his sentiments literally and unwittingly respond to the exclamation of Miranda, in "The Tempest :"—

"How beautiful Mankind is! O brave New World,
That has such people in it!"

Everything relating to the Revolutionary struggle has a thrilling interest for the people of Ireland. It is not merely for the memory of their own countrymen, Montgomery and others, who heroically fell or conquered in the cause of freedom, that they retain regard. The name of Washington is held in reverence without limit. Who can read the following anecdote, recorded by

had just written to his family. 'But, Patrick,' said his master, 'why do you say that you have meat three times a-week, when you have it three times a-day?' 'Why is it?' replied Pat; 'it is because they wouldn't believe me if I told them so.'"—*Society, Manners, and Politics in the United States*. By MICHAEL CHEVALIER. American translation.

Mr. Hackett, the comedian, without a cordial wish to grasp the hand, and share the emotion, of such men as composed the audience of the Dublin theatre?—

“ The first night of the performance of ‘ Rip Van Winkle,’ when in the midst of the scene where he finds himself lost in amazement at the change of his native village, as well as of himself and everybody he meets, a person of whom he is inquiring mentions the name of Washington. Rip asks, ‘ Who is he?’ The other replies, ‘ What! did you never hear of the immortal George Washington, the Father of his country?’ At these words, the whole audience from pit to gallery seemed to rise, and with shouting, huzzaing, clapping of hands, and stamping of feet, made the very building shake. These deafening plaudits continued some time, and wound up with three distinct rounds. To attempt to describe my feelings during such an unexpected thunder-gust of national enthusiasm, is utterly impossible. I choked,—the tears gushed from my eyes,—and I can assure you, it was by a great effort that I restrained myself from destroying all the illusion of the scene, by breaking the fetters with which the age and character of Rip had invested me, and exclaiming, in the fulness of my heart, ‘ God bless old Ireland!’ ”

That touching scene was, beyond all doubt, a fair specimen of the almost universal Irish sentiment, in regard to America and to the founder of its greatness. That sentiment is, on numberless occasions, made evident, not in Ireland alone, but wherever Irishmen are to be found, in whatever quarter of the globe. It is, in fact, unquestionable, that the Irishman looks upon America as the refuge of his race, the home of his kindred, the heritage of his children and their children. The Atlantic is, to his mind, less a barrier of separation between land and land, than is St. George’s Channel. The shores of England are farther off, in his heart’s geography, than those of New York or Massachusetts. Degrees of latitude are not taken into account, in the measurements of his enthusiasm. Ireland,

—old as she is, and fond as he is of calling her so,—seems to him but a part and parcel of that great continent which it sounds, to his notions, unnatural to designate as *the new world*. He has no feeling towards America but that of love and loyalty. To live on her soil, to work for the public good, and die in the country's service, are genuine aspirations of the son of Erin, when he quits the place of his birth for that of his adoption. No nice distinctions of nationality, no cold calculations of forms, enter into his mind. *Exile* and *alien* are words which convey no distinct meaning to him. He only feels that he belongs to the country where he earns his bread. His birthright has hitherto been but a birthright of suffering. The instinct of naturalization is within his soul. And he cannot conceive that the ocean which he is crossing, should be more powerful to deprive him of, than his own heart-yearnings are to secure to him, all the rights and privileges which that instinct seems to claim.

His first foot-print on the soil of the New World is to him a virtual seal placed on the bond of his fidelity. The first breath of air he inhales is a cordial to his heart, for he knows it is the air of freedom. He never before felt himself really a man ; for the blight of petty proscription had, ever until now, hung over and around him. He never before knew the obligations of the word *allegiance* ; for a host of small impediments stood between him and the object to which he owed it. Now he comprehends and acknowledges it. He feels himself to be identified with that to which his fealty is due. He considers himself an integral portion of the State. He is at once, in heart and soul, if not in form, a citizen.

And may it not here be asked, Is the man who thus comes into the country,—a part of it by impulse, a patriot

ready-made,—a fit object of doubt and odium? and might it not be more generous, just, and politic to meet half-way his ingenuous views, to stretch out to him the hand of brotherhood, to join in the bond of fellowship which his heart has already ratified? Might not a fairer estimate of his character than that which generally prevails, and a higher trust in human nature itself, combine, and safely too, so as at once to invest him with the title he aspires to, and the rights which it confers, thus making him in reality what he believes himself to be, and giving him the best of all inducements to learn and uphold the real interests of the country he would thus belong to, and removing the dangerous chance of his being misled and imposed on by the temptations which induce the immigrant, *while an alien*, to give to a faction an adherence which is due to the commonwealth?

This is, however, as will be seen, put merely hypothetically; and is thrown out, rather to induce reflection than to provoke discussion. It may, however, serve as an index to the tenor of what is to follow, and to the opinions of the high authorities I mean to refer to, in practically treating the question of naturalization.

The expectations of the new comer, romantic rather than reasonable, are too often cruelly checked in the first moments of his arrival. He gives his hand,—and an Irishman's hand almost always has his heart in it,—to the designing persons by whom, from various motives, he is watched for and caught up; but the cordiality of his grasp meets a cold return. He speaks in the fulness of sincerity; but no voice responds in the same key. His uncouth air, his coarse raiment, his blunders, and his brogue are certainly unattractive or ludicrous, to those who consider him only as a machine for doing the rough

work of the State, or as an object of political speculation. The Irishman soon sees the fact of his position, for he is sensitive and shrewd beyond most men ; and it may be imagined how keen and how bitter is his annoyance. No man is sooner than an Irishman thrown back on his own feelings. The recoil is in proportion to the exuberance ; and in the same degree in which they are originally warm and social, they become morose and gloomy when thus repelled. His natural gaiety overcomes this effect at times, or enables him to conceal what pains him so acutely. But the inward utterance of his disappointment is deeply echoed in his heart ; and he is too prone to resent, or even avenge, a wrong done to his feelings, which, did it affect his interests alone, he would despise. "*Tacitum vivit sub pectore vulnus.*"

By a rapid transition, on finding himself slighted and despised, he assumes the offensive, becomes violent, throws himself into the open arms of faction ; drinks, swears, joins in riots ; and, fancying that the hostile outpourings, by which a "party" assails him, speak the sense of the nation at large, he withdraws his proffered sympathy ; and, seeing that he is stigmatized as an alien,—for he has learned the meaning of the word,—he falls into the circle of his fellow-countrymen, becomes one of the mass of ignorance and intemperance which disgraces the Atlantic cities, and is soon, in fact, little better than a colonist, in the land which he sought with that kind of reverence that propels a repentant sinner into the comforting bosom of the Church.

Yet, though baffled and disappointed, the ardent love of liberty rarely deserts the Irish heart, and it as rarely sinks into despair. Few of the exiles return to the old country. They, in a vast majority of cases, hold fast, and work their

way. Nor do they cease to love America. But they love it now, not with the rapture of an abstract passion, but with a practical and business-like regard, as the birth-place of their children, and the field for the exercise of their own patient industry.

Thus, in the very best aspect of his fate, the immigrant drags on, for five long and weary years, in a probation of drudgery—which, to those who do not suffer it, seems a mere span—in a state of manifest inferiority to the citizen, who employs, makes a tool of, or, perhaps, bribes and buys him, for purposes of electioneering debasement. This cannot, certainly, increase the alien's self-esteem, or make him more fit for the exercise of a citizen's privileges. It must, indeed, add to his sense of degradation. Year after year he becomes, no doubt, more and more acquainted with the workings of party machinery. But those years do not teach him to love the country one whit more than he loved it on the day of his landing ; and he has not that pride of conscious respectability and value, which leads the real freeman, however lowly his station, to take a wide and exalted view of public affairs. The longer the alien remains in this chrysalis state, may he not become the less suited for the enjoyment of the light and air, when he breaks his shell, expands his wings, and flies into his new political existence ? Cramped, narrowed, and prejudiced, he is immersed in the low tricks of the intriguers, who have pounced upon and beguiled him ; and more irritated and angry against those who, independent of strict party grounds, are adverse to him on those of his birth alone. A deep-rooted sense of wrong, and a hatred to those who do it, are nourished in his heart and instilled into his children ; and a large portion of the population is thus, for one generation at least,

alienated from the rest, and driven, as it were, into a second exile from all the social advantages of citizenship. The theory of the naturalization laws of course is, that the five years shall be years of instruction for the duties of citizenship ; but, in the actual want of such instruction, is not the effect of the delay too likely to be such as I have described ? Yet, with all this, the Irishman can hardly be made a bad or a disloyal citizen, or prevented from embracing the first opportunity to serve the country, as is proved by the readiness with which he enlists in the naval or military force.

In thus stating impartially, and with a thorough knowledge of Irish character, the effects produced on great numbers of emigrants from that country, I am by no means making a reproach, on the score of feeling, or want of feeling, against those who are ignorant of the history of Ireland, who know the character of the people only through the medium of these very exiles, and who have had no means of scanning the hearts which beat under so coarse an exterior. Every candid Irishman, who understands any portion of human nature beyond his own, will admit, that his over-ardent temperament is very likely to beget suspicion as to his sincerity, in those who do not partake of it in anything like the same degree ; while his familiar, free-and-easy manners are little in accordance with the reserved and cautious habits of the majority of the American people. Taking things for granted is the curse of the generous-hearted, in all climes and at all times. No one suffers more from this too common mistake than the Irish immigrant, who, when he finds himself deceived in his sanguine estimate of men and things, makes no allowance for those who fall below his fancied standard, and who look askance or stand aloof

from his companionship. But this is not altogether fair on his part.

How can a cool New-Englander, for example, who has never experienced misfortunes, or lived under a state of things which make a man long for another country in preference to his own,—whose only idea of emigration is connected with money-making, without a single tinge of sentiment,—the “far west” of whose imaginings brings no notions but those of forests, prairies, floods, swamps, alligators, and rattlesnakes,—how can such a man place implicit faith in the tear-filled eye, the glowing cheek, the overflowing discourse of a stranger from beyond the ocean, who, on touching the soil of that western world in which he has come to seek *his* fortune, professes to love it like the land of his birth, talks to the inhabitants as brothers, and assumes an interest in the welfare, and a pride in the greatness of the country, as though it were to all intents and purposes his own? Is it not excusable if the unconvinced Yankee looks and listens with caution to this new comer, or even if he considers him a cheat, calls his warm talk “blarney,” and sets him down as an interloper?

Such sentiments as these once excited, it is difficult to dislodge them from the mind. And when the transition in the feelings of the foreigner, arising from his discovery of those sentiments, has fairly set in, a reciprocal tone of dislike and acrimony is sure to be the result. It is needless to point out how much this unfortunate state of misunderstanding is fostered by taunts and jibes on the one hand, and by the angry spirit of disappointment superinduced on the other.

The fierce zeal with which the Irishmen, who have acquired the rights of citizenship, enter into political strife cannot fail to excite extreme jealousy in those

native partizans, who see themselves outstripped in violence, and robbed of their privileges of railing and rioting. Even the more sober and tolerant cannot endure the boisterous patriotism of those sons of Erin, nor feel quite at ease on seeing that those who had been a few years previously the despised subjects of a foreign sovereign, should now so soon enjoy an equality of rights with the offspring of home-born republicans, who gained their privileges at the cost of their lives and fortunes, in a long and doubtful struggle.

This particular cause of dissatisfaction is common to persons of every station throughout the country. Then comes a particular discontent on the part of the working classes of the community against those hardy labourers from beyond seas, who come into the market to do more for less money, to live in a way which lowers the general respectability of the working-man, thus causing at once a decrease in wages, and in the consideration accorded by the employer to the labourer, and doing a double mischief on the score of their profits and their pride. They know not, or probably give small credit if they do know them, to the motives which induce the Irish labourer in America to undergo privations, that in many cases make his condition little better than it was at home. But when it is, as it ought to be, widely understood that the Irishman braves reproach and contumely, and denies himself many of the enjoyments his earnings might procure, that he may be able to remit a portion of them to his suffering relatives in the old country, how lofty is his moral elevation ; how does his pious attachment to his ancient "kith and kin" give assurance of his fidelity to the new relations he has made for himself in his new home ! How often is the fable of "The Cock and the Jewel" acted

over in that distant country, as well as in all other parts of the world! What numberless instances occur of worth despised and merit trampled down, from ignorance of their value, or because they are found in ignoble places!

The naturalization of foreigners has been, from the most ancient times, a point of considerable jealousy with all civilized countries. The old Greek states indulged the most narrow views on this subject. Intermarriage was forbidden between citizens of the various republics, and no person was allowed to hold land within the territory of any state but his own. When the Olynthian republic introduced a more liberal and beneficial policy, it was considered as a portentous innovation.* And, as a most remarkable stretch of gratitude to the Athenians, for their assistance in the war against Phillip of Macedon, the Byzantines infringed their ordinary strictness, and granted by law to their allies the right of intermarriage with their citizens, and the power of purchasing and holding lands in the Byzantine territories.

In the palmy days of Athens herself the privilege of citizenship was deemed a very distinguished favour, and could only be obtained by the decree of two successive assemblies of the people; and the laws enacted the penalty of death to any stranger who intruded his voice into their legislative proceedings.

The Romans of the republic were noted for their peculiar jealousy of the *jus civitatis*, or rights of a citizen. In the time of Augustus the same anxiety existed to keep the people untainted of foreign blood.† And it was not until the reign of Caracalla that, for purposes of a more extended taxation, the freedom of the city was communicated to the whole Roman world.‡

* Mitford's "History of Greece," vol. v. p. 9.

† Suetonius, "de Aug." scet. 40.

‡ Gibbon, vol. i. p. 267.

From those remote days to the present time, conflicting opinions and contradictory enactments have prevailed on the subject of the naturalization and alien laws ; and there is, perhaps, no other of equal importance to the well-being of states which is, at this day, involved in so much doubt and delicacy. It is not necessary to enter at large into the consideration of a matter which has called forth much reasoning and a variety of argument from some of the most distinguished jurists of both hemispheres. The main foundation of all legislation or usage on the subject seems to be, that almost all civilized nations admit the principle of expatriation. Cicero regarded it as one of the firmest bases of Roman liberty, that the citizen had the privilege to stay or renounce his residence in the state at pleasure. And the principal modern writers on public law, as Grotius, Puffendorf, Wyckefort, and Vattel, have spoken generally, though perhaps rather loosely, in favour of the right of a subject to emigrate and abandon his native country, unless there be some positive restraint by law or he be at the time in possession of a public trust, or unless his country be in distress, or in war, or stand in need of his assistance.

It is the doctrine of the English Common Law, that natural-born subjects owe an allegiance which is intrinsic and perpetual, and which cannot be divested by any act of their own. However repugnant this may be to our notions of the natural liberty of mankind, or however inconsistent with the principle declared by some of the State Constitutions in America, yet, as the question has never been settled by judicial decision, and as the judges of the Supreme Court have discovered much embarrassment in its consideration, it seems admitted that, until some legislative regulations on the subject are prescribed, the rule of

the Common Law must prevail ; its only relaxation being in the case of persons who for commercial purposes may acquire the rights of a citizen of another country, the place of domicile determining the character of a party as to trade.

The naturalization laws of the United States have been subject to great and frequent variation. The terms upon which any alien, being a free white person,* can be naturalized, are prescribed by the Acts of Congress of the 14th of April, 1802, ch. 28 ; the 3d of March, 1813, ch. 184 ; the 22nd of March, 1816, ch. 32 ; the 26th of May, 1824, ch. 186 ; and the 24th of May, 1828, ch. 106.

Previously to the first of those Acts, which has fixed the main point of the term of probationary residence in the country, it fluctuated considerably. In 1790, only two years' previous residence was required. In 1795, the period was enlarged to five years ; and in 1798 to fourteen years. In 1802 it was reduced back to five years, where it yet remains.

The alien is required to declare on oath before a State Court, being a court of record, with a seal and clerk, and having Common Law jurisdiction, or before a Circuit or District Court of the United States, or before a clerk of either of the said Courts, two years at least before his admission, his intention to become a citizen, and to renounce his allegiance to his own sovereign ; the latter stipulation being admitted by the best jurists in the country to be grossly inconsistent with the generally

* The Act of Congress confines the description of aliens capable of naturalization to "free white persons." It is presumed that this excludes the inhabitants of Africa and their descendants ; but it may become a question, to what extent persons of mixed blood are excluded, and what shades and degrees of mixture of colour disqualify an alien from application for the benefits of the act of naturalization.

received doctrine of intrinsic and perpetual allegiance. The prescribed declaration need not be previously made, if the alien resided before the 18th of June, 1812, and has since continued to reside, nor if he be a minor under twenty-one years of age, and shall have resided in the United States three years next preceding his arrival to majority. It is sufficient that it be made at the time of his admission, and that he then declare on oath and prove to the satisfaction of the Court, that for three years next preceding it was his *boná fide* intention to become a citizen, and then the five years' residence, including the three years of his minority, will entitle him to admission as a citizen on complying with the other requisites of the law. At the time of his admission his country must be at peace with the United States, and he must before one of those Courts take an oath to support the Constitution of the United States, and likewise an oath to *renounce and abjure his native allegiance*. He must, at the time of his admission satisfy the Court by other proof than his own oath, that he has resided five years, at least, within the United States, and one year, at least, within the State where the Court is held; and if he shall have arrived after the peace of 1815, his residence must have been continued for five years next preceding his admission, without his having been at any time during the five years, out of the territory of the United States. He must satisfy the Court, that during that time he has behaved as a man of good moral character, attached to the principles of the Constitution of the United States, and well disposed to the good order and happiness of the same. He must, at the same time renounce any title or order of nobility, if any he hath. The law provides, that children of persons duly naturalized, being minors at that time, shall, if dwelling in

the United States, be deemed citizens. It is further provided, that if any alien shall die after his declaration and before actual admission as a citizen, his widow and children shall be deemed citizens.

A person thus duly naturalized becomes entitled to all the privileges and immunities of natural-born subjects, except that a residence of seven years is requisite to enable him to hold a seat in Congress, and no person except a natural-born citizen is eligible to the office of governor in some of the States, or to that of President of the United States.*

I cannot enumerate the various enactments in the several States of the Union, which regulate the particular rights and privileges of aliens or foreign-born citizens. Great toleration and latitude of construction prevail in some, while extreme rigour formerly existed in others. Before the adoption of the present constitution the power of naturalizing resided in the several States ; and the constitution of New York, as it was originally passed, required all persons born out of the United States to take an oath, on being naturalized, abjuring all foreign allegiance in all matters *ecclesiastical* as well as civil. This was intended to exclude the Roman Catholics, who acknowledge the spiritual supremacy of the Pope. It was law in the beginning of the last century that every Jesuit and Popish priest who should continue in the colony after a given day should be condemned to perpetual imprisonment ; and if he broke prison and escaped, he should when retaken be put to death. Mr. Smith, in his "History of New York," (page 111,) declares his opinion, that the law (as well as the

* An able historical review of the principal discussions in the federal courts on this important subject in American jurisprudence, is to be found in Chancellor Kent's "Commentaries," vol. ii. 3rd New York edit. part iv. sect. xxv.

punishment) should be perpetual. As late as 1753, the legislature of Virginia passed an act placing Popish recusants under the most oppressive disabilities. It should not however be forgotten that the charter of Rhode Island, of 1663, declared that, "no person within the colony, at any time thereafter should be in any wise molested, punished, disquieted, or called in question, for any differences in opinion in matters of religion that do not actually disturb the peace of the colony." And the Catholic planters of Maryland having already, in 1649, declared by law that "no person professing to believe in Jesus Christ should be molested in respect of their religion," they procured to their adopted country the distinguished praise of being the first of the American States in which toleration was established by law ; and, while the Puritans were persecuting their Protestant brethren in New England, and the Episcopalians retorting the same severity on the Puritans in Virginia, the Catholics, against whom the others were combined, formed in Maryland a sanctuary where all might worship and none might oppress, and where even Protestants sought refuge from Protestant intolerance.* New Jersey and Carolina followed the bright example just quoted ; and Pennsylvania, under the auspices of its celebrated founder, went to the most large and liberal extent, declaring that "no men on earth had power or authority to rule over men's consciences in the concernments of religion ;" and that "no persons acknowledging a Deity and living peaceably in society should be molested or prejudiced for their religious persuasion."

It appears from these "illustrious examples," as they

* See Grahame's "History of the Rise and Progress of the United States."

are justly called by Chancellor Kent, in his "Commentaries," that various portions of America became, even in its infant state, asylums for the enjoyment of the principles of civil and religious liberty, to the persecuted votaries of those principles from every part of Europe.

And such surely was the great design of Providence in the formation and fashioning of that glorious continent, and in leaving its discovery to a period when the day-break of literature and science shone on a race of men wise enough to comprehend the blessings of such a place of refuge, and learned enough to improve its advantages ; so that, when ill-fortune, or the wrong-doing of wicked rulers in the Old World, drove them from their natural home, they had one ready-made for their exigencies, and of ample scope for all comers from generation to generation. Nor must the justice of Heaven be arraigned, because poverty and suffering exist in Europe, wildernesses and desolation in America. A wise beneficence has so ordained, that misery should impel population ; and that the wilds of the New World should bring out the poor and not the rich for their redemption. For, hard-working men, tried in the furnace of ill-fortune, are the fitting stock from which to people a new world. A striking passage in Carlyle's "Miscellanies," free from his usual contorted style, pays a fine tribute to the value of labour ; and another, of plain but powerful reasoning, is to be found in the celebrated work of a philosopher, recently dead, to the deep grief of his many friends, which might be quoted as an apt illustration of the analogy between the value of physical suffering and the moral uses of adversity.*

Every philanthropist that lives must rejoice that such a

* "The Constitution of Man," by George Combe.

harbour of safety for the oppressed of the earth exists, as is to be found in the vast countries upon whose outermost verge the Atlantic cities stand. And, while nature itself and the force of things invite thitherward all men who can improve their civil or religious condition, how strange and deplorable is it, that societies should be formed in those very cities so many social barriers against the primal necessity of America's actual condition! Looking at what has been already done by the aid of foreign labour, the great public works of these cities, the canals, railroads, and indeed every enterprize of physical power, and seeing what yet remains to be accomplished before the continent can have fulfilled its destiny, the interruption of immigration would be an actual decree against improvement,—a ban on civilization,—a fiat for the perpetual existence of the wilderness, and for the everlasting establishment of savage life. But not more impossible was it for the despot king of old to stem the rising sea than it is for any combination now to stop the living tide of emigration that rolls from the shores of the Old World, following the course which nature itself points out, across that ocean over which the wanderers are piloted by the joint instincts of self-preservation and love of happiness. Statistical details are not easily procured to give, with any approach to accuracy, a statement of the increase of emigration from Europe. It has, however, been officially ascertained that hundreds of thousands of foreign passengers have arrived yearly for several years past, and the Irish population may now amount to four millions. That fact may startle even those whom it does not frighten. But, let it act as it may on the hopes or fears of the naturalized or native population,

“The cry is still, ‘They come!’”

And so they will, with bounding hearts and lofty aspirations ; and, however it may affect or disturb those who oppose, from principle or prejudice, this crowding influx of foreigners,

“ nought now can change
Their nature, or revoke the high decree
Unchangeable, eternal, which ordained
Their freedom.”

But, it is nevertheless true that a powerful party has been organized and is in actual operation, with the avowed object of throwing back upon the Old World, if not the millions who have already arrived in the New, at least the hundreds of thousands who are standing expectant on the European shores, waiting for circumstances or a wind,—as the birds of passage whose instinct points out their congenial resting-place across the waste of waters. The avowed object of this short-sighted party, which has adopted the ambiguous but not quite inappropriate name of KNOW-NOTHINGS, is the repeal of what they stigmatize as “the odious and destructive laws of naturalization now in existence.” They say they are “determined to enter the lists with renewed energy and increased hope.” “We have waited long enough,” is their cry ; “we have already given a sufficient precedence to party, and we will now assert the claims of country. Let every American who loves her, do the same, and we shall soon see her redeemed, regenerated, disenthralled. But let us be divided on this most vital of all questions, *and she will fall an easy prey to the stranger.*”—*Native American newspaper.*

I place no note of admiration, nor of astonishment, after the words put in italics ; but it would be difficult to express one’s surprize at the sentiment they embody, firmly

believing in the sincerity of the writer and of those to whose sympathies he speaks.

“An easy prey to the stranger.” Had America indeed been in the perilous crisis here assumed; had a foreign army touched the frontiers; had hordes of aristocrats arrived, with their blandishments of rank and title, one could understand the appeal of the “Native American.” But when “the stranger” here denounced is the embodied mass of foreign industry that clears away the forests, tills the fields, works on the wharves, and forms one of the main features of national strength and prosperity, one laments the fatal mistake, which makes a body of ardent patriots labour so hard to produce that “division” they deprecate so much, and raise a bitter enemy in the very heart of the land.

The authorities conspicuously quoted for the purpose of raising the bugbear alarm at foreign influence, are Washington, Jefferson, and Madison. High ones, no doubt; oracles almost, respectively, to various shades of political parties in the Union.

“History and experience prove, that foreign influence is one of the most baneful foes of a republican government,” says Washington, most truly, in his memorable “Farewell Address.”

“Foreign influence is a Grecian horse to the Republic. We cannot be too careful to exclude its entrance,” exclaims Madison.

“I hope we may find some means in future of shielding ourselves from foreign influence, political, commercial, or in whatever form it may be attempted,” were the words of Jefferson. But it would not be fair to hold him responsible for the half-expressed and hasty utterance of a sympathy with the wish of Silas Deane, “that there

were an ocean of fire between the New and the Old World !”

But taking at their full value the opinions so plainly expressed by these three great sages of the revolutionary history—and joining, as every lover of his country ought to join, heart and soul, in the sentiment that deprecates the introduction of foreign *influence*—what living man of common sense and common candour will construe it to bear upon the admission of Irish or German labouring men to the privileges of citizenship, after the term of probation prescribed by the laws? When Washington “most devoutly wished,” (to use his own emphatic expression in his letter to Mr. Morris, dated “White Plains, July 24th, 1778,”) “that they had not a single foreigner among them but the Marquis Lafayette,” did he mean anything beyond the annoyance he experienced from the troublesome claims, for promotion and emolument, of the French and German adventurers who crowded the army? And are these patriot sentiments of repugnance against the influence of foreign monarchs, and the insidious evils of aristocratical corruption, to be distorted into a hostility against the peasantry, the artizans, the manufacturers, or the agriculturists of Europe, bringing out with them the skill and industry which alone were wanting to make America what it now is, and without which it never could have reached its present eminence! Little could those high authorities have then imagined, that their words of wisdom would ever have been inscribed on the banners which they now make so conspicuous, but which, perverted from their true sense, as they are, they cannot be said to adorn.

But what were the real, general notions on this important subject of some of the most eminent men, differing in

many other points of political opinion? A memorable debate took place on the question of naturalization in the Federal Convention on Monday, August 13th, 1789, on the motion of Mr. Wilson and Mr. Randolph, to strike out "seven years," and insert "four years," as the requisite term of citizenship, to qualify for the House of Representatives.

Mr. Williamson moved to insert "nine years," instead of seven, and observed, truly, but not quite relevantly to the class of men who, by industry and in time, might reach the honour of being raised to a seat in Congress, "*Wealthy emigrants do more harm by their luxurious examples, than good by the money they bring with them.*"

Colonel Hamilton, meeting this truism by a broader view of the question, said; "The advantage of encouraging foreigners was obvious and admitted;" and he moved that the section be so altered as to require merely "citizenship and inhabitancy," as the qualifications.

Mr. Madison seconded the motion. "He wished to invite foreigners of merit and republican principles. *America was indebted to emigration for her settlements and prosperity.* That part of America which had encouraged them most, had advanced most rapidly in population, agriculture, and the arts."

Dr. Franklin said; "When foreigners, after looking about for some other country in which they can obtain more happiness, give a preference to ours, it is a proof of attachment which ought to excite our confidence and affection." And he declared himself opposed to all restrictions on naturalization.*

* For the whole of this debate, see the "Madison Papers," vol. iii.

Washington was President at this period, and Jefferson was in France. But the opinions of the latter on the question then debated are proved by a passage in his letter to Kosciusko on a subsequent occasion, when speaking of the salutary labours of the first Congress during his first presidency, he says ; “ They are opening the doors of hospitality to the fugitives from the oppressions of other countries,”—in allusion to the repeal of the retrograde enactment of 1798, (which had changed the term of probationary residence from five years to fourteen) in pursuance of a strong recommendation in his own message.

But, if still stronger proof is required of Jefferson’s sentiments on this point, it is to be found, and will be reverted to to the end of time, in that immortal document, the “ Declaration of Independence,” drawn up by his own hand. Enumerating the acts of tyranny of King George the Third against the colonies, he exclaims ; “ He has endeavoured to prevent the population of these States ; for that purpose *obstructing the laws for the naturalization of foreigners*, refusing to pass others to encourage their migration hither, and raising the conditions of new apportionments of lands.”

Further testimony can scarcely be required, beyond this great act of attainder against the sovereign, to show the impolicy, to say no more, of any such “ obstructions ” to the evident design of God himself ; or to prove that the mind must be narrow,—granting the purposes to be honest,—of those who suppose that the “ brave New World ” was made for the sole use of those who chance to be born on its soil. It seems a mockery, when the exclusionists declare that they would allow “ the industrious and enterprising foreigners to enjoy the fruits of their earnings under their own vine and fig-tree ; ” but that “ the son

of the bondwoman should not be heir with the son of the freewoman ; in other words, that they have no title to equal privileges with us in our glorious heritage, and that, in according them every privilege short of the elective franchise, we are acting *with great and munificent liberality.*" *

One may ask if any "party" can really exist in America so forgetful of the past, so insensible to the present, so indifferent to the future, as to wish to confine any set of free men, in any country on earth, to the privilege which is conceded to the negro slave, ay, to the very beast of burthen, of lying down in idleness and repose, after the work of the day is done. Or can any portion of a thinking community expect that a class could be found, in the stir and bustle of a free country, to abjure the right of ever giving a vote for the representative, whose duty it is to pass laws to protect the lives of themselves and their children, the property they have purchased, and the institutions of which they form a part ?

Living authorities might be accumulated in reprobation of this "munificent liberality!" But this cannot be requisite. The thing sought is as impossible as the arguments used in support of it are absurd. I shall content myself with one quotation more. It is from the speech of William Henry Harrison, at that time the President elect of the United States, delivered before a large meeting of the people, at Lancaster, in the State of Ohio, in the month of October, 1840.

" 'I am accused, fellow-citizens,' said he, 'of entertaining unfriendly feelings towards foreigners, who emigrate to this country with a view of becoming citizens, and of a desire to throw obstructions in the way of their naturalization. Nothing can be more false than this

* The "Spirit of Seventy-six."

charge. I have been more than forty years before my country, and my votes and my speeches are a true index of my opinions, on this as well as other important subjects. If those, who thus accuse me, will point out a single vote, or any expression of mine, which can in the least support this assertion, I will agree, that I am bound to come forward and explain. But they cannot do this. No such vote was ever given by me; no such opinion expressed. On the contrary, I have ever felt the warmest sympathy with those who have fled here, from the Old World, for refuge; and I have always given my support, whether in the national councils or as a private citizen, to all the laws which have passed to render their condition better, *or their naturalization MORE EASY.*"

But lest this extract from a newspaper report might have been spurious, or partially incorrect, I put on record here the following frank and generous reply, from the same individual, to a respectful letter written to him by Mr. Francis J. Grund, of Philadelphia, asking his sentiments on this mooted question.

"North Bend, September 25th, 1840.

"Through the whole course of my political life, I am satisfied, that no sentence ever fell from my lips, which could be construed into an unfriendly feeling to the Europeans who have emigrated hither, to enjoy the advantages which our free institutions afford, or a wish to extend the period, which is fixed by the existing laws, for their full admission to the rights of citizenship."

Foreigners and natives had thus reason to be satisfied, that, during the Presidency of General Harrison,* no innovation of the nature threatened would be attempted to any extent, or with any support that would encourage an agitation of the question. And it was not till the chance-presidency of Mr. Filmore, and the formation of the KNOW-NOTHING party, with which he was identified,

* General Harrison, it will be remembered, died at Washington just one month after his inauguration.

that avowedly hostile measures were taken to any extent against the Irish or other immigrants.

What, then, should be done by every lover of the country and of the various classes of its population, to improve and consolidate the well-being of each, so as to insure the satisfaction and happiness of the whole? Nothing, most assuredly, could tend more effectually to this great object than the softening of asperities, and setting the different opposing parties right with respect to the characters and objects of others.

It must be admitted that the Irish have to encounter considerable prejudices, — no matter from what causes arising, — in almost every section of the Union, though in different degrees. In some places they are openly and even violently expressed; in others, the feeling is slightly visible on the surface of common intercourse: but there is no observing Irishman, perhaps, who has not had, on some occasion or other, cause to notice the annoying fact. It must be remarked, that some of the different portions of the Union are much more congenial than others to the habits and feelings of Irishmen; and all seem to agree, that New England, taken on the whole, is the hardest soil for an Irishman to take root and flourish in. The settled habits of the people, the untainted English descent of the great majority, discrepancies of religious faith and forms, and a jealousy of foreign intermixture of any kind, all operate against those who would seek to engraft themselves on the Yankee stem, in the hope of a joint stock of interest or happiness. The bulk of Irish emigration to the Western States is comprised chiefly of agricultural labourers. Rigidly excluded in former times from improving by education his acknowledged quickness of intellect, the emigrant of this class has been hitherto fitted only for the

performance of offices requiring mere muscular exertion. Without any of those incentives to improvement possessed by the educated man, the beings we now speak of were doomed to a hopeless state of social inferiority. Their incapacity to perform any work requiring the application of intellectual power marked them out as hewers of wood and drawers of water. The high wages and good living, in comparison to what they had been accustomed to in Europe, ought to have given them more comforts, and raised them in the moral scale. But the pernicious addiction to whiskey-drinking, common to those poor people, and the highly reprehensible habit of allowing it to them in large quantities, by the contractors for some of the public works, have, until lately, kept them in a state of mere brute enjoyment, so to call their degraded condition.* This is the true source of every excess heretofore committed by Irishmen in America. Goaded by the stimulus of ardent spirits, their natural excitability of temperament knows no bounds. The memory of their ancient feuds in the old country revived by some chance word, they rush into conflict with their fellow-countrymen, or, in the words (scarcely exaggerated) of the song,—

“Get drunk, meet their friend, and for love knock him down;”

and present to the amazed, amused, but disgusted American

* “I happened, a few days ago, to be on the line of a railroad in process of construction, where the labour was done by Irish new-comers. They are fed and lodged; and hear their bill of fare;—three meals a-day, and at each meal plenty of meat and wheaten bread; coffee and sugar at two of those meals, and butter once a day. *In the course of the day from six to eight glasses of whiskey are given them*, according to the state of the weather. Besides which they receive forty cents a day under the most unfavourable circumstances, often from sixty to seventy-five cents.”—*Chevalier*, p. 108.

The italics in this passage are mine; and I hope, that many native Americans, who are disgusted with Irish degradation, will remark, and some mayhap will blush at it.

spectators a scene unparalleled, except between tribes, in open warfare, of the savages on their borders.

These broils, happily of rare occurrence at present, tended much to lower the standard of the Irish character; but the improved deportment of those who have been long in the country, and the better description of emigrants who have of late years left Ireland, decrease every day the chances of such disgraceful outbreaks; while the certainty of comparative regeneration among the millions still in the old country, under the influence of temperance and liberal government, is a guarantee for the moral worth of those who may hereafter emigrate.

A deep and fatal error,—the main cause of which has been already adverted to,—among the immigrant Irish, is the energy with which they associate in clubs and societies, having laudable but mistaken views. The motto, “Union is strength,” is, in this case, a fallacy of the worst kind, and affords a parallel to that other Union at home, which hitherto produced little but weakness and discord. The more an Irishman abstracts himself from those associations exclusively Irish, the greater is his chance of amalgamation with Americans, among whom his destiny is cast, and in whose fraternity he is, after all, to look for the meed of his industrious career. It may be safely observed that those Irishmen who have thriven best in the United States are those who have taken an independent stand, and, separating themselves from all clannish connexions, have worked their way alone. Such a man was the late Mathew Carey, of Philadelphia, the record of whose life is, to his enterprising fellow-countrymen, an example more valuable than a legacy, and to his own memory a monument more honourable than a marble statue.

Among those native Irishmen who were to be found

running a course of similar respectability and success, should be mentioned Judge Porter, of Louisiana, who, after having sustained high offices in that State, attained and admirably adorned the rank of Senator of the United States. Mr. James Boyd, of Boston, late a member of the legislature of Massachusetts, and the author of an able *Essay on Irish Character*, may be mentioned as a living instance of the honourable standing, which industry and talent can attain for an Irishman, even in the least congenial atmosphere. In the "Address," just alluded to, this intelligent and respected citizen observes :—

"One of the first duties, which we owe to ourselves and to the public, is to live on our own resources; to be, like the country of our adoption, INDEPENDENT, and to feel and to live as if we knew we were so, as far as reason and the nature of things permit. Absolute independence I do not, of course, mean. Such a course is neither attainable nor desirable. We must live by and for each other. Still there is a degree of comparative independence, so necessary in the present organization of society, that he, who does not possess it, can never be a free man in any country.

"Now I hold, that this state of comparative independence is within the reach of every Irishman, who comes amongst us, who is of sound body and mind. That state of things, which enables us to give something valuable to others in exchange for that which we receive from them, is the state of comparative independence; and, to qualify us for admission into this state, nature has made ample provision. She has given us strength to labour, and freedom of limb and person. Exercising these natural gifts, every man can do something that is valuable to some other. By judiciously using the compensation thus earned, we can put ourselves in possession of all the necessaries of life to begin with; and a prudent economy, and living within our means, will enable us, in time, to command the comforts and elegancies with which this country abounds. Possessing and enjoying, rationally, this comparative independence, we have a natural wealth, which, so long as we have health, no vicissitudes can take away."—p. 22.

This little pamphlet abounds with passages of the same good sense as the above ; and it contains advice on most important subjects of conduct, from which the settler in America might frame a code of inestimable value.

The newspapers published almost exclusively for Irish readers contain a fund of spirited articles adapted to their particular views. It is to be lamented that these papers, acting to a certain degree on the defensive, and driven to retaliation by a series of insulting attacks, are sometimes led into a style of recrimination that never adds strength to a good cause. They are also far too sectarian in their tone,—at least if their object is to circulate beyond the pale of a sect. To do honour to their country and its patriot leaders, to their faith and its pure apostles, is in the highest degree praiseworthy. But newspapers are not the fitting channel for polemical disputation. Great and valuable, however, is the service done to the cause of morals and true piety by the papers devoted to the enforcement of that principle of TEMPERANCE, which is all in all for Ireland, and to the Irish in America an unspeakable blessing.*

Among the many virtuous Roman Catholic ecclesiastics, who took a distinguished part in urging on this moral reformation among their labouring fellow-countrymen, during my residence in America, the Rev. James McDermott, of Lowell, was conspicuous. His labours were unceasing, his zeal untiring, and his success complete. I quote from a letter of the reverend gentleman, which I cannot, in justice to the subject I have taken in hand, withhold from the public.

“ ‘I know not,’ observes Mr. McDermott, ‘ of one habitual Irish

* Among those papers the New York “Freeman’s Journal” and the Boston “Pilot” have been long foremost.

drunkard in this place, and there are but very few who drink ardent spirits at all. The temperate drinkers, as they style themselves, begin to join our society, one by one. A change of circumstances and condition is the happy effect of change of habit. Their homes are now clean and comfortable, and they are happy and respected by the authorities and the citizens. To the officers and board, who are a light to this city and this land, we owe a debt of gratitude, which time can never cancel. In them I have always found protection and support, and a kind co-operation in all my humble efforts to promote the happiness of the flock intrusted to my spiritual charge. To our enlightened Board of Education, the Irish citizens are deeply indebted for an honest liberality in the appropriation of the school fund, and in the provision made for the education of their children. We have one grammar and five primary schools established exclusively for the Catholic children, supplied with competent and approved teachers, who get a liberal salary; and the committee acknowledge, that the children are as docile in their deportment, and as studious as any in the country. The Irish here are sensible of their advantages, and are determined to deserve them. Let the other cities of the Union do as our own happy Lowell has done, and the next generation will never blush at the brotherhood of an Irish American.' ”

No exhortation can be required in addition to this plain, yet powerful, statement of facts, to cause this example of Lowell and its benevolent magistrates to be extensively followed.

If, as is now admitted by all rational observers, the domestic grievances of Ireland are to be redressed by her own sons, so in like manner should the elevation of the Irish character in America be accomplished by the same agency. The encouragement given to temperance by the Irish Catholic priests is a point of manifest first-rate importance. But other auxiliary measures, in which they cannot take so prominent a part, might effect great good. For instance, the establishment of affiliated emigrant societies, scattered throughout the country,—not for the purpose common to some of the social clubs, of keeping alive

exclusive sentiments not in harmony with those of the inhabitants at large,—but for obtaining interesting statistical details and correct information as to the best means of obtaining employment for new comers, and for distributing this information among them so as to prevent their congregating, as they are so much in the habit of doing, in cities, where they obtain only a precarious subsistence, and to encourage their spreading themselves into the interior, with the assurance of permanent occupation and ultimate independence.

The “Freeman’s Journal” urged the adoption of this plan in several articles of great force, to the effect of the following extract :

“There is no possible enterprise that could promote the happiness of the emigrant so much as the establishment of such a society. We are thoroughly persuaded of this from personal knowledge, as well as from the information of others. We have seen our fellow-countrymen thriving and happy in settlements in the interior of the country, where the industrious man would always be sure to draw from the earth the reward of his labour, and might feel assured that, unless some extraordinary affliction should befall him, his children would never want at least the necessaries of life. This might be the condition of even the very poorest emigrant, who possesses industry, if he only knew where to go upon his arrival in this country ; and we have often felt pained by the contrast which the destitute condition of many of our countrymen in this city presented, especially in the winter season. Again we call upon our benevolent fellow-countrymen to unite in this great work of philanthropy, and prevent or remove a vast amount of moral, intellectual, and physical degradation.”

Another praiseworthy and a most successful effort to ameliorate the condition of the Irish in America, is the agricultural colony, so to call it, established by Bishop Fenwick, formerly of Massachusetts, near the town of Lincoln, and about eighty miles from Bangor, in the State

of Maine. The design of this settlement would appear to have been formed on the model of the colonies established by the Dutch, in Belgium, during the fifteen years of forced union to that country, between 1815 and 1830. But even if not, the details of those abortive attempts,—excellent in design, but greatly mismanaged, like every thing in the way of practical government tried by William I., the first king of Holland,—might be advantageously studied, as a warning of the evils to be avoided in the progress of the undertaking. These details are to be found in the statistical works of Mr. Ducpetiaux, of Brussels, one of the most industrious and useful of writers in this particular branch of social economy.

The Irish settlement in Maine, from its complete success and the high state of moral discipline adopted by the people, is likely to become a model for all such establishments, and an example which, it is to be hoped, will by and by be extensively followed in the various States of the Union.

Although every project for the information and protection of emigrants must naturally embrace the new comers of all nations, still it is to the Irish more particularly that these efforts should be directed. They constitute a large proportion of the whole amount of immigrants ; and, with a due regard to the exigences of the country and the aptitude of Irishmen to supply them, it must be conceded that no foreigners reach America whose services are more required, or whose labours are more richly remunerative to the land of their adoption ; who sympathize so entirely with its institutions, or who could be with such facility made *of* the country, while they were admitted *into* it.

The Germans, from the nature of their education, are accustomed more to the study of ancient feelings than to the indulgence of present impulses. Their theories are

founded on old forms of government and old notions of society. They have but little practical experience ; and the consequence is a mass of abstractions in the national mind. It possesses, however, from this tone of education, a great simplicity. The sensations of the people are not overstrained or overexcited, as is the case in countries such as Ireland, where a perpetual agitation was so long kept up. And consequently great elements of good are contained in the public character, if they were properly brought out. But, by the policy of the various German governments, they become inert and dull ; and the people, unaccustomed to the exercise of their power, bend before the tyranny, or at least resolve to fly from what they despair of being able to resist. They seek a shelter from the storm, rather than an open field for exertion. And it is on this principle that they emigrate to America ; and on their arrival shun the great marts of commerce and corruption, and retire to the quietude and seclusion of remote rural settlements.

The Irishman, on the contrary, is an ardent, enterprising, and, above all, a social animal. He loves to work or, if need be, to fight his way through life. And, if left to himself on arriving in America, he would not settle in, but bustle through the existence of, some populous city. He has been all his life accustomed to a densely peopled neighbourhood. His little island, not larger than the State of Maine, contains six or seven millions of inhabitants. To make such a man love solitude, or seek the wilderness, —to teach him

“ To sit on rocks, to muse o’er flood and fell,
Where things that own not man’s dominion dwell,”

or to make him comprehend the abstract meaning of the

fine distinction in Cowper's sublime and simple sentiment,—

“ God made the country, and man made the town,”

you must hold out great inducements, appeal rather to his pride than his reason, and arouse him to the task of conquering difficulties, rather than soothe him by the prospect of enjoying repose.

Nothing is of more importance to men who are made for the enjoyment of certain rights than the due understanding of what they comprise. “Life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness are the inalienable rights of man,” says the Declaration of American Independence; but, without irreverence to that great charter of freedom, it may be observed that a definition of the clause might be a puzzling task to the most profound jurist. The natural rights of man, a phrase in everybody's mouth, may be taken strictly to mean the rights of man in a state of nature. But this would by no means satisfy those theorists who, confounding all the principles of society and government, build structures of law and justice (so to call them) no more solid than the air-built castles of the day-dreamer. A serious study of the subject is not within the reach of every individual; but surely an utter neglect of it is unpardonable in those who take on themselves the office of instructing the public mind. It is, then, of absolute necessity to the common weal, that persons properly suited to the task should be appointed to give a certain degree of general information to all foreigners who seek America with a view to final settlement. Instead of leaving them exposed to the designs of schemers as ignorant and far more culpable than they are, they should be met on their arrival by qualified agents, at once put on

their guard, taken by the hand, set in the right road of conduct, gradually instructed in the primary political knowledge adapted to their capacity, and warned against the evil ways into which so many, from want of those precautions, have fallen.

These, and many other obvious duties, would, I presume, be gladly undertaken by persons of all political opinions and religious persuasions, for a fair remuneration. There is every probability for the future, of seeing a more improved class of Irish in every emigrant ship which leaves Ireland or Liverpool; and the pleasure of instructing the intelligent disciples of Father Mathew's doctrine, will be proportioned to their respectability. A premium for temperance might be established, in a diminution of the probationary term at present required before naturalization, proportioned to the period during which, according to satisfactory proof, the postulants have inflexibly held firm to the pledge; and thus, the benevolent wishes of General Harrison, for making the naturalization of foreigners "*more easy*," be gradually brought into effect.

I will now transcribe, for the consideration of all my American readers, the following passage from the pen of Mr. Goodrich, the celebrated Peter Parley:—

“Let us by no means join in the popular outcry against foreigners coming to our country and partaking of its privileges. They will come, whether we will or not; and is it wise to meet them with inhospitality, and thus turn their hearts against us? Let us rather receive them as friends, and give them welcome to our country. Let us, at least, extend the hand of encouragement and sympathy to the Irish. Their story, for centuries, is but a record of sorrow and oppressions. They have been made to feel, not only how cruel, but how universal are the miseries which follow a bad government; and, even when leaving their native soil, they are obliged to carry with them the

bitter memory of their country's wrongs. Shall not those who come to our shores, afflicted with such sorrows, find in the friends and sharers of freedom, both welcome and release? Let us beware of adding to their wrongs. Let us remember, that there is other tyranny than that of chains and fetters,—the invisible but cruel tyranny of oppression and prejudice. Let us beware how we exercise this towards the Irish; for it is wicked in itself, and doubly mischievous in its tendency. It injures both its subject and its object, and brings no counterbalancing good.

“Let us especially be guarded against two sources of prejudice, to which we are particularly liable. In the first place, in our personal experience, we are familiar with the most ignorant and unfortunate of the Irish nation. We see, in servile employments, those who have been exposed to all the debasing influences that degrade mankind. Is it fair to draw from these a standard by which to judge of the whole people? Let us rather ask ourselves, where there is another nation, who have been so long trampled down; who have been born in poverty, and nursed in adversity; who have inherited little from the past but sorrow, and can bequeath nothing to the future but hope;—where is there a people so wronged, that has yet preserved so many virtues? How gallantly, indeed, do Irish wit, and cheerfulness, and hospitality, and patriotism ride on the wreck of individual hopes, and sparkle through the waves of adversity!

“Let us beware of prejudice from another source. We read English books, papers, and pamphlets portraying the Irish as an untamable race, only to be ruled by the harsh inflictions of power. Let us, Americans, see that our minds are not driven from the moorings of justice by this sinister current in which they are placed. Influenced by such considerations as these, let us, by all fair means, bring about a good understanding between the Irish emigrants and society. Let us deal gently with them, even with their errors. Thus we shall win their confidence. Thus they may be persuaded to take counsel of the good and the wise, and not throw themselves into the arms of those who flatter their vices and minister to their passions but to use and abuse them.

“Let this reasonable and just policy mark our conduct towards the grown up Irish among us; and, in regard to their children, let us, individually and collectively, use our best endeavours to bestow upon them the benefits of education. But let us remember, that even an attempt to educate the Irish will fail, if it be not founded in

a recognition of the elements of their national character—quick perception, a keen sense of justice, and ready resentment of wrong. If over these, prejudice, suspicion, and pride have thrown their shadows, let us adapt the instruction we would offer, to the light they can bear. In this way, a numerous people may be redeemed from misery to happiness, and rendered a blessing to our country. Let us thus deal with those Irish who have left their native home to find a dwelling among us; and, in regard to the millions that remain in ‘the green and weeping island,’ let us hope for the speedy dawn of a brighter and better day. A youthful queen now sways the sceptre of Britain; and what may not humanity hope from the generosity of youth, and the heavenly charity of Woman?”—*The Token*, pp. 173—177.

Two leading characteristics of the Irish in America—the first inborn, the second acquired—are hatred of England, and approval of slavery. Ignorant men, kept in their ignorance by bad government, can scarcely be blamed for inherited prejudices which, from their earliest childhood, are part of the system they live under. Good or bad, for prejudices are of both kinds, they must gain strength, if not fairly combated and shown to be mistaken. And assuredly the long misrule of Ireland, and the conduct of what Gustave de Beaumont truly called its “*mauvaise aristocratie*,”* justified the antipathy of the Irish peasantry against the nation which furnished their governors and stimulated their domestic oppressors. Demagogues and priests fomented this feeling. England and Protestantism were denounced together; and the Saxon heretic was the *bête noire* of the Irish papist.

The latter on arriving in America found ample space for his smothered animosity, and a congenial audience in his own countrymen, and the “rowdy” associates who

* “*L’Irlande, Social, Politique et Religieuse*,” in which, however, the acute and accomplished author failed to do justice to the many honourable exceptions among the objects of his censure.

patronised and preyed on them. And the immigrant, in the midst of this vicious circle, believed he was taking the surest means to popularity, the more rabidly anti-English he became. He had no opportunity of being influenced by the more rational portion of the people, whose interests tell them it is neither politic to quarrel with England nor wise to openly abuse her. At public meetings and in newspapers the most virulent opinions were long, and are in a lesser degree, to this time, put forth ; and were the Irish in America as potent as they are violent a war between that country and England would be any day inevitable.

The other peculiarity alluded to, their approval of slavery, is repugnant to every sentiment of right. It is not natural to the Irish mind in Europe ; but is easily accounted for in its transatlantic state, where a strong personal influence, acting on Roman Catholic submission to moral thralldom, prepares the professors of that faith to approve of the physical slavery of a subordinate race. A galling sense of inferiority to the dominant Anglo-Saxon population makes Irishmen too happy in finding another portion over which they can in their turn domineer ; and they would, if possible, place the negro lower than he is, that they might on his degradation rise above the level assigned to themselves. This is, as far as I can judge, the only way of accounting for that lamentable blot upon the Irish in America. They are not by nature a cruel people, although revenge is one of their marked national traits. But the poor negroes have never done them harm, do not stand in their way, and cannot presume to even an equality with them. Having then no wrongs, no rivalry, and no insults to avenge, and no early habits of thought (as the Yankees have) to make a black skin abhorrent to their

taste, I find everything wanting to otherwise account for, and nothing whatever to justify, the Irish American's too evident adhesion to pro-slavery doctrines.

One small section among them, the banished remnant of the Irish rebels, who have sought indemnity in the New World from the punishment awarded to them in the Old, I look upon as an entirely exceptional fragment. Their frantic doctrines in either hemisphere I consider as symptoms of mental aberration. Having renounced the home-born hopes, early cherished under a conscientious delusion, scouted for their indiscriminating ravings against England in every civilized portion of the Union, they are driven into remote districts of semi-barbarism, where, with national exaggeration, they go beyond even the native tyrants in a laudation of atrocities against which their natural instincts would revolt. I sincerely compassionate those forlorn and desperate exiles. I view them as wrecks driven before the whirlwind of fate; and I will not, by any mention of names already too notorious, disturb the obscurity which is their best remaining refuge.*

The antagonism to England must, in homely phrase, be allowed to have its fling. It cannot be controlled. It is in vain to oppose it by direct means. There is no chance whatever of thoroughly disabusing the Irish mind in America, and showing with practical effect that the fountains of wrath had better be dried up. The actual generation must be left hopelessly to die out in its enmity. It

* I had intended to insert here a letter from Daniel O'Connell to some mistaken Irishmen in America, who addressed the Repeal Association in Dublin, in terms favourable to the system of slavery. It was a scathing reproof for their unworthy adherence to such a cause. But it is so powerful a document and contains so many cogent arguments against the "peculiar" and cursed institution, that I have determined to embody it in the portion of this volume which I mean to devote to that subject.

is for a future time, and in Ireland itself, that the birth of a wiser and better feeling must be looked for. If the course pursued by the government there of late years is firmly and mildly carried out ; if viceroys so truly liberal as Lords Carlisle and Eglinton are allowed to act up to their benevolent impulses—irrespective of party, and no matter under what colours ; if the landlords, taking the tone from the government, will go heart and soul with the stream of improvement which has lately begun to flow ; if the obstructive partisans of either creed will cease to swim against it, and rabid Orangemen and ribald priests subside into rational beings working for the common good, a race of men may be born and trained, who, when they emigrate to America, will sail past the English coast without muttered curses on their lips, and land in the New World with feelings of generous forbearance in their hearts.

This would be indeed a happy change, which would allow those adventurers to devote their energies to their own prosperity instead of wasting them in rancorous efforts to perpetuate ill-will between America and England. Circumstances already tend towards this much to be desired result. The fevered excitement of former years wants food for continuance. The main question which kept it alive—the proposed Repeal of the Union—is altogether quashed since O'Connell's death, and the manifest incapacity of his followers in the trade of agitation. The manner in which that phantom project was pursued in America forms a curious episode in the history of the Irish settlers there. I happened to be placed in the very centre of its development, and under circumstances somewhat peculiar. I will here give a sketch of its origin and progress.

AGITATION FOR REPEAL OF THE UNION.

O'Connell had no sooner fairly entered on the great struggle in Ireland, than his countrymen in America took the field as auxiliaries, with the view of strengthening his moral force, and of furnishing additional funds to secure the triumph which he pretended or possibly strove to believe, and which they really believed to be certain.

The movement began in Massachusetts where, however, the Irish were not of sufficient weight to promise any immediate effect on the other parts of the Union. New York is undoubtedly the head-quarters of the national Irish party, not only in general political influence, but in the individuals who might give popularity to any undertaking connected with old country objects. Emmett, O'Connor, M'Nevin, are historic names, and anything originating with them and others of wealth and standing in the "Empire State," might naturally be expected to excite attention and obtain success. But there is no prestige in such patronymics as M'Hugh, M'Ginniskin, and Murphy; and it was with persons so called, and others of no note or position, that the repeal movement originated. Great, then, must have been the attraction possessed by the attempted object, to have procured for it such immense and rapid success as it obtained.

The first repeal meeting of a merely preliminary nature took place in Boston, at an inferior hotel, on the evening of Tuesday, October 16th, 1840.

A general meeting, called by advertizement, and consisting of from 1500 to 2000 persons, was held at Boylston Hall on the following Monday, October 22nd, when several Irishmen and three Americans addressed the excited

audience, and resolutions were passed for the organisation of a society, to be called "The Friends of Ireland." A committee and several sub-committees were formed, to obtain a constitution and by-laws, and obtain members.

At the next general meeting, November 30th, resolutions were passed *to discourage the wear of articles of British manufacture*, to establish a monthly assessment of twelve cents on each member of the association, for the purpose of paying the current expenses; the balance, together with the amount of initiation fees, to be transmitted to the Treasurer of the Repeal Association in Dublin. A board of directors was chosen; also a committee to be specially employed in inducing influential Irishmen in other places to form similar associations.

At another general meeting on December 28th, an address to the Irishmen and friends of Ireland in New England was agreed on, embodying the spirit of the whole objects of the association as far as they were made public. And the example thus set by the obscure Irish inhabitants of Boston was followed in rapid succession by other places in Massachusetts, by the states of Rhode Island, Pennsylvania, and New York. Within a very short period the epidemic extended itself throughout the Union. Large meetings, numerous associations, voluminous addresses, extensive correspondence, and lavish subscriptions were the results. The wide-spread movement was hailed with joy and hope in Ireland. It gave great encouragement and important pecuniary support to the home agitation; and it early excited the attention of the British Government, whose diplomatic agents in the United States were called on to observe and report the progress of measures that assumed a threatening and rather dangerous aspect.

The dimensions assumed by the repeal agitation became somewhat formidable in the early part of the year 1841. One of the least agreeable features of it was the frequent appearance, at the Irish meetings and dinners, of individual Americans holding official positions, who thus countenanced, if they did not actually join in, proceedings that were invariably accompanied by open insult to England and the Sovereign. The annual festival observed on St. Patrick's day, the 17th of March, was remarkable at Boston by the presence of the Mayor of the city and of Mr. John Davis, governor of the state. "Success to Repeal" was one of the regular toasts. "The health of Queen Victoria," which I had the pleasure of hearing proposed and well received at the dinner the previous year, was on this occasion omitted, and thus this banquet always previously considered as a purely charitable demonstration, was perverted into a political meeting. I had received an intimation of what was to take place, and I consequently declined making one of the party; nor did I ever afterwards attend the annual celebration of the day, except on one occasion at New York, when everything objectionable was avoided.

All these exciting efforts of the Irish in America, the great pecuniary sacrifices they entailed on the whole of the emigrant community, and the money contributed by persons of all classes to an incredibly large amount, were utterly thrown away. The excitement evaporated, the money swelled that real sinking fund, the Irish Rent, and the question of Repeal itself sank into gradual insignificance and final extinction. The spasmodic struggles of the successors of O'Connell met with sympathy but no support in the United States. None of the emigrants were tempted to return home and throw themselves into the wretched

struggle. But when the horrid accounts of the quick succeeding famine crossed the Atlantic, all the genuine feelings of national sympathy burst forth; and all that was left after the prodigal contributions for Repeal, was subscribed to the utmost extent of individual means, to arrest the progress of starvation in the poor "old country," which had now reached the climax of misery.

This "Repeal of the Union" movement seriously affected the popularity which I had the good fortune to gain among my countrymen in America, by some very small proofs of good feeling towards them, which their warm-heartedness magnified much beyond their true value. It was of course somewhat extravagant of any portion of them to expect (even supposing me to approve of their great object, which I did not) that I could with any propriety in my official capacity sanction their proceedings by attending political meetings, designate them as they might, held in flagrant opposition to the British Government, and for the furtherance of a project which was nothing less than a dismemberment of the empire. But my declining to do so gained me a plentiful shower of hebdomadal abuse from an "organ" of the most violent and vulgar of those deluded persons. It was, however, only amusing to see myself held up in this print as "the servile tool of the tyrant Victoria," as "not an Irishman at all," or as "an Englishman in disguise."

I was not seriously damaged by those absurd attacks, for my part was generously taken by the "Pilot," a well conducted paper, edited by rational men, and of wide circulation and considerable influence among the Irish throughout the Union.

Thus foolishly assailed and ably defended in public, I little knew that all the efforts of my own neutrality to

keep me right on the subject of Repeal at home and abroad, were in some degree counteracted by certain private proceedings, which it might be fairly said were undermining my domestic citadel, for their scene was in my kitchen, and the chief engineer, my cook. And this mention of a trivial and ludicrous episode in the progress of a serious subject, must be taken only as an illustration of the "mixed yarn" presented by Irish character in almost every aspect it assumes.

The individual alluded to in the last paragraph, by name Mrs. Brodigan, was a woman worthy of a place in records of more assumption than these pages ; and she might, in a fitting sphere, have figured in the annals of the "strong minded" as a heroine of historical reality. I rarely saw her, and never spoke with her but once, for there was something too formidable in her stalwart frame and haughty bearing, and more particularly still, in the deep diapason of her voice, that struck me, I confess, with a sense of mingled awe and repugnance. This amazing vocal organization was the striking peculiarity of this "wonderful woman." The terrible manner in which it was exercised when she summoned our numerous family of cats at feeding time was most thrilling ; and the rush with which those favourite domestic quadrupeds bounded along the garden, flung themselves from the branches of the trees or the tops of the walls, where they might be disporting at the time, or galloped down stairs from various parts of the house, seemed more the effect of some galvanic fascination than the natural sympathy with a persuasive call. The lyre of Orpheus might have been more musical, but certainly not more magical.

One evening, soon after this female Stentor joined our household, we remarked a hollow rumbling noise (as the

family sat in the drawing-room), which, as it was previous to the spirit-rapping manifestations, I must pronounce the most astonishing effect of auricular evidence ever before experienced. Whether it was a diapason-diapente, or a diapason-diatessaron, or whether the sounds were concrete or discrete, it would have required the skill of a musical doctor to decide. My wife's maid entering the room, I asked her what it was that so puzzled us ?

“Oh, sir, it's only Mrs. Brodigan reading Childe Harold to the other servants,” was the reply.

This, perhaps, would have been worth telling if it were only as an incident of Irish recreations in America ; but the fact it revealed was a new proof of the power of our cook over human as well as feline nature ; and it prepared me for hearing, some time later, that, under her auspices, a regular series of political confabulations was held in the basement rooms of my residence, forming her undisputed territory, and communicating through the garden with a back entrance to the common. And there it was, in the very premises of Her Britannic Majesty's most innocent, and, I admit, in that instance, most ignorant, Consul for the State of Massachusetts, that the plans originated, and were secretly debated, for the disruption of her united realm. I was credibly informed, when a happy change relieved us of the services of our very imperfect, but highly poetical and political culinary practitioner, that Catholic priests, Custom House officers, and other persons among the “repealers” were frequent assistants in those councils ; and that it was to their influences, directed by the superintending energy of our Mrs. Brodigan, that were owing the fabulous sums collected from the earnings and savings of servants and working people of both sexes, towards the support of the mischievous agitation which kept

Ireland in suspense and England in anxiety for several years.*

That delusion is now, and I trust for ever, dispelled, and England having turned into the true path of justice to Ireland, I hope the Irish in America will have the good sense to fix their minds on their actual duties in the country of their adoption, trusting the destinies of their native land and its inevitable rapid improvement to the Providence that

Shapes our ends, rough hew them as we will.

* Some wandering Irish scribes, escaped to our colonies from the United States, favoured me with several libellous attacks in their low prints touching these clandestine meetings, as though they were held under my auspices, and another stated that I had personally joined in one of the public repeal gatherings as a supporter of the project, to the astonishment and alarm of some of my New Brunswick and Nova Scotia friends, till I was able to satisfy them.

I cannot dismiss the subject of the redoubtable Mrs. Brodigan without mentioning that her successor in our kitchen, Mrs. Kimbal, a Yankee lady (widow of a military band-master) of comparatively mild demeanour and gentle manners, soon afforded a soothing contrast to the exercise of the Irish *artiste's* literary pursuits. One evening quick-following Mrs. K.'s installation in the apartments and offices vacated by Mrs. B., I felt rather dozingly inclined under the influence of some such magical harmonies as those which murmured in the ears of Trinculo and his "strange bed-fellow" in the Enchanted Island.

"What sounds are those?" asked I of the servant who entered the room, and who replied—

"It's only Mrs. Kimbal, Sir, playing a tune on the double flageolet."

Of such various stuff and varying accomplishments are the cookmaids of the New World composed.

CHAPTER II.

THE WOMEN OF AMERICA.

Progress of Female Influence—Scarcity of Monster-women—Right Appreciation of the Sex—Superiority of Women in America—Their Foibles in Manner and Dress—Precocity—Flirtations—Marriages—Independence of Children—Matchmaking unusual in America—American Women in Europe—Home-sickness—Woman's Rights' Conventions.

THE important position occupied by the female sex in the actual state of civilization makes the relative deficiencies and merits of the women of America a subject worthy of serious inquiry. Whether it has been from their own exertions, or from the instinctive workings of the social system, of which they form everywhere so material a portion, women have acquired of late a place in the general scale, if not more prominent, assuredly more influential than at any anterior period of the world. Our queens are no longer the heroines of history, nor our wives and daughters the adventurers of romance. Mothers do not send their sons to battle, telling them to conquer or be borne back on their shields. Matrons plunge no daggers into their own bosoms, nor swallow red-hot coals for virtue's sake, nor do virgins drive nails into the heads of tyrants for that of country. The ferocity of patriotism is left to men. The coarser half of creation is not stimulated to duty by the excitement of unfeminine passions in the other. But the whole body of society has been at once refined and elevated in modern

times by female influence, silently working under the surface of the moral world, like the warm springs which trickle beneath the earth, melting and crumbling into fertility the harshness of original formations.

The assumption of power on the part of women has in all ages produced a reaction to their disadvantage. The homage paid to the boldness of the Elizabeths and Cathelines of history—I choose modern instances to bring the truth more home—was given grudgingly, and was revenged by numberless ungenerous reprisals on the true privileges of the sex. Thus has its progress in the abstract been checked, by the violence done to taste and delicacy by those monster-women who have stood out in relief on the page of time.

Nature has happily limited the production of those prodigies. They have been too few to entitle their sex to contest the palm of force and fierceness with ours. The real use of those heroines has been to teach men that women are not incapable of the highest reach of mental strength, and to show how good it is for the world's well-being that they should be cultivated to a proper standard, that would expose the disproportions of a forced overgrowth.

Men have discovered that an appreciation of female excellence is not unmanly ; that the idolatry with which chivalry worshipped it was as absurd as the little value set upon it by Islamism was unjust. It has also been found that the Jewish estimate is not the real one ; and that the true station of women is to be traced alone in the unwritten instincts of Christianity, which tells us that neither sex is meant to be the slave nor the tyrant of the other. A community of feeling, reciprocal confidence, an equality of rights, modified by a wise distribution of duties,

are admitted to be the natural law of God and the true interest of mankind. The abounding instances of mental power on the part of women have taught men the folly of claiming it totally for themselves ; at the same time that the physical construction of both sexes proves what was meant to be the attributes of each.

The women of America are, beyond all comparison, superior to the majority of the men in appearance and manners, particularly in the chief towns, the society of which gives the tone to the country at large. They possess an ingenuous and easy air, which is nearly equivalent to the good-breeding of Europe. Their coldness, so much complained of, is less of manner than of feeling. They are generally educated, in the common acceptation of the word ; but the system they are taught by is a mistaken mixture of the pedantic and the superficial. On a slender foundation of Latin they raise a slight superstructure of modern languages. But, soon forgetting their classics, they too often speak English ungrammatically, and they have but little knowledge of the others. Writing and arithmetic are the strong points in female education. Most American women are excellent accountants, and many of them display hand-writing (or, as they always call it, chirography) that would do honour to a counting-house clerk, and looks as regular and studied as copperplate. Most of the younger women have a lively turn for light literature. They have not much acquaintance with history or other serious reading, and but a smattering of many scientific things, picked up from casual lecturers. They are taught the usual accomplishments of the sex. They are ordinarily but poor musicians, and know little of drawing ; but they dance well, and ride tolerably. There are many defective

points which forcibly strike one recently arrived from the refinements of the Old World. Among these, the loudness and harshness of the voice are the most disagreeable, and certain phrases, familiarly used by the best among the ladies of Yankee land, fall on the English ear as inexcusable vulgarisms.

No amount of vivacity or naïveté can reconcile us to the long-drawn-out "Oh, yes!" or, "Did you ever!" or, "Yes, indeed!" or, "Do tell!" or, "Well, now!" of a New England *belle*; or the sharp "I know it," or "No two ways about that," "and *no* mistake," &c.; or the frequent violation of grammar and pronunciation.

"It warn't," "Anywheres," "Not as I know of," "Going a housekeeping," "I'm a coming," "How have you ben?" "I'll do it right off," and a dozen such expressions, have shocked me "time and again" (to use one of their pet ones) coming from some of the sweetest lips in the United States. But the "filagree phrase and silken term precise" of attempted fine speaking are still worse. Nothing is more provoking than to hear an agreeable woman saying what gives her an appearance of underbred affectation, for ordinary minds are always afraid of homely words. "Garments" for clothes, "mansion" for house, "a vehicle" for a carriage, "domestics" for servants, "the atmosphere" for the air, "where did you worship?" for what church were you at? "I opine" for I think, are in every day use. A drunken fellow is always called "an incorrigible inebriate." "Corsets," a word scarcely English, instead of stays, "elastics" for garters, "hose" for stockings, and similar conceits, are very general. And I know at least one instance of one of the "exclusives" who is prone to talk of her "people"—not meaning her kindred, as Ruth did when she spoke to Naomi—but her scanty

household, consisting of a waiter (*Anglicè*, footman), a cook, a "sempstress" (no lady has a lady's-maid), and a chamber-girl (*Anglicè*, house-maid).

But most ladies who have been in Europe do not shrink from saying "legs" almost as freely as they talk of "limbs." And some of them would scarcely hesitate to ask for the breast of a chicken, though almost all call it the "white meat," in contradistinction to the "dark meat," as all ladies and gentlemen designate the legs of poultry. I must mention that I have rarely heard servants called "helps" by anyone above the class which owns the epithet; but I am afraid that the substitution of "rooster" for cock is altogether national.

The fine writing of all classes is amusing at times. But I must reserve that subject for special notice, and return to the ladies, going a little deeper into a topic which is too interesting to pass over lightly, and too delicate not to be tenderly touched.

First, then, as to the much-vaunted beauty of American females. I can vouch for their being generally very pretty, and frequently an extremely handsome face is to be met with. Their figures are ordinarily very slight, their feet small, and their ankles well-turned, as far as may be seen below their mysterious flounces; for women of all ages, grades, and colours, with marked Asiatic taste, wear trousers, much more generally than in Europe.

But among the younger, both married and single, there is a prevalent habit of dress more general, if possible, than that, namely, the forming their robes into the semblance of *embonpoint* which can deceive nobody, and which imitates humanity badly. The admitted deficiency of roundness of form in American women arises, I have been told, from a notion which was much encouraged until a very few

years ago, that the slightest appearance of it was in a high degree indelicate. The consequent compressions, by means of assassinating whalebone, was the cause of many a premature death, and of most defective figures to the squeezed-in survivors. Frequent instances of consumption brought on by this usage, as well as by the general abstinence from wholesome exercise, have been laid to the charge of the climate, and the latter has acquired a bad name from effects mainly arising from a very mistaken modesty.

The gradual, but somewhat stealthy introduction of the nude in statues and pictures, by European masters, who preferred the human form to the drapery that conceals it, has been the means of an awakening in the female mind of America. Gazing on a group of Graces or a cast of the Venus, many an observing maiden has found out that Nature, as copied by good artists, had certain charming inequalities which their looking-glasses had never revealed to them. The true sense of the beautiful rose up in many a breast. The passing visits of Englishwomen, models for what was represented in marble or on canvas, excited admiration—perhaps a little envy; and, to supply an appearance which the chisel or pencil can copy so well, many were fain to have recourse to the contrivances of the mantua-maker.

No woman, disguised in this fashion, possesses that combination of face and shape which entitles her to the epithet "beautiful." And of all the lovely faces, rising from the forms on which the gauze or silk so gracefully hangs, I have seen comparatively few possessing the flush of deep sentiment for which Englishwomen are pre-eminently remarkable.

I cannot, therefore, in honesty concede to the American

ladies that supremacy in personal attractions which some of their own countrymen, and many foreigners, ascribe to them. They are very pretty and very pleasant; but their general want of sentiment, as distinguished from mere sentimentality, in both look and manner is, I think, easily accounted for. My experience in this subject is amply borne out by all that I have learned from others.

I may state, then, without exaggeration, that female children of the most respectable parentage live, even before they are said to have quitted the nursery, in public. Their play-ground is the streets, where they run about in summer, and slide along in winter. They travel with their parents, go to watering places and large towns, and the great majority inhabit hotels or boarding houses. They breakfast, dine, and sup from the tenderest age at the *table d'hôte*, or, as it is called, "the ladies' ordinary." There they mix in the world, like persons of full growth. They acquire imperceptibly an easy familiarity and self-command, which make each of them a little specimen of a woman cut short. I do not recollect to have ever seen a bashful girl in the United States.

The universal habit of going to day-schools and dancing schools, kept by men, and frequented equally by boys, familiarises them with the streets and the public gaze, and early overcomes the instinctive shrinkings of the sex, besides mixing them up with every petty subject of local politics which men and boys discuss, to the exclusion of almost all topics of graceful information. The vivacity with which children of both sexes enter into political feelings is almost incredible. I have known boys of eight years of age keep regular balance sheets of votes during election contests, calculating and speculating on

the result like grown up men : and in one instance I was informed by a lady that her daughter of about ten years old, on hearing of Mr. Clay's defeat at the Presidential election, came home from school, went to bed, and lay crying there the whole day.

At the age of twelve or thirteen, when female children rejoice in the appellation of "Misses," they begin to enjoy all the privileges of self-management. They go to school until a more advanced period ; but they go there alone, take what route they like best, return home unattended, and in the intervals of the class hours, from morning till dusk, they are entirely their own mistresses.

At about fifteen—and then they are styled "Young Ladies"—they begin to visit, go to parties, made up of both sexes, all of their own age or thereabouts ; give them in their turns, sending out their invitations quite independently of their mothers. From these "young parties" every one bordering on years of discretion is excluded. Girls over twenty are considered as quite *passées*. No one, in fact, is tolerated who could prove the least restraint to the company, except the mother of the entertainer, or aunt, or grandmother, whose indulgence is sure to offer no check.

Now, from the earliest age at which those "Misses" begin their preparation for their career as "young ladies," until their progress is finished, by matrimony or old-maidishness, a never-ceasing series of what they call flirtations, but which takes the most decided form of what we call coquetry, is carried on with intense ardour. As far as I could observe or learn, the initiative in these affairs is generally taken by the female partners in the adventure. The intrepid defiance of what is considered in Europe a prudent reserve shows great courage, but

is not always successful. To make conquests,—so to call the poor result of attaching a young fellow as a partner for the balls, or an escort to the lectures of the season, or a companion for walking about the streets,—is the business of a “young lady’s” life. To reckon the number of her “beaux” is her pride; to cast them off, her pastime. She is not, however, much to blame for this levity. They are common-place and insipid to an inconceivable degree. They are certainly little worth loving, for they know little of love but its name. They can but feebly make it, and imperfectly inspire it; for the power of doing the first earnestly is essential towards effecting the latter completely. Therefore the girls rarely experience the delight of a genuine passion. Their dangling admirers amuse, and may even at times interest them; and no doubt the general rule has its exceptions. But I say positively, from various testimony, that a generous affection is very uncommon in what pass for love affairs in the northern portions of America. In the natives of the fiery and ardent South great indeed is the difference.

Many an instance has come to my knowledge of proposals of marriage made and rejected, after a due course of “flirtation” for several months, and all the appearances of attention and attachment. But the attention was mere chit-chat; and the attachment as loose and temporary as the term admits of its being. I have before stated that no one—at least no native—ever died of love in this country. I now add, that no young man ever blushed at being refused; and no young woman ever wept at rejecting the “beau” who proved his preference by offering her his hand. The truth is that the whole thing is, on the part of the male sex, a matter of

business ; on that of the other a matter of coquetry ; on both an affair of calculation. When a young fellow has served his clerkship in an attorney's office, or got himself dubbed Doctor, or worked a certain number of years in a counting house, or made a sufficient number of voyages as supercargo, he thinks it necessary to settle in business. Even if he has some money himself, a good connection with the promise of a fortune is required in the partner whom he chooses for life. He looks about in the circle of "fashionable society," and fixes on some girl with a rich father, or an independent income ; dances, rides, walks, and talks with her ; proposes for her ; but neither cares for, loves, nor longs for her ; and, consequently, when she says "no," there is no harm done on either side. He goes to the next street, or perhaps the next house, on another venture. She readily receives a new admirer. A few jokes among their mutual friends, and all is over. The man feels no disgrace in having committed the effrontery of proposing for a girl without being pretty sure of her consent ; the woman no shrinking from the public knowledge that she subjected another being to humiliation, and possibly to regret. The affair is talked of and commented on, like the result of an election ; and the defeated candidate prepares for another trial, unscathed and unabashed.

In fact, there is nothing injurious to the rejected suitor, in an event so very common to all his friends ; while the young lady has only added another leaf to her laurels. It is considered quite essential to a *belle* of any celebrity that she can boast of a certain number of proposals ; and, strange to say, her doing so does not cause any deterioration to her value in the marriage mart. The men know that her heart has not been touched ; that it

is, in fact, quite as good as new. And they are as ready to bid for it as they would be at an auction for an undamaged bale of cotton, which is enhanced in value in proportion to the number of competitors.

It would be almost impossible to exaggerate, in describing the rage for flirtation which prevails among American females. Girls, misses, young ladies, married women, all rush headlong into the stream. But they do it with impunity, for the current is not violent; and there is no cataract over which they might be hurried. From men so absorbed in business, and so calculating, there is small risk to be run. They have neither the time nor the inclination to do serious mischief. Besides this, the other sex partakes strongly of their caution and their coldness. A young woman knows her business as well as her suitor knows his. Hers is to get a husband. She is quite devoted to that object. Her flirting is less from innate love of admiration, than from her pride in the amount (not the value) of her conquests. There is, therefore, no more danger of vanity leading her into imprudence than there is of passion forcing her to misfortune. The parents, who have themselves *passés par là*, put no restraint on the connection—or whatever it may be called. They have no fear of actually evil results, and they see no impropriety in such a system.

But it often happens that engagements are contracted, arising out of chance acquaintanceship, very unpalatable to the fathers and mothers, at one or the other side. Some of the finest and most cultivated girls make matches for themselves, quite out of the “fashionable” circle; and what are looked on as sad instances of *mésalliance* are of every-day occurrence on the part of youths belonging to “the first families.”

It is quite startling, until one gets accustomed to it, to witness the way in which young girls go on, or *get along*, to use the American phrase. Their intercourse with men is without restraint. They invite them to their homes, receive their visits, walk with them and ride with them alone, at all times and in all places. They go to parties and return home in the same carriage with any man of their acquaintance, quite unattended by any female relative or friend. We used to be much amused at first, in several of the cities, to see young couples come into ball-rooms arm-in-arm together, taking it for granted they were affianced lovers; and were not a little amazed at the first instance which came to our knowledge, of a youth twenty years of age being invited to escort a dashing *belle* to a *soirée*, in the same carriage, without any third person. We soon, however, got accustomed to the general habit, the frequency of which no doubt lessens the chances of bad consequences. As children choose their own schools, so do "misses" select their own companions, and young ladies make their own marriages. They form their attachment often with persons wholly unknown to their parents. They are perfect mistresses of their own destiny, and they have no one to thank or to blame but themselves, let the result be as it may. Parents very rarely refuse their consent to a match for which the daughter has made up her mind. This is one striking cause for the apparently happy marriages which are seen in America. For the woman's pride is roused; and she will endure much before she admits that she has made a bad choice. But really these men are generally unexceptionable husbands. They observe their duties strictly; and although there is small risk of their killing their helpmates with kindness, or making them too happy, yet there is

still less of their treating them ill. They never smother their wives—either with pillows or kisses. But they stupify though they do not suffocate them ; and they break them down, after a few years of monotony and dulness, nearly to their own level. The married women continue for awhile, it is true, their spinsterly amusement of flirtation. But they do it quite on the old principle, without much danger. Accidents do sometimes happen, no doubt, but they are rarely discovered. The extreme caution of the national character is a great safeguard, and is admirably played off against the cunning which seeks out a secret. A true Yankee *coquette* will never commit herself in writing. Her *billets* are mere ceremonious notes. She never trusts her servant or has a confidante. To her husband she is rigidly attentive and subservient ; and certainly, an immense majority of the married women of America consider fidelity to their lords and masters like a point of religious doctrine, and observe it as such. Miss Martineau says, in her work on America, that she doubts the boasted purity of morals in New England. She assures us that “there are sad tales in the country villages, and more in towns in a rank of society where such things are never heard of in England.” She adds, that she “knew more cases of lapse in highly respectable families in one State than ever came to her knowledge at home.” And yet she admits that “the bottomless vice,” as she quaintly calls it, “cannot by possibility be yet paralleled in America.” There is some inconsistency in these statements, and I think some exaggeration too. But she had closer opportunities for observing this particular point than I could possibly command.

↪ The number of marriages between young women and

elderly men, often with men old enough to be their grandfathers, gives a notion of sordid motives ; and the shrinking from observation which is universal in Old England, is here nearly unknown. A couple rarely seeks to escape from the crowd when they leave the altar, nor do they hurry into some romantic solitude, to pass the first weeks, or even days, of their union. Married to-night, they see friends to-morrow, and appear in the visiting circle at their own home, at the common table of the boarding house, or in the public room of the hotel, with amazing *nonchalance*.

It is in vain to reply to this that there is no indelicacy in the solemn union of two human beings according to religious rites ; that it is only an impure mind that conceives any such feeling ; or other cant reasoning, on a matter beyond the influence of cant. In spite of this cold and coarse philosophy there is a charm in refinement which it cannot affect. The days of retirement, snatched from the world's gaze, when the heart is full of happiness, and the lightest sounds seem intrusive, are worth years of publicity, to all but those who calculate time, love, and sentiment, by one common rule of profit and loss.

But the honeymoon of a Yankee must be passed in his hive. He never thinks of flying to rural shades, to hum among the flowers. He sticks fast to the cells where his treasures are hoarded. The wedding day once over, he hastens to his counting-house, and begins to work double tides, to make up for the four-and-twenty hours he has lost. And the young creature who has entered, or who ought to have entered, with him on a new world of thought and feeling, is left to stare and be stared at, commented on and criticized, in the midst of curious visitors, the centre of a common-place circle.

What a desecration is this of the beginning of wedded

life, the entrance to the temple of human happiness! As I have looked upon lovely girls, at dinners or dances, a day or two after their marriage with some elderly Cræsus or young aspirant for wealth, I have wondered how they have been chilled into insensibility, or what spell a husband can cast over his bride, to check the spontaneous love-glance due to him, or the blush which she owes to herself.

This may be thought romance, or nonsense. And there are many who think them convertible terms. But I am nevertheless satisfied, that true modesty prompts on such occasions the observance of its outward signs.

Yet form is the great essential in the code of Yankee manners. I do not say morals, though on some points I think I might almost go that length. One cannot help looking with suspicion on people who go to church three times on Sunday; aye, or even twice, when the fact is that the second service is attended to kill time on the dullest day in the week, or as affording facility for the afternoon nap. The coolness with which men lay their heads back in the pew, or place them on the ledge in front of it, and settle quietly to sleep when the sermon begins, is really amusing.

But the ladies certainly have not this indecorum to answer for. They are always, both in and out of church, wide awake. Their quickness in the discussion of most trifling subjects is very remarkable. They have great readiness for repartee; and while their constitutional caution and conventional delicacy prevent their saying anything libellous or broad, they can whisper scandal very cunningly, and have a sufficiently agreeable taste for *badinage*.

Their scrupulous observance of propriety does not allow

of their speaking very ill of each other. They know that their minutest movements are closely observed by neighbours as quick-sighted and inquisitive as themselves. They are consequently always as much on their guard against others, as they are on the watch for them ; while, in consequence of the general circumspection, each is afraid of transgressing beyond the visible bounds to which others go. Thus married women are all apparently discreet, and I truly believe they are very rarely the contrary in fact.

But the inconsistency of opinion is remarkably displayed in the latitude allowed to unmarried women. I have witnessed freedom of manners in America quite at variance with what I had experience of during a long residence on the Continent of Europe. But I soon came to the conclusion, that there was little harm done. It was all talk, very small too, for I am sure the ladies had the most of it.

Courtship is sufficient to sanction a great intimacy ; but as soon as an engagement of marriage is actually announced, the affianced ones are considered as still more largely privileged to do what they are pleased to do. Their parents view the matter as one of mere business. The engagement of a daughter is considered like the entrance of a son into a mercantile partnership. The discretion of the young couple is their only restraint. Parents or friends attempt no interference with them. They are constantly together, in all the open semblance of man and wife, walking arm-in-arm in the streets, paying visits, going to parties and public places, and taking excursions of several days' continuance, from town to country, or *vice versâ*. In these they are generally accompanied by a friend, destined to fill the office of

bridesmaid at the proposed wedding; and they return, no doubt as innocently as they went. It might be supposed that after such close companionship, notorious to everybody, a "breach of promise" would be impossible. This is by no means the case. Engagements are very frequently broken off, after months or years of this amazing familiarity; and the emancipated fair one finds a husband as easily as she could have done before, or as though she were a divorced wife or a widow.

Although marriages are usually made in the spirit of every other matter of trade, many matches are formed in which interested motives are not the sole ones. A young lady, heiress to a large fortune and the owner of one of the prettiest places near Boston, was of course the mark of attraction to half the bachelors of her acquaintance. Not as pretty as her country residence, but of a high temper, she gave her heart (in American parlance) to a good-looking young fellow among the crowd, and they were duly affianced. But hearing, through some female gossip, that he had avowed his affection to be placed more on her fortune than on herself, she broke off the match, and immediately married a lackadaisical schoolmaster without a dollar. I never looked at this lady without feeling respect for her pride, nor at her husband, without thinking she was too heavily taxed for her impetuosity.

If I am rightly informed, money is rarely given down to any amount, with girls as a marriage portion, even by the wealthiest parents. A rich old man, or an industrious young one, proposes for the person of his choice, mostly, no doubt, from the prospect of pecuniary good. But marriage is rather a speculation than a bargain. The property of every father of a family is well known. The children are sure, except in some very uncommon instances,

to enjoy it after his death, share and share alike. The suitor calculates on so much, and takes chance for what more he may hope to get, according to the future accumulations of his father-in-law. The latter generally purchases or builds a house, and furnishes it handsomely for the *fiancée*. And there very often ends her good fortune and her husband's expectations. For bankruptcy and ruin are so frequent, even in cases of individuals of a large business, that this marriage speculation is very much of a lottery. There is undoubtedly a feeling among the Yankees, by which they persuade themselves that it is ungenerous to expect money down with one's wife; and, on the other hand, that it is indelicate to require a settlement on the part of the husband. But the truth is, that neither the fathers nor the lovers will consent to bind themselves in undertakings that would lessen their authority over the dependent members of their families; or tie up any portion of their property, even for the security of the beings they might be supposed to love best. The pride of authority and the spirit of trade forbid this; and the spirit of calculation approves of it. The six per cent. regular interest on a mortgage is considered but a paltry return, while double that amount can be realised on shares in manufactories, or treble or more in commercial speculations of various kinds. But risks and loss often follow on such latter investments; and widows and children are many a time the sufferers. Individuals are every day pointed out to me who have been reduced from wealth to comparative beggary; while others (the great majority) have become rich *per saltum*, from beginnings too small for counting.

In connection with this portion of my present subject, I must say that the disappointment frequently following

the hopes of a large fortune with a wife, never, I believe, leads to ill-treatment on the part of the husband. It is looked on as an unlucky speculation, or a bad debt, falling on the firm, of which the woman has become a joint partner. As such, she suffers her share of chagrin, but no more. The marriage having been a matter of trade, its vicissitudes, be they what they may, are nothing more nor less than so much profit or loss, of which each party reaps the benefit or bears the burden, share and share alike.

All the details of housekeeping, keeping accounts of expenditure, hiring servants, etcetera, with the exception of going to market and buying wine, are in the province of the mistress of the house. Her duties are admirably performed. Order, cleanliness, and good management, are conspicuous in every family. Much of the domestic work is performed by the ladies, old and young; and, although this tells much in favour of their housewifery, it certainly (as I have mentioned elsewhere) tends greatly to spoil their servants.

There are many minor points connected with the routine of everyday life, in which women are, in all countries, essentially alike. Those of America are not inferior to any in the care of infants, or in the attention to externals required by children of a larger growth. Everything involving the duties of the nursery and the laundry (generally entrusted to servants elsewhere) is well done. It is in the guardianship of the mind, and the formation of manners, in the due authority of love and experience, which should teach children respect and confidence, that the mothers of America are undoubtedly deficient. Girls who had little reverence for their parents have small chance of inspiring it in their offspring. An

instinct of affection and support soon gives place to seeming indifference on the one hand and independence on the other. The infant is cared for, the adult left to shift for itself. I have known American ladies assert as a principle, that though a parent owes love and the most assiduous care to their children, the duty is by no means reciprocal. In fact, that the connection being, on the part of the offspring, an involuntary one, they are not in any way bound to consider it as sacred. This terrible doctrine is, I believe, broached, if not absolutely laid down, in Godwin's "Political Justice."

One great evil common to European mothers is avoided by this otherwise lamentable system. The husband-hunting and match-making which betray them into so many absurd and humiliating efforts to provide for their daughters, are of course unknown in a country where every girl makes her own choice, and where the maternal influence goes for nought, or next to it.

American women have been frequently and justly reproached with extravagance in their dress ; and good taste is not so striking as extravagance. I have already alluded to the flaunting style of their street costume. The passion for finery seems universal. But when instances present themselves, as they sometimes do, of a subdued love of ornament and a well-chosen wardrobe, they give still greater pleasure than in countries where they are more prevalent. I know ladies in America, whose inherent sense of refinement in such matters might fit them for the best circles of Europe.

A direct comparison of the women of America with those of any other country would be, perhaps, invidious. But a few words on the relative characteristics of English and American females as contrasted with those of the

continent of Europe may not be *mal apropos*, as illustrative of opposite systems.

Englishwomen, educated at home, and living in comparative seclusion, then let loose into society, or what is technically called "brought out" in Paris, Rome, or Naples, are positively no longer the same beings in a moral sense. Nature is not so powerful in forming character as circumstances are for deforming it; and no more painful trial can await a young woman, married or single, than to be so launched on the great ocean of life.

I wish to avoid the ticklish question of comparative morality. It is not necessary to boast of the domestic virtue of England. Knowing that it eminently exists, I can also attest that the attributes of female excellence are to be found in the various countries of the Continent in a very high degree. English or American women going abroad for the first time have, however, a different, and erroneous, notion on this subject. Founding their opinion on the fact that there is a less acute sense of delicacy in the continental mind, they jump to the false conclusion, that virtue is held light in a ratio with the levity of language. This is a great mistake. Laying aside any discussion on the abstract question, of what is female virtue, it may nevertheless be doubted that its existence is proved, or that its interests are advanced, by an overstrained reserve in diction or manners. Majesty deprived of its externals, is wittily said to be "a jest." The same observation will not apply to virtue in its intrinsic sense, any more than in its orthography. It depends not on outward show. On the contrary, a pruriency of thought, arising from the want of real virtue, is both evinced and encouraged by a prudish avoidance of phrases and actions,

innocent in themselves, and rendered impure only by the associations they are coupled with.

But young Englishwomen or American girls going abroad, know nothing of all this. Accustomed from early life to great freedom of intercourse with the other sex, they are notwithstanding in language extremely reserved. The Spartans taught virtue by exposure, which we should consider indecent. We instil delicacy by concealments which they believed to be conducive to vice. We can judge only of the latter system. Let us see how it works.

A young Englishwoman, on her first introduction to foreign society, finds herself shocked by modes of expression in women of the highest *ton*, from which females of the inferior grades in England would shrink. While, on the other hand, she hears from men, whose fastidiousness on some points of manners seems prudery in comparison with the free intercourse of the sexes in England, phrases and allusions which no gentleman there would allow to escape him in a lady's presence.

All this inconsistency only proves that delicacy and decency are but conventional words, and the feelings they typify dependent on no general rule. But both English and foreign women mistake the matter altogether, and accuse each other of impurity on grounds equally opposite and erroneous.

I remember an anecdote, related by Madame de Genlis in one of her works on England, which is admirably illustrative of this subject. She paid a visit one day in London to a young lady, accompanied by a friend of hers, a Frenchman. The hostess proposed to show Madame de Genlis a fine view from the window of her bed-room, which adjoined the saloon ; and she led the way, followed

by the *comtesse*, whose steps were, as a matter of course, trodden by her male friend.

The English lady, on perceiving this intrusion, showed such an excess of confusion and shame, that Madame de Genlis could not avoid exclaiming (to herself), "How impure must be the mind that could attach a notion of impropriety to the mere association of a man and a bed in the same room! A Frenchwoman would not have noticed it, or if she did, would not have thought it worth remarking."

Now there was neither impurity on the one hand, nor impropriety on the other. A sense of modesty was not proved or disproved by those contrary indications: no more than it is by some Englishwomen refusing to waltz, from a sentiment of delicacy, and many German ones (as I can vouch for) attributing their objections to a consciousness of improper feeling. It is by long intercourse alone that individuals can escape from such misconceptions as those.

This mistaking of manners for principles is a common error of most persons in foreign countries. Young females are too apt to imagine that those of their own sex who talk freely must think coarsely and act loosely. Familiarized at length with their conversation, and fascinated by their manners, they view their supposed conduct with less severity, and begin to think that the imagined immorality is not *so* immoral. The reserve of foreign girls in their intercourse with men strikes the lively English, or less fastidious American, lasses as mere affectation, when viewed in comparison with the style of their discourse. Thus, while the effect of a good example is lost, the mischief of a fancied precedent supervenes. The novice listens to words which develop an occult action

in her own mind ; and an enthusiastic *abandon* to her new sensations prepares her for many of the dangers to which enthusiasm is sure to lead.

It is a common saying in France, that "*une Anglaise, une fois compromise, jette son bonnet par dessus le moulin.*" And it is too true that Englishwomen do often plunge deeper and deeper when they have made one false step. The first mischief happens unawares, and they who have mainly depended on forms for protection are helpless when those forms are set at nought. Estimating such poor defences far beyond their worth while they stood intact, their real value, when once they are violated, is altogether forgotten ; and it is when the saving influence of appearances is most required that it is least attended to. A woman who foregoes a principle, from the more potent influence of a passion, has often too much pride in the sacrifice not to make it known. Devoted to the object for whose sake she may have erred, her imprudence follows in the track of his vanity ; and exposure to public scorn producing a loss of self-respect, her fall is like the rush of waters over a precipice. Foreign women "manage these matters better." Immeasurably inferior to those of England in the deeper qualities of sentiment, they take a more *philosophic* and a safer course. But far wiser in their estimate of consequences, they are rarely carried into excess. An Englishwoman, feeling herself dishonoured in the eyes of the world, and the world's opinion being often to her as potent as conscience itself, she frequently follows up one improper attachment by a series of errors. A foreign female, trusting to her own heart for applause or censure, and meeting no reproach from that supreme court of appeal, looks round her, under the consciousness of an illegal *liaison*,

as serene and unabashed as a vestal virgin feeding the sacred lamp.

Returning to the immediate subject of my inquiry, I regret that I had few opportunities of studying the female character in America, apart from the influences of town life ; but I have met, in both the Northern and Southern States, exquisite samples of beauty, delicacy, and good taste. Woman in the country has a more congenial atmosphere for the development of her better nature. Rural associations soften, without weakening the mind ; and manners in women have their source in inward feelings rather than in outward example. Men require the polish of society to attain the refinement which is a female instinct ; and the reserve which may render a man awkward, and even vulgar, imparts to women a gentle and graceful air, as fascinating as elegance itself.

One of the most remarkable features in the American female character, shared by the ladies of both city and village, is that imaginary love of country, or rather, let me say, that longing for it, which is designated, during absence, by the disagreeable term "Home-sickness."

The word *sick* is, in all its applications, a very nauseous word. It is, however, a very favourite one in America. You never hear of any one being ill or unwell. *Indisposed*, having rather a finer sound, is sometimes used ; but the usual word to express all ailments is "sick." I need not say, to those who have been at sea, what associations are connected with it. And when sentiment is intended to be engrafted on it, as in this compound word home-sick, it always conveys a revolting notion. But as scriptural phraseology, old English practice, and countryfied habit may be cited to justify its use, I will let the good or bad

taste of its adoption pass ; and merely say something on the custom which makes it so general.

It is absolutely matter-of-course—an indispensable necessity—for every American woman, absent from her native place for ever so short a space of time, to fancy, or to feign, or at any rate to boast that she is home-sick. I never knew one in Europe who did not tell me she was so. I never knew one in America who had been in Europe who did not tell me she had been so. A lady even in any part of the Union distant from her birth-place is sure to become so. I am certain that one of the great sources of pleasure to American ladies when they start on their travels, is the anticipation of that very sickness ; and that the delight of a return home is much lessened by the sickness being cured.

It is absurd to suppose that every American woman is happy in her native home. It is certain that many sources of enjoyment are, in certain cases, much more abundant elsewhere. But it is also a fact, that American ladies who travel in Europe being persons of a certain degree of wealth, some of them very wealthy, have no chance of being considered abroad as of a tithe of the importance they assume at home. Finding themselves comparatively of small account, they naturally become disappointed with foreign life, long for their native element, and dignify their mortified vanity with the title of home-sickness.

Love of home, as an abstract sentiment—attachment to,

“ One’s own, one’s native land,”

as an instinct—do in my opinion exist very strongly in the generality of mankind. But when they do really exist, they are by no means confined to the female sex. The Switzer, “ who loves the hill that lifts him to the

storm," is supposed to be acutely sensible to that *maladie du pays* which makes him sigh when the "Ranz des vaches" strikes on his ear, and through it reaches his heart. We admit this to be the national peculiarity of the Swiss; though in doing so we may be stretching a point for the sake of romance. No people so generally quit their native country as the Swiss and Savoyards, and none more readily enter the service of foreigners from motives of gain. But as I love to believe in the romance of real life in all possible forms, I will not push the inquiry too far. I am content to give the Swiss all the credit they have obtained for their *amor patriæ*. They, of all people, ought to be pre-eminent for love of home, because it is the chosen haunt of freedom, the centre of pastoral enjoyment, and because fewer of the heart-deadening vices of great cities are to be found there than elsewhere. Influences like these may be supposed to have acted in the way in question on the natives of such a land. And if the home-sickness I am discussing was common to the merely rural population of America, and that it was shared by male and female alike, I might never have inquired into, or never written upon it. But when it is claimed as a peculiar trait of character, and boasted of as a proof of an indigenous sensibility in the ladies of the Atlantic cities, where romance finds no resting place and sentiment no sanctuary, this vaunted home-sickness is nearly as nauseous to me as the notion of the "sweating-sickness," by which all Englishmen, in all parts of the world, were stated on one occasion (during the days of Queen Elizabeth) to have been simultaneously attacked.

If even this sickly absurdity was a harmless affectation, I should only make it the subject of a joke. But it is productive of great mischief. I have known instances of

American wives making their American husbands give up situations of honourable profit and associations of happiness in Europe, to return to some really inferior position at home. I have known some, and heard of several cases, of American women parting from their European husbands, and going back to their unsociable circle of Yankee relatives ; and also of Englishmen and other foreigners, married to American girls, being forced to relinquish all the advantages of European life, to accompany their wives to the ungenial soil in which they never can be acclimatized.

I fear that this boasted passion of American women for their birth-place is but a forced effort of sentimentality. It is at best an epidemic, another instance of the want of originality in the American mind. And admitting it to exist in some cases—for there are no doubt exceptions to the general pretext of its existence—it is strongly indicative of coldness in the American female heart.

Love of country or of kindred is at best but a secondary passion, in comparison with love of husband and of children. The woman of true sentiment finds her home where *they* are. Their country is her country, and their people are her people. But wanting that high order of attachment, she may possibly possess the inferior kind in question. Deficient in affection, she may be strong in adhesiveness ; and she may be fond of place, in proportion as she is indifferent to person.

To counteract this ruling love of home, some stronger faculty must be developed. That is, I believe, to be found in love of distinction, in ambition, in short. I think it very likely that not one of the American ladies who have married lords or ambassadors, or secured a position among *real* aristocracy, and in *truly* fashionable society, are

frequently or strongly assailed by any symptom of homesickness ; at any rate, I have never heard but of a single instance of any lady so situated returning, even on a temporary visit, to her native country.

The often exposed extravagance of "Woman's Rights Conventions," and the unseemly innovations in woman's dress, are confined to so small a circle of the "strong minded" or loose-mannered among the sex, that it would be an insult to the refined and educated ladies of America to include such matters as among their characteristic objects. That several of the female enthusiasts who take part in the public struggles for a great social change, are goaded to their efforts by a sense of man's injustice and unequal laws, is a fact ; and much latitude may be allowed for even somewhat coarse displays of power in the attempt to obtain what they believe to be their due. But these bands of political Amazons meet with little sympathy from the more feminine portion of their sex. The latter shrink with shame from the exposure, even while they may sympathise with the demand ; and possibly some may put up silent prayers for a success which they would not openly advocate. They are satisfied to enjoy the lavish attentions and cordial respect which they so well merit and so amply receive from men. And if they look forward to the legal extension of rights which they think nature meant them to share, they patiently follow their career of present usefulness, and modestly wait for the development of causes which are constantly at work to better their social condition.

On one most important point of "Woman's Rights"—the facility of divorce—the sex in America has long been more favoured than in England. Recent legislation with us has, however, secured an advance in that inestimable

privilege to ill-treated wives. While the partial abolition of actions for pecuniary redress to injured husbands frees the females of Great Britain from a gross outrage, which had inexpressibly lowered their condition, in comparison with those of the United States.

It will have been seen that I have avoided drawing any comparison between the moral characteristics of women in the two countries. Similarity in language, religion, and domestic duties, makes distinctions in leading attributes difficult to trace. The contrasts are much more in manners than in morals; and those are consequences of opposing systems, rather than of differences in natural traits or tendencies. Women are in both hemispheres creation's greatest charm and man's chiefest treasure. To him who has known and studied them their appreciation is easy. And he who esteems them for their good and graceful qualities may hope to be pardoned (as I do) for venturing to point out foibles or criticise defects.

CHAPTER III.

COMPARISON AND CONTRASTS BETWEEN ENGLAND AND AMERICA.

The National Conceit encouraged by Leading Public Men—Instances—Misapplication of Terms—Marriage, Murder, and Cowhiding in High Life—Selfishness of the Social System—Contrasts between England and America.

THE ignorance of the Americans is most cruelly fostered by those who take the lead in offering instruction, and who must know better than they teach. The constant comparison of themselves and their country with the nations of Europe, is at times extremely ludicrous. The fore-cited slang phrases of "nature's noblemen," "the chivalry of the south," "the high-minded, whole-souled people of America," are continually dinned into the public ear, until all sounds less flattering pall on it altogether. The stump orators and the newspaper writers prodigally use this phraseology, and the listeners are excusable for believing themselves "the wisest, virtuouslest, discreetest, best."

These remarks have been suggested by instances of this rhodomontade, not from mere vulgar babblers, but from leading men. At a public dinner at Cambridge, in the State of Massachusetts, the chief seat of learning in this country, Judge Story gave the following toast, in honour of a Boston lawyer, who made an "oration" previous to the feast. "The orator of the day; the statesman while he is a lawyer, and because he is a

lawyer : he is *himself* the great sublime which he draws." This was by no means meant as a piece of jovial pleasantry, but as a serious compliment, received and responded to as such.

In an address to the students of the South Carolina College, by Mr. W. C. Preston, President of the college, I find the following passage :—

"Industry is the prolific mother of many virtues. We have heard of 'the forest-born Demosthenes,' of 'Nature's darling,' of the 'blind old man of Scio's rocky isle.' These three were men of genius, certainly ; but they—Henry, and Shakspeare, and Homer—were also men of labour."

The reader will naturally exclaim on reading this passage, "a new Demosthenes !" "Henry who ?" "What Henry ?" "Who is Henry, this greater than the great ?" But not one in a thousand will know that the person here put in company with Shakespeare and Homer—ay, and put first on the list—was a certain individual called Patrick Henry, one of the back-wood agitators of the American Revolution, an obscure, though undoubtedly a gifted man, whose rough, bold style of speaking had great effect in those stirring days, but of whose speeches no report exists. What can be thought of the taste of a modern President of a college in so burlesquing fame by such a solecism ? But Judge Story and Mr. Preston were quite outdone by Mr. George Bancroft, the schoolmaster, historian, collector, naval secretary, and subsequently minister to the Court of St. James's, who, in an oration at Washington on the death of General Jackson, had the hardihood to exclaim, "He bowed his mighty head, and without a groan the spirit of *the greatest man of his age* escaped to the bosom of his God !"

The way in which military men and their exploits are

spoken of is the extreme of burlesque. "One of the greatest captains of the age" is a common means of designating several of their generals. The dedication of a pamphlet to General Scott, long before he commanded the *raid* against Mexico and achieved these successes which give some meaning to his *prenom* of *Winfield*, was couched in terms so inflated and ludicrous, that I regret having lost the extract I made from it.

This, as a sample of individual hero-worship, was amusing enough, but scarcely so much so as the following passage in reference to a little skirmish, in which Scott took a part, a few hundred men being engaged on either side, forgotten even in Canada, where the affair took place, and probably never heard of by ten individuals in a thousand in England:—

"The battle-ground of Lundy's-lane, where, on the evening of the night of the 25th July, 1814, the Americans fought one of the bravest and bloodiest battles on record. . . . The battle of Preuss-Eylau took place in the splendour of a snow-storm; that of Lundy's-lane was fought amid the thunders of Niagara."—*The Southern Literary Messenger for December, 1845.*

Preuss-Eylau and Lundy's-lane! Burlesque can certainly go no further than this. But the following passage from a speech of Henry Clay, in the Senate, February 5, 1850, equals it:—

"In respect to the recent war with Mexico, all must admit that, for the gallantry of our armies, the glory of our triumphs, there is *no page of history which records more brilliant successes.* For skill, for science, for strategy, for ability and daring fighting, for chivalry of individuals and masses, that portion of the American army which was led by the gallant Scott stands *unrivalled*, either by the deeds of Cortez himself, or by those of *any other commander* in ancient or modern times."

After this, can General Scott be blamed if he believes

himself (as is generally said of him by his countrymen) the "tallest" man in America, both in the English and American sense of the word ?

Nothing is more common than persons saying that they were disinclined to visit Europe, because being accustomed to the "first society" in their own country, they could not condescend to mix in any but the highest circles abroad. An oil merchant once gravely assured me that he thought an American merchant was "about equal to a European prince ;" and a tailor who keeps what is called a slop-shop, actually came to consult me on the best means of being presented at the Courts of London and Paris, and "gittin' to have a talk with Victoria and Lewis Phillips." I met this worthy citizen a few years afterwards driving about the streets of a German watering-place ; but I did not ask if he had effected his object with regard to the Queen of England or the King of the French. And *apropos* to his ambitious yearnings, I recollect an advertisement in the town which he inhabited, calling a meeting of journeymen tailors for the purpose of regulating their hours of work, and "to assert *their position in society.*"

It is highly inconsistent in the upper portion of the wealthy classes in the United States to claim at one and the same time equality with nobles and princes, and superiority over the gentry of Europe. Their only claim to the pretension of such an equality is in the circumstance of their being republicans, among whom no hereditary distinctions exist. This of course deprives them of all right to superiority of rank over others, unless they happen to possess some office in public affairs, which gives them a temporary title. For Americans not in public employment there is no scale of precedence, and they must consequently be classed in foreign countries

with persons of the same pursuits as they themselves follow at home. It is very absurd in the Americans not to be satisfied with this inevitable rule, more particularly in England—for assuredly the clergy, lawyers, physicians, merchants, and manufacturers there, are in all respects equal if not superior to the corresponding classes which form the gentry (so to speak) of the United States. There being there no higher class, it is preposterous for those persons (wealthy or worthy though they may be) to consider themselves on a social footing with the aristocracy of Europe, by whom they are at times, either from courtesy or curiosity, invited and entertained. And however we may approve the high spirit, supposing it to exist, which might make a cotton-spinner or ship-owner of Boston or New York, or a slave-breeder of Carolina, feel himself the equal of a British peer, we must laugh at the inconsistency of his at the same time holding himself superior to his fellow-citizens at home, who may not have yet obtained admission to the "fashionable" circles there.

The people at large have no notion of the style of the "high life" in England, which they talk of so much and parody so often. Even among the more educated, those who have not travelled in Europe know little of the forms of social life beyond the seas. They of course, as I have elsewhere shown, make egregious mistakes in the application of words and the estimate of things, relative to which they write and speak with slap-dash confusion. "High life" is one of their most favourite phrases applied to their wealthier circles, and it looks ludicrous enough when it meets the eye in such paragraphs as the following :—

MARRIAGE IN HIGH LIFE—being an account of a union between the son of an auctioneer and the daughter of a soap-boiler.

MURDER IN HIGH LIFE—a statement of a street-fight with bowie-knives, both the assassin and the victim being country attorneys.

But one of the most amusing is one which I copy verbatim, only suppressing the names and residences of the actors in the scene described :—

“COWHIDING IN HIGH LIFE.—Our city was thrown into great excitement Saturday afternoon, in consequence of a cowhiding scrape in high life, the parties engaged being Doctor H—— and Professor L——. The former acted the part of cowhider, and the latter that of the cowhided, the best way he could.”

The phraseology of the *Court Journal* or the *Morning Post* is borrowed and at times misused in the most absurd manner. Notices of private balls, music parties, marriages, &c., are burlesque travesties on those in the English newspapers ; and the two following accounts of a *soirée* and a ball are good specimens :—

“MAGNIFICENT PRIVATE PARTY.—The most splendid private party—its extent and princely appointments considered—ever given in this country, was probably that which took place on Thursday evening at the *chateau* of Mr. D——, in Boston. Invitations to the number of five or six hundred had been given out for a week previously, and it was for many days the topic of discussion and a matter of high anticipation. The *chateau* of Mr. D—— is thoroughly European in its architecture, internal and external, and in its furniture—in both particulars rivalling almost every other private residence in the country. On the occasion of this party, the *chateau* was thrown open in its whole extent, and no less than six large rooms were devoted to the reception and uses of the company. The whole was most magnificently furnished, and decorated in regal style, excelling altogether, we are told, most of the French and German *chateaus* of the present day. The various halls and apartments were brilliantly lighted in the most showy and costly style. The gates and entrance-halls, excelling baronial grandeur, were attended by serving-men in liveries,* who waited upon and announced

* This was certainly the first time that servants in livery were exhibited in any Boston house.

the guests. But above all the other arrangements, the most magnificent and *recherche* of all, was the banqueting saloon, which was a scene of brilliancy and splendour not easily to be described, and probably seldom if ever excelled in any private mansion in this country or in Europe. The golden and silver plate, the Sèvres china, the magnificent display of Bohemian cut-glass of numerous colours, the candelabras, &c., &c., gave a richness to the whole which astonished and dazzled the beholder. The viands and dishes, the achievements of the culinary and confectionery art, were in perfect keeping with all the other arrangements of the evening—elaborate and artistical.”*

“FASHIONABLE INTELLIGENCE.—BALL OF THE BOSTON LIGHT GUARD.—The Boston Light Guard, Captain G. Clark, junior, gave their annual ball last evening, at Thorndike Hall. It was one of those magnificent affairs which now and then make lustrous the gay world. The amiability and grace, the loveliness and accomplishments, the wit, gallantry, and fashion of the city, were out in fullest measure.

* This article drew forth the following commentary from another paper, almost as amusing as itself:—“The above is from the Bunker Hill *Aurora*. We know not, and care not who is the individual referred to; but we trust for the credit of Republican America, that the account is exaggerated or untrue. ‘Regal style,’ ‘baronial grandeur,’ ‘serving-men in livery,’ ‘gold and silver plate!’ It would be a wholesome state of public opinion, which would discountenance such wretched aping of the ostentation of the heartless aristocracy of Europe; discountenance it, not from any unworthy sentiment of envy, or from the levelling spirit which would bring down the comforts and luxuries of life to a uniform standard, but because such displays are fraught with danger to the Republic, are inconsistent with the principles on which our institutions rest, and should therefore be characterized as they deserve to be by every good citizen.

“‘Servants in livery!’ The man who, for the miserable purpose of parade and style, insists that his domestic assistants should put on the insignia of servitude and degradation, debases himself in the act, and shows that he carries in his own character the stuff of which a menial might be made, if circumstances had placed him in the ranks of the poor instead of the rich. Of course the case is far different where a man has been bred under monarchical institutions, in the vile superstition that such arrangements are all in the order of Providence—and that all men are *not* born free and equal, so far as their claims to be saved from unnecessary debasement are concerned, and in the respect of a common humanity. But here, in this land of Republican institutions, dependent on *universal* suffrage for their safety, and where the ballot of a bootblack carries as much weight as that of his employer, this attempt to acclimate the selfish customs, which have carried blight and disease into the tottering political and social systems of the Old World, should be rebuked and discountenanced—a mode of treatment not inconsistent with the largest toleration.”

We never revelled our eyes among so many brilliant eyes, sylph-like forms, swelling bosoms, dimpled cheeks, and swan-like necks, in all our born or otherwise days. It was a picture to touch the coldest eye, as with magic. The bewitching blonde, and the fascinating brunette, were there in lovely array, and at the hour of midnight

‘ A thousand hearts beat happily, and when
Music arose with her voluptuous swell,
Soft eyes looked love to eyes that spake again ;
And all went merry as a marriage bell.’

“ The hall presented a grand appearance. The brilliant lights, and the still more brilliant company, shone in the utmost splendour. Swords were placed in several windows, which imparted effect to the beauty of the hall.

“ Among the ladies present who were pre-eminently noticeable for beauty, grace, taste, and accomplishments, were:—Mrs. Captain Clark, an elegant lady, and a superior dancer ; Mrs. Lieutenant Drake, who very justly attracted much attention ; Mrs. Lieutenant Cummings, an ornament to the company ; Miss Rogers, who was much admired for beauty and grace ; Mrs. Lieutenant Coverley, the most elegantly dressed lady at the ball ; Mrs. M. H. Stevens, as agreeable, popular, and graceful as ever ; Miss Norton, a charming lady and a superior dancer ; Miss Churchill, graceful and pretty ; Mrs. White, of Roxbury, dressed with much taste ; Miss Smart, a fine dancer ; Mrs. Dr. Kennedy ; Miss Austin, a beautiful woman and an elegant *figurante* ; Miss Wilson, pretty and graceful ; Miss Spear, popular ; Miss Lyon, much sought after ; the Misses French, matchless ; Miss Meekum, elegant ; Miss Clark, Captain C.’s sister, the most elegant dancer present.

“ There were a host of others present, which our time or limits will not permit us to mention.

“ Among the officers in uniform we noticed General Andrews and staff ; Colonel Holbrook, and Lieutenant-Colonel Boyd ; and officers of the Salem Cadets, Boston Artillery, Roxburg Artillery, Boston and Cambridge City Guards, Warren Infantry, Mount Washington Guards, and other corps ; also several of the Ancient and Honourable Private Battalions, and Mr. F. A. Rowland in continental uniform.

“ The new uniform of the Light Guard is a magnificent one, and was the subject of general eulogium.

“ We left the party at a late hour, in the highest state of enjoyment.”—*Boston Bee*, *March 5*, 1851.

The *faux pas* of delinquent individuals are repeatedly set forth without a due understanding of the shades of fashionable crime. I read the other day an indignant paragraph relative to a Baptist clergyman who tampered with the virtue of one of his "helps," a young unmarried woman, which was headed "SEDUCTION AND CRIM. CON." A doctor who practises mesmerism was indicted and tried in the Municipal Court of Boston for having abused the confidence of one of his patients, a girl of seventeen, and his offence was called "adultery."

There are many words applied, to this day, in America in a sense foreign to their present meaning in England, but in accordance with that which they bore a couple of centuries back, when the New World was in progress of being peopled. But these words must not be confounded with others, the signification of which was, and is still, the same in both countries, but which are used in a less extended sense in one than in the other. I may find a place in this volume for something further on this subject; but the words *clever* and *smart* may serve as an example of the point I wish to illustrate at present.

"A clever man" means in England a man of talent; in America it means a man of kind temper and good heart. "A smart man" in England and in America means one and the same thing—a quick, sharp, intelligent individual. But England abounding in men of superior talent, the word *clever* is applied to distinguish them from the men of mere smartness; while America possessing in comparison but few such, the inferior epithet is considered quite strong enough to describe those who are above the common. Had America produced any considerable number of *really clever* men in our sense of the term, the

term in that sense would not have fallen into disuse. It was the men who were wanting, not the word.

Among the phrases in every-day use among the best people, two or three occur to me at this moment, which sound vulgar enough to an English ear, but are only adaptations of a nautical phraseology common to a *seaboard* people.

“Where does such a one *hail* from;” is an ordinary question; and the expression “He, or she, has been *hawled* up,” instead of “*laid* up,” as with us, is very generally used. “Such a one has had *quite a siege of it*,” is a usual way of referring to a long illness, and no doubt had its origin in the Revolutionary war, when most of their towns sustained that operation. The favourite expression of being “used up” is tantamount, or something more, to our slang phrase of being *done up*. It is stronger than being *knocked up*, which, by the way, is considered a most offensive vulgarism in the United States.

There is something curious in the management and spelling of French words (of which they are very fond) accents being rarely used, or at times improperly. *Recherché*, for instance, is always printed *recherche*; *Chargé d'affaires* is invariably contracted to *charge*; *Eau de Cologne* is, in like manner, called *Cologne*; and so on in many instances. I have seen a stationer's advertisement announcing an arrival of *papéteries*, a word which not one reader in many thousand understands, but which was therefore sure to attract inquirers and purchasers. *Bureau* is universally used for chest of drawers; and it is also adopted in its other sense in the state departments at Washington, to designate the offices for public affairs. The word *boudoir* is very commonly used in a sense tan-

tamount to dressing-room, or, in more direct Yankee phrase, "wash-closet." A railway station is always called the *depôt*—mostly pronounced the *deépo*, but very often *depott*—and the word *levee* (pronounced always *levíe*) is applied to a reception of company by any private individual of an evening where no supper is to be expected. An introduction is never spoken of in America. No one is said to be introduced by or to another. Every one is *presented*; because such is the phraseology of the English Court, to imply an introduction to its highest dignitaries.

The style of invitations and replies to invitations varies from what is usual in England; and in some instances savours of over-civility, in others of incivility, though neither is intended, *ex. gr.* :

Mr. — asks the favour of Mr. —'s company at dinner, &c., &c.

Mrs. — asks the pleasure of Miss — and brother's company, &c., &c.

Mr. — regrets that he must decline Mrs. —'s polite invitation, &c., &c.

Mr. and Mrs. — regret they cannot accept Mrs. —'s polite invitation, &c., &c.

In neither of the two last-mentioned instances is any reason given for the "declension."*

Miss — accepts Mrs. —'s kind invitation for, &c., &c.

Mr. — will have the honour of visiting Mrs. — on, &c., &c.

Mrs. — regrets it is not in her power to visit Mrs. — on, &c., &c. Mr. — has the honour of accepting.

Mrs. — requests the pleasure of Miss —'s company, with a very few persons, socially.

* An amusing anecdote was current in London a few years back of an American lady who was said to have apologised, in a high quarter, for being a little too late to dinner, on account of her "being occupied in writing declensions to several polite invitations."

“A previous engagement,” the usual excuse for refusal in England, is never pleaded in America unless it really exists. There is a conscientious matter-of-fact in fashion there that will not allow so slight a deviation from the strict rule of right. On the same principle, no lady refuses to receive a visitor in the morning by virtue of the common fiction of English phraseology, “Not at home.” The servant invariably tells you that Mrs. —— is “engaged,” or “very much engaged.” This is done frequently in a most uncivilized (if not meant to be an uncivil) way; the “help” admitting the visitor to the drawing-room, taking the name or card to whatever part of the house the lady may be in, and bringing back the unceremonious reply that “Mrs. —— is very much engaged.” And so Mrs. —— undoubtedly is, ninety-nine mornings out of a hundred, either fixing something with the cook, sewing with the seamstress, or dusting with the chamber-girl. But it is astonishing that those fashionable ladies cannot make a small compromise between strict veracity and the *convenance* of society, and adopt our “Not at home;” every one knowing that it merely means “*Madame ne reçoit pas,*”—and every one of common sense feeling that the value of words consists in what they mean, not in what they say.

Small instances of punctiliousness like the foregoing do not, however, merit any serious disapproval when they are accompanied by gay and lively manners. It is the solemn foppery and cold self-sufficiency which makes it so objectionable. Most people in other parts of the world wish or strive to make themselves agreeable to others. I really could not see in America any apparent feeling of that kind. No man seems anxious to gratify the taste or humour the weakness of any one else; or to oblige his

neighbour for his neighbour's sake. No one puts himself out of the way for another, except in the case of places being always given up to ladies in public conveyances or places of entertainment. Among men it is everyone for himself. Yet there is a tacit understanding that prevents any one from taking offence, or being hurt at this absence of attention. If no sacrifice is made, none is expected. Nothing, indeed, is more annoying to your true Yankee than an act of supererogatory civility which demands a return. For the return must be given, in kind or in equivalent. Nothing for nothing is their favourite principle, as I have elsewhere remarked. They do not seem to comprehend the delight of receiving a favour without calculating its intrinsic value ; or of a spontaneous act of good nature done without previous intention.

Everything in America is a matter of business. A dinner is a transaction of barter, for which another equally good is expected. It is an obligation, regularly entered at the debtor side of the social account, to be balanced and wiped out only on payment made. I once remarked to a gentleman my surprise at never meeting any young men at the Boston dinner parties.

“How could they return a dinner ?” was the significant question, which solved the mystery.

The selfishness generated by this system accounts for the amazing coolness with which one Yankee suffers another to impose on him. He scarcely ever grumbles ; rarely remonstrates ; and it may be said, never resists. He pays the overcharge, or admits the cheatery ; because he knows that impunity is the common right, and that what he submits to in one instance, he will exact in another, for all the Yankees are traders of some kind, either in stock, goods, land, or money. They all buy and sell.

No one lives on a fixed income to which he is born and which he leaves behind him. Therefore each is sure sometime or other to have his revenge. Outwitted in one bargain, he outwits in another. What he overpays to his tailor or boarding-house-keeper he overcharges to his next customer or client. It is not worth while to quarrel about an exaction for which he can recompense himself, nor wise to set an example which would be sure to re-act upon him. Thus non-resistance is essentially the principle of the social compact, as resistance is that of political life. The Americans, so jealous of their governments, are the self-made slaves of a social surveillance. They would have no objection to a despot ruler, if they could individually tyrannise upon some one else. They have no love of freedom—no hatred of slavery—from any fine feeling of independence and philanthropy. Liberty to their notion is merely a privilege of white people, equally the right of all in a political sense, but very imperfectly enjoyed by any in the relations of society.

But as regards the more serious aspect of the question with which this chapter opened, I must remark that the Americans are constantly making comparisons of their own institutions, morals, and manners, with those of what they still condescend to call the mother country. But they are ill-fitted for this task. Purlblind from vanity, whenever they undertake it, they can distinguish the faults of England, but not her merits. They are perpetually putting her on trial; but they don't give her fair play. While they find her guilty on the good counts of the indictment, they will not acquit her on the bad ones. When they compare the state of things in their own country with that in ours, they take the worst points

abroad and balance them against the best at home. They entirely mistake the matter.

The wholesale difference between the countries seems to me to be this :

Most of the better qualities of man's nature are brought out by the working of things in England, and that as the consequence of our national faults. All the lower qualities are developed in America, in spite of the national advantages.

Englishmen are at once, in well-balanced degrees, men of business and politicians. Americans are absorbed by business and by what they call politics, which is nothing more than a business of a mean and contracted sort. The mere business occupations of Englishmen would necessarily make them in most respects similar to Americans, were it not that the politics of England are of so elevated a kind that they throw their influence into all the pursuits of life, and raise the community into a lofty and expansive sphere of thought.

But, as the domestic political questions agitated in America chiefly hinge on some sordid consideration—almost all being matters of pecuniary profit and loss, such as banks, tariffs, currency, commerce, manufactures—the nobler aspirations of intellect are dragged down by their attraction, and the trader in politics is of necessity a retail dealer. He sets up in his business as another man opens a shop. He only works for the lucre of gain. Even allowing him to have some foreshadowings of patriotism, little that elevates man's nature enters into his view. The material interests of the country are alone his object ; and his individual share in the chances and emoluments of office is the chief point for which he struggles.

Many of the evils of the English system are greatly

modified, if not entirely obviated, by the institutions of America. The oppressions of high rank, and its debasing patronage; the subserviency of the middle classes; the degradation of the lower. But, on the other hand, no high-minded motives to action exist; no examples of them in action, no stirring impulses of principle and passion, which foster generous rivalries among men.

Democracy secures great physical enjoyment to a people, but it cramps the nation's intellect. The pulse of the social system throbs, but the blood feebly circulates. There is being and motion, but no vigorous ebb and flow. The waters of life seem stagnant, though they swarm with reptile animation.

The framers of the republic, in wishing to establish a state of things opposed to the European system, falsely believed that the opposite to wrong must of necessity be right. That is no doubt good logic, but it is not practical truth. Extremes are opposites, but not always contrasts. The South Pole is as cold as the North. Straining after a too lofty point of excellence is as fatal as stooping beneath its lowest. When Washington, Franklin, Jefferson, and the rest founded a republic on the ruins of monarchical forms, they should have laboured to bring the people's minds to a level with the new institutions, instead of attempting to uphold the same tone of feeling as that which prevailed under the old ones.

They should have adopted a new vocabulary for national topics. Words being only the types of thought, a change of expression should have followed the total change of thought.

The standards up to which the new republic should have been taught to act are probity, industry, justice. Such words as fame, glory, greatness, in their old and general

sense, should have been altogether laid aside. They are associated with exaggeration of sentiment and excess of civilization, out of the comprehension and the reach of the New World.

The people of America should be taught that if they will insist on putting themselves on a par with England, they must take her example for better for worse. They must have her inequalities of rank with her concentration of power ; her debt with her conquests ; her vices with her wealth ; her worst ills, in short, with those concomitant glories which dazzle the beholders to blindness.

They should also strive to emulate her good qualities. They should value public services, and grant rewards to merit. They should make sacred the national faith, and hold it above all price. They should reverence the law, and do honour to its functionaries. They should take pride in the national character, and love their country.

These are among the strong points in the English mind. But in America every one of these items has its contrast.

They treat their leading men as a soldier uses his sword—as the tool that works out his ends. He kisses and praises it while it is bright and sharp ; when blunted and rusty he throws it aside. Public motive is as nothing ; personal interest is everything. There is no respect for government, as an abstract principle ; none for the law, as *per se* entitled to respect ; none for religion, as a fundamental portion of national virtue. All—government, law, religion—are so many loose elements of utility, portions of the moral machinery which keeps the country moving. As such they are valued as long as they serve the public purpose. There can, of course, exist no instinct of loyalty, properly so called ; and as there is no deep-

founded sentiment of patriotism in the people's heart, nothing can be more unlike in moral analogy than the people of England and those of the United States.

In the material laws which regulate a nation's affairs, as far as property, capital, and revenue are concerned, the contrast is quite as striking. The destiny of America, like that of every other country, requires the accumulation of a certain amount of money to carry out the purposes of civilization, and there seems to be a corresponding instinct in the minds of the people sufficient to attain that end. They make money by impulse. It is their being's aim. It is to their social existence the very breath of life. Like any other necessity of nature, it is struggled for with intense avidity.

In England there are thousands who never think of making money, who, born to a certain inheritance, are satisfied to be worth so much a year, and to live on its amount in contented monotony. The object of that class of proprietors is to fix and tie up capital; and the laws made under their influence for the settlement of property have naturally had that tendency.

In America there are no such persons; and, consequently, the laws there have a directly opposite drift. There is not there an individual, I might say, who does not in some way or other strive to increase his store. All are men of business or speculators. It is considered disgraceful in a man not to endeavour to add to his fortune, be its amount what it may.

Calculation of property in England is always made according to annual income. In America it is invariably in relation to the amount of capital, and that amount is subject to continual fluctuation. But while this gives a powerful and constant impulsion to industry, it leads to

an enormous quantity of failures. Money is always changing hands. Everything is converted into cash. Property of all kinds is for ever shifting, and real estate has no fixed ownership. There are very few family places preserved from generation to generation; no trees planted by an ancestor to be held in veneration by his descendants; no spots of local endearment, sacred to the memory of by-gone days. No one who buys a property looks to it with the fondness of European possession. The respective owners only think of improving for the purpose of selling. Each one is sure that his successor will do so if he himself does not. He never walks his fields proud of having endowed his line with a portion of the world. He does not tread the earth with the firm footing of proprietorship. He does not build like one providing for after-generations. He raises his house as the wild-bird makes its nest, conscious that when his brood is fledged its first impulse will be to fly. He knows nothing of the ties which bind the denizen of the Old World to the home of his fathers. Patriotism with the American is not a passionate regard for the soil and its associations. It is a mere abstract notion made up of personal interest, prejudice, and pride, and falsely denominated love of country, because the dictionary calls it so.

Several Americans are to be met with who, having been in Europe, are comparatively well-informed; but travel has improved them but imperfectly and superficially. Their minds are too unplastic to be moulded into graceful forms of thought. The most common effect of travel is to make them discontented with what they return to at home, or doggedly obstinate in feigning to find all things abroad inferior. Very few adopt the models of social life which they have observed in Europe. The utmost they

generally do is to assume a superiority in small matters of *convenance* over their untravelled neighbours, and even that is done clumsily enough. I knew one gentleman, a certain Mr. Ben. P. Poppleton, who, after a short visit to England, thought it "aristocratic" and advisable to sink the Ben., and put on his visiting cards "Mr. Poppleton Poppleton." And the instance inserted in this chapter of the "Baronial" party in Boston is another proof of absurd want of tact in travelled gentlemen.

Indeed, the best bred persons with whom I have associated in the United States seemed to have their good-breeding from nature. Foreign example had done little for them. Some of them, and I might specify Judge Story and Mr. Harrison Gray Otis, had never crossed the ocean, but gave proofs of that inherent sense of the polite, which shows that it is indigenous to all countries. These rare examples were proportionably precious, and have left a vivid recollection in my mind, and for their sakes I lamented that such men formed part of a system incompatible with the refinement which they were well calculated to enjoy.

But the great majority of their countrymen find no privation in what must have been a serious one to them. They can easily dispense with, and many of them really despise, the elegances of life. They imperfectly enjoy the interchanges of good fellowship. They know nothing of the mutual concession which constitutes the charm of European society. Visiting is to them a duty—entertaining their neighbours a task—hospitality in its true sense a fiction. They have no convivial instincts. They drink together in a gross fashion, standing up in a bar-room, for the sake of the "drink," not of the company. They do not use as we do the word sociable. They always

substitute for it the word *social*. And this, which appears a mistake or an affectation, is really a pregnant adaptation of the type to the thought it expresses. Spending an evening sociably means, in England, a reunion of joyous, unrestrained companionship. Spending an evening *socially* means, in America, just what it does in its philological sense, a number of people herding together, without any definite object beyond the act of meeting each other.

But the absence of familiar intercourse is a great security against disputation, quarrelling, and the contempt which familiarity proverbially breeds. The most intimate neighbours in England often become enemies from the very freedom of their intercourse, showing them to each other *en deshabelle*, or in the nakedness of natural defect. The Americans do not know or like each other well enough to quarrel. They are formal and indifferent ; always dressed, or at any rate (morally speaking), *en demi-toilette*.

American unsociability has thus its advantages. And inasmuch as it is the most effective bar to the corruptions incident to a vulgar display of wealth, it may still for a long time save the population of the New World from what they look upon as the pernicious and demoralizing luxury of the Old.

The marked distinctions between classes in European life form the most direct and striking contrast with the American scheme of polity. The ardour with which Englishmen of large possessions enter into the turmoil of public affairs, the avidity with which they pursue party politics, and grasp at the emoluments of office, are peculiarities widely opposed to the habits of the men in the United States, whose position most nearly assimilates to theirs. Those persons, whether proprietors of estates on the banks of the great rivers, or in the

interior of the country; or large capitalists nominally retired from business, in a great majority keep altogether clear of political strife, leaving the field to the struggles of the adventurers, already described, and taking pride in their abstinence from its toils, honours, or disappointments. Englishmen of hereditary wealth have their social station ready made; but the American millionaire has to labour for his, harder than he did for the money that is his claim to it. Riches bring him no real enjoyment, without the attainment of an admitted superiority over those who follow his own career.

But it is obviously impossible, as I have before shown, that a separate "order" can be formed. There are not, and cannot be any distinctive classes in the United States. There are no rich and no poor, as in England, as opposing portions of the body politic. They blend together in a common crowd, and the fluctuation of property produces a frequent change of individual position. All industrious citizens are, as a general rule, more or less wealthy, that is to say, above want, and in the enjoyment of a competence. There is no class of hopelessly indigent; no solid but impure foundation of penury on which a structure of wealth and oppression can arise. The combination of rich men, who have been or may be poor, drawing an imaginary circle around them, and believing themselves to be "select," are but a portion of the mass of labouring industry which peoples the United States.

While in England there is a manifest upward movement in the popular mind, a downward tendency is evident in America among the wealthier portions of the community. They are day by day losing ground. The generation that made the Revolution, the English-born men and their colonial sons who fought the battle with the

mother country are worn out. The instinct of the British distinctions of rank and title is no longer in the minds of their descendants. Democracy is working its way year by year, and at every step treads out some old prejudice of class which was inherent in those who died for freedom, or came gloriously through the struggle that secured it. This is, as far as it goes, a downward course of things, but it is by no means tantamount to national deterioration. It is but a descent from a factitious elevation to a more wholesome level. The upward straining for a false position is the true mischief; and, as I have endeavoured to show, it is this vain and false essay that causes the main social evils of the United States. The masses are chafed and irritated by the pretenders to superiority; by their hollow semblance of equality, and their efforts to establish by secret and insidious means what they have not the manliness openly to advocate. These aspiring malcontents, wanting the dignity of noble blood, the lofty disdain of patrician Greeks or Romans which held the vulgar as profane, the elegant refinement of the literati of the Italian republics which scorned plebeian coarseness, can only sustain their pretensions by intrigue and corruption.

But even that they manage meanly. They have no boldness in their measures; no liberality in their expenditure. They cabal and coalesce to carry a point, and when defeated they sneak out. They do not show a daring front to the foe their own false pride has created. They are usurpers without spirit. A tyrant should be brave, and a conspirator prodigal. Coriolanus scorned the mob; Cataline bought them up. The "aristocratic" cotton spinners or shipowners of New England or New York do a paltry business with a trembling hand. The

people are too strong for them. Defeat is their desert and their destiny.

It must not, however, be supposed that wealth is in itself an object of popular dislike, any more than its possessors for making a just use of it. On the contrary, the people reverence money, and do honour to the rich. Their sympathies are all in favour of accumulation of property, and though they will not make laws to fix or fetter it, they would debar no man from its fair enjoyment, nor interfere with his personal expenditure. Public opinion is opposed to luxury and its corrupting influences; but any one who pleases may ruin himself by extravagance, and his only public punishment is the public scorn.

Again, it should be understood that the Democratic party are by no means in the habit of choosing the low, ignorant, or degraded to take the lead. An unworthy individual may be voted occasionally under some temporary excitement into a prominent place, or thrust into office by some abuse of executive patronage; but wealth, education, or refinement, are no bars to preference, as I have already amply shown. It is, however, rather abroad than at home that the rich American has the best chance of indulging his ambitious tastes. By a large expenditure he can obtain a footing in good society in England, and deceive his high associates into a belief in his home importance. If he fancies himself when in England the equal to the British peer who dines with or entertains him, what matter? The delusion does no harm to the one. It may improve the other, or, at the worst, it only makes the pretender ridiculous; but the same sentiment carried back to America makes him dangerous. How far better would it be for such a one to be content

with the privileges common to all his fellow-citizens. What more is really required for personal distinction than to be respected for industry, honoured for patriotism? A republican not satisfied with this, and struggling to separate himself from the public at large, virtually abdicates his share of their sovereignty. Standing aloof from the polling booths, the public meetings, the legislature, and the offices of State, and discontented with being a unit, he makes himself a cipher.

Strangers in America must all be struck with the obvious disproportion between inanimate and human nature. The greatness of the country strongly contrasts with the deficiencies of the people. The magnificent scale of creation seems unsuited to the beings who possess it. Certainly the pursuits of mankind in the New World are wanting in grandeur. The mechanical arts are of necessity in constant progress, energy and ingenuity have ample scope, but the moral greatness of man is nearly undeveloped; and all this is in keeping with the scheme of American progress.

But a common error of Americans is the belief that, because their country is vast, their destiny requires them to do great things in a grand style; and an inflated imitation of England is the result. They do not comprehend that England, in despite of circumscribed limits, is forced by the impulse of civilization to act on a large and lofty plan. Bursting the cramped bounds of geographical position, she has a mighty mission to fulfil. Exploring and peopling the remotest parts of the earth, flooding them with knowledge from her reservoirs at home, a vast machinery is required, and infinite powers of mind to direct its operations. Commercial and military means, science in its manifold forms, a literature com-

mensurate with all, must be in continual movement, well guided to the objects in view. But America has no such mission. To clear the forest, hunt the wild beasts, scatter the savage tribes, and rout the hordes of a less hardy race than their own ; then to till the soil, dig in the mines, and work out the rude ways of physical existence—these form the elements of American civilization. She has to do the labour of the world. All the higher duties of human improvement are done for her. The exercises of lofty thought, and the elegancies of art, all come from Europe. She has no such indigenious standard of taste and knowledge as that in which they have their source. She obtains the little that she wants of them ready made. Yet a servile and jealous admiration of the Old World leads to attempted imitations, uncouth and clumsy. She is shrewd enough to see this, and envies or hates what she cannot succeed to rival.

The importance of the United States, as long as the Union lasts, will consist in a conjunction of small causes tending to one powerful result. Her fame must not be founded on her conquests, or on literary or artistic distinction. Trade, manufactures, agriculture, must be its basis : excellent and honourable pursuits, adapted to the genius of a people which, if it rightly knew its interests, would not emulate a lot more elevated but less happy.

CHAPTER IV.



THE FINE ARTS IN AMERICA.

Extravagant Self-laudation of Americans on that head—Artists of Merit—Little Encouragement for them—Ignorance of the Fine Arts—Public and Private Collections—“Apollo Association”—Art-Union—Objection to the Lottery System—Connoisseurs—Amateurs—Speculators—Rosa Bonheur’s “Horse Fair.”

THE text on which I would write a chapter in connection with this subject has been furnished by a speech of a certain Rev. O. Dewey, at a meeting of “The Apollo Association” of New York, of which I read an account in the papers of that city.

The Reverend orator, in moving the adoption of the Annual Report of the Committee of Management, remarked, says the newspaper, that “those who spoke with contempt or incredulity of the genius of our countrymen in the arts of design, needed only a sight of that collection to do involuntary homage to the power and skill of the artists by whom they were produced.” Mr. Dewey spoke of “the opinion of a venerable friend of his, now no more,”—he did not mention the name, but it was inferred that he alluded to the late Dr. Channing—“that the Anglo-Saxon stock, transplanted to this region, acquired, under the American sky, a temperament more finely strung, a delicacy of fibre, a more exquisite susceptibility of the nervous organisation, which peculiarly fitted our people to

excel in what are called the Fine Arts. He thought that this opinion was confirmed by the recent rapid growth of the art of design, by the sudden outbursts of genius with which we have been lately startled, and by the numerous generation of artists of the noblest promise, at this moment engaged in the pursuit of excellence." He alluded to a visit he had made to a collection of pictures in the same building, and remarked, that "he should be well content if in preaching all his lifetime he could do as much good to others as an hour or two spent in the presence of these works of art had done to him."

I sincerely hope, for the memory's sake of Dr. Channing, that he was *not* the person alluded to by Mr. Dewey ; and the only excuse that can be made for that Reverend gentleman's rhapsody, is the large degree of ignorance which pervades the American mind on the subject in question. It is possible that Dr. Channing, in one of the amiable abstractions in which he at times indulged, and judging by his own peculiar sensitiveness, did say or write something of the nature above quoted ; but it seems really monstrous that so direct a contradiction of fact, so essentially absurd an assertion, could have been seriously and soberly repeated by any man of practical knowledge or conscientious feeling. But it is thus the American people are self-deluded, played upon, or *quizzed*. The Fine Arts are most imperfectly understood by them. The professors of their various branches are few, and mostly of mediocre talent. The public taste is at a low par, and the pursuits of the population afford scanty opportunities for its culture. As a general rule in concert or auction rooms the worst music and inferior pictures are the most popular. Of sculpture there can be but little practical knowledge. Greenough, Powers, and Crawford resided in Italy ; and

the specimens of their talent sent to their native country, have few there to admire, and fewer still to appreciate them.

It is most unjustifiable in those "Patriotic" orators, like the one I have cited, and others alluded to in another chapter, to give the Americans such inflated notions of their natural capabilities. Fact, reason, the plainest common sense give the lie to such flatterers, who actually check the incipient wish for improvement in those delightful studies, by persuading the people that nature has done it all—that "their fibres are more delicately strung than other people's," and who only speak truly by accident when they say, like Mr. Dewey, that they "are startled by these sudden outbursts"—of the grotesque abortions of what he facetiously calls "genius."

I might multiply quotations to a large amount to show that such nonsense is not confined to the hasty utterance of speakers, but that it is common to writers in the best of their periodical works; and that the prevalent feeling in the country is to discourage the importation of really good specimens of European art, ancient or modern, without large supplies of which America, of course, can never largely produce good artists.

A critic of great celebrity in the "Boston Courier" remarks,—“If the famous old Dutch Van der Velde painted better sea pieces than Bonfield's, he deserves his fame.” The "old Dutch" here alluded to is of course one of the three Vandenveldes; but even the *old* one would be degraded by a comparison with this unheard-of artist.

The "Knickerbocker Magazine" has the following passage:—

“Our citizens begin to look at home for excellence. Durand is

busy with *perfect* transcripts from Nature; so is Cole, and a dozen others whom we have not space to name. Citizens of America! Encourage all that may serve to encourage American Art, so that, by-and-by, we may exclaim, whenever it is proposed to bring us pictures from abroad, ‘*What, send to Europe for good paintings! Fetch coals to Newcastle.*’ ”

And the “National Intelligencer,” in the same year, exclaims,—

“The day is not far distant when we shall have such abundance of talent and skill in our own country, that no person will have an apology, or the will, to go abroad in search of worthy artists or superior paintings.”

This lamentable deficiency in judgment common to those writers who strongly influence if they do not entirely lead the public taste, is of course a positive injury to its more practical professors. The natural vanity associated with the half-formed talent thus be- praised, throws back the uneducated, inexperienced aspirant upon his comparatively superior but still imperfect organization. He is not aware of his manifold defects, while quite conscious of the qualities that properly directed would lead him far on the road to fame. He believes most conscientiously in his own genius, and in the fitness of his cramped locality for its full development. He has no home authority to show him his delusion; and if the words of truth and warning reach him from afar, they fall dead on his ear, or are attributed to prejudice and envy.

It is nevertheless the fact that it is alone from communion with the finer feelings and high-wrought fancies of mankind that the pure fabrics of refinement are formed. Great painters, sculptors, and musicians are the offspring of luxury, the overgrowth of civilization. The artist of

America is but a weed or a wild flower in his natural state. To give him grace or delicacy he must be removed to the hot-bed of Europe ; and if many specimens fade in the transplanting, they almost all pine and wither when sent back to their original soil. I have known several artists in the United States, but scarcely one of a joyous temperament. This class of men, so animated and vivacious in Europe, are there disappointed and dyspeptic. To find an American artist what an artist ought to be you must meet him in Italy, France, or England. There, in his true atmosphere, his talents appreciated, his labours rewarded, his feelings sympathized with, he has a fair chance for happiness, even if he be not pre-eminently successful. In his own country he must be little better than a drudge, with incompetent critics and niggardly patrons, excluded from "fashionable" society, and too often with little to live on but nauseous doses of unprofitable praise.

There are doubtless some artists in the country even now of deserved reputation, and several of promise. Healey, Cropsey, Ames, Terry, Page, Elliott, Kensett, Church and others have studied in Europe with profit. Healey, with whom I renewed my acquaintance in Paris, Ames in Rome, and Cropsey in London, had each found respectively in those cities a fertile field for their exertions. But I know of no names, with the exception of those of Allston, Stewart, and Newton, which have established as yet a real celebrity in America, and an admitted artistic rank in Europe.

A foreigner of skill now and then pays a flying visit to the United States, paints a few portraits in the chief places, departs, and leaves a blank, which is, after a time, temporarily filled up. Some of those wandering strangers, possibly

contributors to the very Collection which drew forth the Rev. Mr. Dewey's laudation, do infinite injury to public taste by their distorted "outbursts" of what is like nothing on earth, and it is to be hoped unlike everything in heaven. It is true, that in Europe, and particularly in England, many very bad specimens are also to be deplored. And the American artists must meet some toleration for imitating, in their ignorance, those fashionable pink and blue, and green impossibilities—as far as Nature is concerned.

The United States are not, however, entirely without good pictures. A few gentlemen of cultivated minds who have travelled in Europe, and been familiarized with the works of the great masters, have brought back specimens, both ancient and modern, of tolerable merit, but rarely any of them *chefs-d'œuvre*. Occasional dealers now and then cross the Atlantic with a batch containing much that is spurious and a little that is genuine. Old pictures of the Italian, Dutch, Flemish, and French Schools do find their way to America, and are to be at times picked up. But hitherto speculators in this branch of the arts have not made much of their ventures, and their only chance of profit has been from indifferent, glaring, showy things, copies of ancient and modern works bought for little or nothing in Europe, and sold in America at comparatively high prices. Moderately good pictures of a better class find some purchasers on fair terms; but getting a large sum for a really fine work of art is out of the question. The experiment has been tried by several persons, but all have failed in their object. I have heard of rare instances in which three or four hundred pounds have been paid for a picture of some pretension; but I have never been lucky enough to

see one in either a public or private collection that would in my opinion have fetched so much money in Europe. A good many of respectable merit are to be met with. I have seen undoubted examples of Teniers, Ostade, Vandenvelde, Ruysdael, Paul Brill, Moucheron, Weenix, Kalf, Van Aelst, and others of the old Netherland masters ; besides Vernet, Boucher, Watteau and his school ; and once or twice a Murillo and a Vandyke ; but I have never seen an unquestionable specimen of a great Italian artist in the United States. Some so-called Guidos, Caravaggios, Domenichinos, Salvators, and Correggios are to be met with ; and I have looked at two or three rubbed-out and daubed-up fictions, that might possibly have been originally original, but are now mere patchwork.

Many of the best productions of the best native painters are scattered throughout the Union. Allston, the foremost among them, was a man of rare qualifications, but by no means perfect in his calling. Sentiment, suavity, seen through a rather hazy and vapoury medium, richness of colouring—his leading characteristics—were not combined with correctness of drawing or largeness of conception. Though often classed by American writers among historical painters, his best works are of a less ambitious character, chiefly consisting of landscapes and ideal heads. The latter especially are of much beauty, and possess great charm both in composition and colour. His more elaborate productions, such as “Saul and the Witch of Endor,” “Miriam,” and the unfinished attempt at a picture of grand size on the subject of Belshazzar’s Feast—all three now in Boston—must be considered as less successful, though showing always evidences of power and beauty. His chief merit lay in his peculiarity of

colouring, the character of which was derived from the Venetian School, for which he had a great admiration. He visited Europe early in life, reaching London in the year 1801. He returned to America in 1809, married there a sister of Dr. Channing, and went back to England two years later. Many of his pictures were painted in England where they remain; among them "St. Peter liberated by the Angel," "Uriel in the Sun," and "Jacob's Dream." On his final return to the United States, in 1818, he married a second time, and took up his residence at Cambridge, near Boston, where he lived retired, and where I occasionally met him in society, always gratified by his pleasing and gentlemanlike demeanour, and highly instructive conversation.

A strong impression has been undoubtedly produced upon later American artists by Allston's genius. He has, however, had few direct imitators, owing partly to certain of his defects before glanced at, and also to the ideality which marks his productions, the temperament of his followers leading them to more matter of fact transcripts of nature than to imaginative creations. Many are very successful in portrait painting, possessing vigour of tone and good mechanical execution. Page, Elliott, Huntington, and Ames are favourable illustrations of these qualities, having less of the conventional, drawing-room style than some popular English portrait painters of the present day. Page would deserve a still higher place than he holds, but for a proneness to a murky imitation of Titian's pictures, as many of them now exist; shadows of unreal depth, and an atmosphere of discoloured varnish, but without the freshness and transparency of what must have been the original tone. The prevalent taste in England for the neatly finished, cleanly painted style, refuses to acknow-

ledge the reproduction of defects of time and deterioration of tints, as proofs of talent or examples of taste.

To the great credit of the true art and as a good augury for its progress in America, I believe no instance of that retrograde crochet called pre-Raphaelism, has yet been offered for public reprehension by any native painter. Next to producing *chefs-d'œuvre* is certainly the merit of avoiding those burlesque distortions which English artists of high powers may indulge in, as a whim of exuberant self-confidence; which even Leys, the greatest modern master of colour and fine effects, may consent to partially adopt, but which would be fatal to any artist not so thoroughly established in public opinion as among the foremost of the craft.

Living American figure-painters are frequently true to nature in their colouring, though too often faulty in drawing; not, however, from wilful perversion of judgment, like those intrepid English caricaturists of the human form, but from the great difficulty of which they universally complain, of obtaining *good* living models, particularly of females,* so abundant in most European towns, and especially in Italy. Landscape painters have a wider and a never failing field to study. Church, Kensett, and more recently still, Cropsey, are well known in England for bold and faithful rendering of transatlantic scenery. Specimens of the last-mentioned artist have been seen and highly praised in the London exhibitions for the last two seasons; though the brilliancy of American forest foliage may seem exaggerated on his canvas, to those who have not travelled in Autumn among the

* Mrs. Trollope mentions an amusing fact of an American artist being obliged to have a silk flesh-coloured and tight-fitting costume for his female models, converting them in fact into figures fit for the *poses plastiques*, though obviously useless for artistic purposes.

splendid inland scenery of New England, New York, or the more southern states.

Gilbert Stewart, the most esteemed of American portrait painters, commenced his studies in London under Benjamin West ; and after his return from Europe, he resided during the latter part of his career in Boston. Copley and Smybert preceded him and he was followed by Sully, but their names do not stand so high as his in the estimation of the younger American painters. Stewart showed occasionally, but not always, vigour of colouring and high finish in his portraits, the best known of which is that of Washington, a full-length, pronounced to be a good likeness of the illustrious subject at the time it was painted, but not a favourable presentment of the hero in his earlier years.

Newton painted chiefly *tableaux de genre*, conspicuous for brilliancy and force of colour, skill in composition, and considerable elegance and refinement of feeling. I know of nothing approaching to him in those attributes among his compatriots, if I may not except a charming cabinet specimen by Allston, "Lorenzo and Jessica," the property of a family in Boston, who hold it deservedly in high value.

To this brief mention of American painters which their countrymen will surely consider too meagre, and which I hope English readers will not find over-tedious, I should gladly add some more ample notices of the best-known sculptors, had I materials at hand, or subjects within reach to enable me to do justice to their merits personal and professional. Sculpture is decidedly the branch of art in which American talent, taste, and industry have been most favourably displayed. Men of distinguished merit have produced within the last quarter of a century

works of great celebrity. The "Greek Slave" has done more honour to the United States than the Ashburton treaty and the annexation of Texas have caused them discredit. For the bad faith of diplomacy they have found compensation in the truth of art. The chicanery of paper and parchment is redeemed by the honesty of marble; and the chisel has given permanent renown, while the pen traced records that ought to be torn up and scattered to the winds.

I can scarcely imagine any one with an acute feeling for art seeing the above-named famous statue for the first time without emotion, such as I freely yielded to when I gazed on it, in the artist's *studio* in Florence, he himself beside me showing his work with unaffected pride, and descanting on art with copious yet unstudied eloquence. I frequently look back to that event as an epoch worth remembering in my Art-experiences, so to call those pleasant passages in the ever shifting ways of a busy life. Powers displayed all the treasures of his *studio* with great courtesy. His "Eve" was particularly prominent among them. But notwithstanding its more voluptuous style of beauty, and probably more perfect feminine formation, the effect it produced on me was far less than that of its simply elegant rival in the same room; the touching sentiment of grief and shame in the face, the languid attitude, the story-speaking chain on the wrists, producing a rush of affecting associations, unconnected with a single sensual idea.

In my opinion, ventured with sincere diffidence, Powers has not since equalled this exquisite conception, his first and greatest triumph. He may have done better things in actual manipulation; but of the mere mechanical working out I am but poorly qualified to judge. For myself I am

quite satisfied with his one great production, whether as seen amidst crowds in the original Crystal Palace or alone in the apartment of a private friend, the possessor of a counterpart repetition. And there is a striking analogy to this in the first picture of Wappers of Antwerp, "the Siege of Leyden," in which the principal figure of the heroic but care-worn Vanderwerf made an impression more deep than any since produced by the ambitious efforts of the artist, who, in abandoning his native town and the rich examples of the Flemish School which were his early inspirations, has found nothing and done nothing in the splendour of Paris, to improve his skill or increase his reputation.

Greenough was also living in Florence at the time I have alluded to. I had previously known him in America and others of his family, all remarkable for artistic talent and cultivated taste. His hospitable mansion was a museum of Art-treasure, and his *studio* contained groups, single figures, busts, and bas-reliefs of a high order of beauty, most of which have since then crossed the ocean to adorn his native country, to which he returned soon after only to die, too early for his fame, well-established as it was.

One very remarkable work of Art, by far the most finished of its kind produced in America up to the time of my leaving the country, was Mr. Dick of New York's reduced copy in line engraving of Raphael Morghen's print of Leonardo da Vinci's "Last Supper." The plate is of steel, the execution admirable, the price so low, certainly not more than half what such a work would cost in England, as to be quite unremunerative to the artist, and forming a painful contrast between the estimated value of works of Art in the United States, with that of mere mechanical

productions, which are paid for at rates exorbitantly high in comparison with corresponding articles in Europe.

The chance of success for a School of Design, a National Academy, or any such institution in America, is remote, if it be not entirely hopeless. The fostering protection of a government, and the private taste by which such an institution could alone be nurtured, are wanting, and not likely to be supplied. The scattered elements of patronage in the various States could never be concentrated for an object of no absolute pecuniary profit. Sectional jealousies would intervene, even if individual liberality made a move in the more civilized portions of the country. But the consent of the great Western States, those enormous swamps of semi-culture, could scarcely be obtained. In fact, such a project has never, I believe, been broached in public ; and whenever I have heard it privately alluded to by artists or amateurs, it was always as a matter for despair, not hope. The utilitarian principles of Democracy are undoubtedly unfavourable to a liberal encouragement of the Fine Arts. Yet it seems but flying in the face of the Creator to neglect the gifts of genius which he has bestowed on particular men. A taste for poetry, painting, sculpture, or music is a dispensation from Providence, who saw it good that it should be cultivated, or it never would have been.

The “ Apollo Association ” before alluded to has found, I believe, no very extensive patronage since it has been merged in an “ Art-Union ;” and it met at its establishment strenuous opposition beyond the circle of its supporters in New York. An application was made to the legislature of that state to procure an alteration from the rather fanciful name of the institution to that of the “ American Art-

Union ;” but the member of the Senate to whom the petition was entrusted, had grammatical scruples as to whether the proposed name was good English, and refused to present the petition on that ground. This senator bore the appropriate appellation of General *Root*, was formerly a school-master, and was particular in his parts of speech. The name of the institution was, however, subsequently changed as desired, under the patronage of some less critical legislator. I am not prepared to say, what has been the progress of the Society in the various towns of the Union. An agent who attempted to do something for it in Boston informed me, several months after his mission commenced, that he had not obtained one subscriber. The disposal of the pictures and engravings by lottery, a principal feature of those institutions, was a fatal objection in the New England States, where gambling in *such* a shape is held in pious horror, by a community that unscrupulously risks large stakes in every variety of the desperate game of stock-jobbing, and whose open bettings on Presidential and other elections is wide-spread and notorious.

The number of persons at all qualified to be connoisseurs in the United States is small. There are a few collections in the chief cities, but not one gallery that I know of, with the exception of that belonging to Colonel Hunter of Hunter’s Island, some twenty miles from New York, a place little known and rarely visited, but offering many attractions to the lover of nature and the admirer of art. The late Mr. Robert Gilmour of Baltimore was a genuine amateur, of knowledge and spirit, whose example did much in his native town towards diffusing a fancy for painting, although he could not, perhaps, do much towards the formation of

taste. That is not to be propagated by inoculation, and the natural kind is not epidemic in America; but the encouragement given by one wealthy and liberal amateur sets the fashion to others within his sphere. And I hope this has been the case in New Orleans, where a gentleman of the name of Robb has by this time, no doubt, a respectable collection of Art, which began by the purchase of some of Joseph Bonaparte's pictures at Bordentown, near Philadelphia, in 1846, and of a duplicate of Powers's celebrated statue of the Greek Slave, for which he paid the artist the liberal price of a thousand pounds sterling.

American speculators sometimes make lucky purchases of pictures in Europe. One gentleman has lately bought Rosa Bonheur's marvellous "Horse Fair," with the reservation of its being shown for two years to the public at so much a head. But, even under this condition, I hope that many a young American artist may find inspiration, in the study of the most powerful cattle-piece ever painted.

While the subject of Art-education is attracting so much attention in France and England, and one of our most brilliant writers upon it having so recently published among the proceedings of the Association for the Promotion of Social Science, his suggestions for fixing a standard of Art for our schools, it is likely that the American public may be awakened to the importance of some corresponding national movement. But improbable as it is that Mr. Ruskin's views will be carried out, and while so many doubts may exist as to their feasibility even in this country, it is not to be expected that the United States will for a long time to come enter on the consideration of the possible influence of Art on the masses of the people, involved as the question is with the uses and danger of luxury;

and, great as Mr. Ruskin's experience has been, he admits that "there is not yet sufficient *data* to justify us in conjecturing how far the practice of Art may be compatible with rude or mechanical employments."

That observation applies with much greater force to the United States than to England. The utmost that can be looked for there, is the more general spread of taste in the wealthier portions of the community, and some approach to an appreciation of Art in the works of such eminent painters as are within their reach. It would be vain to expect on a large scale the acquisition of works of great European masters at the national expense, the only real school of study to lead to extensive improvement. Congress would be little disposed to vote "appropriations" for such a purpose to an amount of sufficient magnitude. And jealousies as to the distribution of the funds and the "location" of the works purchased, would be sure to interfere with, if not mar entirely, such a project were it ever to be seriously and liberally entertained.

Washington, the political capital of the country (where "political capital" in another sense is turned to such account) is too insignificant in point of population and too much isolated from the course of its great commercial currents to be accepted as the depository for one large national collection of works of art. The Atlantic cities would have conflicting claims on the score of numbers, of literary taste, of situation, difficult to be reconciled; and as to the semi-civilized West, or slavery-blighted South, the question has at present no application whatever to them.

The imperfections of our National Gallery, in London, notwithstanding the large sums voted by Parliament, and the many contributions of pictures from individuals, may

satisfy the most ambitious or envious American connoisseur of the immense difficulty of a successful emulation with England in such a matter. And he must fall back on the consoling sentiment before quoted, that bringing fine paintings from Europe to the United States would be only "fetching coals to Newcastle."

It would, however, be very feasible and very advisable to establish exhibitions on the plan of those at Dublin in 1853, and Manchester in 1857, uniting the works of Art widely dispersed throughout the country, which their possessors would no doubt take an honourable pride in lending, and which the public would be sure to hail with pleasure and consult with undoubted advantage. The facility by railroad for safely conveying pictures, statuary, and objects of *virtu* from the remotest portions of the Union makes such a project of easy execution, and assuredly there are materials to be thus obtained quite enough in amount, and of quality sufficiently good to compose a most satisfactory and interesting combination; several of the museums and athenæums possessing already most respectable examples. From my personal knowledge of some of the artists before mentioned, and of several amateurs, though death has been busy with those whose society was among the chief pleasures of my American experience, I am satisfied that such a plan, well-considered, and carried out with energy and spirit (as all enterprizes of association are in the United States), would meet great and general support, and form an era in the progress of Fine-art study and its eventual extension.

I am not aware of the actual proportions of success or failure which attended the Crystal Palace exhibition of New York. Whatever they may have been, it was but

an experiment, and it will no doubt be followed in due course of time by repetitions, better arranged and more carefully conducted than their original. The recent catastrophe, the destruction of the building by fire, is discouraging, not only for speculators but for exhibitors, particularly of works of Art, which cannot, from the undefinable nature of their intrinsic worth as marketable commodities, be subject to the valuation of insurance companies. But the private possessors of pictures or statues, or of the more fragile productions of taste, always acquire and retain them at some hazard. Those of much merit in the United States have arrived there through the perils of flood, and in a lesser degree of fire, and a certain small amount of additional risk is worth running for a great national object. Besides, experience has shown the necessity of increased precaution on the part of managing committees, directors, supervisors, and the inferior *employés*. Responsibility inspires prudence; and if the matter now in question was well explained to be one of national concern—with an insinuation of rivalry with similar English enterprizes—a modification of the general carelessness, and probably a notion of emulative taste, would be better securities against accidents than any yet devised, acted on, or neglected.

The great frequency of unaccounted-for conflagrations in the United States certainly deserves severe reproach. But it is only fair to admit that instances continually arise in Europe of similar mishaps. Industry in America is so active, production so prompt, and money so easily obtained, that equal care is not to be looked for as that exercised in older countries where less buoyancy and a minor spirit of adaptation to circumstances exist. But the burning of the New York Crystal Palace has had a contemporaneous

parallel in that of the Exchange of Antwerp; a more severe loss to architectural taste than that of any temporary building with its contents in the New World would be. Bales of merchandize, fabrications of mechanical skill, and the miscellaneous objects of a public exhibition are serious misfortunes to the owners and insurers. But they are all easily replaced, and the necessity gives an additional impetus to trade in the respective articles destroyed. But there is no comparison between such a calamity and that of the total destruction of an ancient edifice, almost unique in construction, with the quaint traceries of Moresque design, surmounted by an iron and glass covered dome, a harmonious *chef-d'œuvre* of modern skill and elegance, besides frescoes of admirable execution by existing artists, who might have witnessed, and probably did so, on that fatal night the ruin of years of labour and the pride of a life, which they may never have sufficient inducements to repeat. The destruction of this beautiful building, irrespective of its cost and the impossibility of reproducing its details on the same site, leaves a sad blank in the fine old city, and breaks a link in the chain of historical associations which find no parallel in America. I have alluded to it incidentally, but not with the notion of throwing an additional damp on the undertaking I have suggested, by pointing out the insecurity of the most well-watched and highly valued monuments of art, in the Old as well as the New World.

On Architecture in America, to which this digression might naturally lead, I shall not attempt a discussion. I have in a former portion of this work spoken with praise of the several handsome public edifices of Washington and other cities. The Girard College, near Philadelphia, is also a building of great beauty, and of much greater

extent than the celebrated Bank of that city—a marble temple dedicated to Mammon, and which reminded some English traveller of “a painted sepulchre.” Among the numerous churches there are edifices of just pretension in every variety of style, and among them stands conspicuous the Roman Catholic Cathedral of Baltimore. Criticism in the journals of the Union has not been sparing of its instinctive severity; and one highly original and learned, but somewhat eccentric, writer in the “North American Review,” has dealt out his strictures against the bad taste of contemporary and compatriot architects, with a heavy hand. Such bold Philippics from a native authority may produce a salutary effect, which the most elaborate and conscientious comments from a foreign pen would fail in, unless indeed the commentator lavished unqualified encomium, and that alone, on every subject he might venture to touch on in the United States. No hint at defects, no suggestion for improvement will be tolerated there from such a source. The national pride—a satirist would call it self-sufficiency—scorns advice and revolts at censure. The national epidermic texture is so fine—a plain speaker would say the Americans are so thin-skinned—that the slightest scratch of criticisms festers to an angry wound. And no amount of candid eulogy on what appears to the European observer really admirable would heal the mischief done. Nine hundred and ninety-nine notes of honest admiration would not atone for a single mark of blame. What then will be the chances for this book, should it reach or approximate to the same amount of pages!

Two articles germane* to the matter of this chapter,

* Americans will I hope excuse my using this word although it is not admitted by Noah Webster.

fall under my notice just as I thought I had brought it to a close ; and I cannot better wind it up than by inserting them.

The first, in the "London Literary Gazette," of October 30, 1858, which will, I trust, be read and pondered on, and possibly acted on, in America, is as follows :—

"We are enabled to announce the formation, under what appear favourable auspices of a 'Society for the Encouragement of the Fine Arts.' The programme will be issued in a few days ; meantime we may say that the professed objects of the society are to create a true sympathy between artists and those to whom they minister, and to elevate the aspirations of both in the mutual relations so established ; towards this end to attempt the diffusion of sound principles of art and criticism amongst the public by means of lectures, discussions, and classes for study, illustrated by important examples selected from the works of eminent masters of all schools ; to award annually prizes, medals of honour, and other testimonials to the producers of works in painting, sculpture, architecture, music, and poetry, such works having been produced in public within the twelvemonth preceding the distribution ; conversaziones to be held monthly during the session, to which ladies will be admitted ; two exhibitions of paintings, sculpture, &c., in each year—one of ancient, the other of modern art—to be open free to the public on certain days of the week, and certain days on payment ; a permanent exhibition of engravings, and a library of reference, illustrative of the arts of design of all ages ; the establishment of provincial councils, with honorary secretaries, under whose auspices will occasionally be held meetings and exhibitions, with distribution of prizes in their respective localities."

The other article is in the "New York Commercial Times," of October 9, 1858. The opening sentence is a candid confirmation of what I have stated in the course of this chapter ; yet I do not transcribe it by way of certificate to the justice of my own opinion, but as offering a most favourable contrast to the tone which I alluded to

as so reprehensible in American writers some time back ; nor do I mean to “endorse” either the orthography, the style, or the metaphor of the writer.

“ Art is becoming something better than a mere affectation among us ; and this, considering the poverty of our national, as well as of our private collections of masterly works, compared with those which foster the taste for the beautiful in all the principal cities of Europe, is a hopeful symptom that, even in our own day, may the happy influence named by critics the æsthetic, twine luxuriantly with perennial blossoms the sombre stems of our rather matter-of-fact and not over-refined existence.”

After this salutary paragraph comes its sequel, in some critical remarks on two pictures ; the first of which I confess appeared to me, when I saw it in London, hard, cold, and unimaginative, bringing no recollection of the sublime effect of the object represented ; while the exaggerated phraseology of the pictorial criticism (leaving it at first doubtful whether a great waterfall or an eminent oculist is meant) shows but small improvement on that of the “olden time” of ten or a dozen years back. The remarks on the second picture are in the same vein, and from the description of the work so praised, I doubt if it would convey a just impression of the “Sports on the Corso,” to those who have seen it metamorphosed for the nonce into the “Race-course,” which the critic seems to consider its permanent purpose, or of the real appearance of those “rampant steeds” or “powerful horses,” or the “jockey-footmen,” “statuesque in attitude and reminiscent of Achilles”—beings of the species groom whom I fail to “realize,” either from their titles or their associations.

“ We hail, with pleasure, the return among us—laurelled with merited praise—of Church’s fine painting of the Emperor of Cataracts, now on Exhibition by Messrs. Williams and Stevens. Of

the many painters who had hitherto grappled with this great subject, none had quite succeeded in expressing upon canvas the chief feature of the scene—quantity ;—for in this dwells the grandeur of Niagara. The best embodiment of this we remember to have seen was, perhaps, in a series of pictures not very widely known—those fine water-color ones painted by the late Major Davis of the British Army, the progress of which, up to their completion, we had the pleasure of watching, some dozen years ago, in the Major's barrack-room studio at Montreal, where he was then quartered. The water in his sun-set picture glided swiftly, and there was moisture in the spray, and emerald light in the curtain-water ; but the eye rested mainly on the vermilion bars of light topping the dark line of woods on the Canada shore, or wandered to the fiery glare thrown by them on rock and tower in the foreground. Fire had the mastery over water in that clever picture. Then after a lapse of years, came Church, who, setting fearlessly to work, painted water—"water, water, everywhere!"—giving us, on a canvas of seven feet by three and a half, an idea of space and quantity seldom before achieved in treating similar subjects. Boldly rejecting the law which hitherto had chained artists down to the Table Rock, where Prometheus-like, they struggled long and hopelessly with the cruel vulture conventionalism, Mr. Church handled for his objective the pure element which constitutes the mighty cataract ; and so nobly has he succeeded that, on gazing intently for a while at his picture, the head grows dizzy, and you involuntarily press your feet well down to the floor, as people do when led suddenly to the verge of a precipice. The water wheels, and rushes, and glides past you as you stand, and it is some time before you can take in the freshness of the spray, rising from "amid the infernal surge" where Iris sits ; the painting of which prismatic goddess is a triumph of art.

"There is a certain hardness about this painting, which time will soften away with its mellowing hand. It is exhibited at a disadvantage, however—by gas-light—the proprietors being limited for room with the indispensable top-light.

"In an adjoining room, and favoured by the light of day, is to be seen for the same twenty-five cents you have paid for your trip to Niagara, a gorgeous painting which takes you straightway to Rome, where, on the Corso or race-course, effete Italians are indulging in the excitement of a carnival horse-race, conducted according to their degenerate ideas of what a horse-race ought to be. In this picture

fifteen feet by nine, Mr. Barker has succeeded in giving that charming effect of atmosphere so difficult of achievement in the oil material, so that, on your entering the room, it strikes you as being a fine fresco, executed in *tempera* or body-color. Grooms in resplendent velvet jerkins and hose, and thrown into all conceivable postures of action, are endeavouring to restrain rampant steeds, snorting and tearing about in eagerness for the start. The foreground incident on the left, is that of a powerful horse, which has fallen across the ropes and come headlong to the ground, bringing with him his groom, to whose assistance there bounds another of these Roman jockey-footmen in splendid vesture. The attitude and expression of the prostrate groom are faulty, failing in conveying the impression of suddenness. He looks as though roused by morning from a pleasant dream, stretching himself and yawning like a man whose duty, but not inclination, prompts him to rise for the day. In the middle ground of the right-hand division of the picture, there is a finely drawn grey horse, ramping aloft on his hind legs, and held down with difficulty by a vigorous groom, statuesque in attitude and reminiscent of Achilles. The drawing of the animals, in general, is by no means faultless, dislocation being in several instances apparent in the muscular development; but the sunlight effect on the architectural portions of the picture, and on the carnival figures crowded into the pavilions in the back-ground, is very fine, and the painting of some of the accessories—such as the gaudy plumes, which nod and float so naturally from the head-gear of the restless steeds, evinces mechanical skill of a very high order. The honest purpose and industry of the artist are evidenced by the many clever studies exhibited on the wall, from which life-sketches the figures of this striking picture are for the most part taken.”

CHAPTER V.

EXTREMES OF SAVAGE AND CIVILIZED LIFE.

THE INDIAN TRIBES.

The Indians an inferior race—Exaggerated accounts of them—Their gradual extinction—Ill-treatment by the first Discoverers of America—Hypocrisy of their Descendants—Frequent but vain attempts to create an interest in the Tribes—Their Religious Notions—Languages—Their Oratory—Final Struggles—Persecution in the Gold Regions—Hopelessness of their Present Condition.

I KNOW of no subject strictly national in the United States which seems to possess so little interest at present as the situation, political, social, and moral, of the aboriginal inhabitants of the country. The Indian tribes are gradually fading from the earth, dissolving like shadows in a distant obscurity. They have nothing inherent in their character to gain for them an abiding place in the feelings of mankind. They have altogether failed to bear out the fantastic imaginings of poets and romance writers. Had they really possessed the attributes ascribed to them, they would have taken a permanent stand in the admiration and affection of the world. But a couple of centuries have made it evident that they are truly an inferior race of beings, incapable of anything great, unable to work out a destiny, or stamp a character beyond that of a sluggish and dogged originality, deficient in dignity, and unfit to blend with the plastic elements of civilization.

The Indian character in its present aspect does not stand forward in bold relief. It has neither strength nor

solidity. It is expiring without a struggle ; and it will leave no monument behind it. It shows neither the energy of savage life nor the capability of refinement. Hovering on the borders of both, it is a melancholy mixture of their worst features. Lingering on the edge of the forest, or prowling round the outskirts of the city, groups of these neutral anomalies inspire a sort of compassionate curiosity in the observer, whose only wish is that they may quietly become extinct, and escape the fate of a violent extermination.

On the discovery of the New World the novelty of everything made all things matter of wonderment and of course of exaggeration. An imaginary *El Dorado* was but one of a series of fictions. The native race which peopled the south of the vast continent was but a portion of the great family ; and their civilization was as much an exception to the state of the populations at large as was that of Greece or Rome to the rest of Europe two thousand years ago. The English and Dutch in the north were resolved to vie with the Spaniards in Mexico and Peru ; and, to counterbalance the glory of gold and silver, pretended to have encountered a race of heroes amidst the ice and granite of New England and the forests and swamps of Virginia. Pocahontas on the one hand, and King Philip on the other, were magnified into miracles of sentiment and courage. The most commonplace feelings of humanity, when developed by some chance circumstance in the conduct of the dull barbarians, were represented by the artful adventurers who pioneered the march of emigration as traits of moral sublimity. The figurative language of the Indians in the fanciful translations sent home, resembled the eloquence of Homer's demi-gods or Ossian's heroes. Everything, except the discovered land

itself, was on a small scale in those times ; but seen at a distance and through a mist, the "Pilgrims," the Buccaneers, and their savage foes were enlarged far beyond their proportions, and invested with imaginary attributes which it took a long time to reduce to the truth. But whatever may have been the claims of the Indians of between two and three centuries back, there is nothing more mistaken than the belief in the heroism of these people as they now exist. There is not a spark of genius or enterprize among them. A degraded independence, sloth, dirt, and licentiousness, form the sum total of their characteristics. They have been basely treated by the white Americans, defrauded of their possessions, tricked in every bargain, remorselessly shoved out of the way of the civilization with which they could not coalesce. But the process has been so calmly and plausibly performed, under the mock solemnity of treaties, evaded rather than violated, that it has excited but little observation. No glaring outrages on the part of the spoliators, nor brilliant feats of despair on that of the victims, have roused the sympathies of other men. Oppression has flowed over them like the tide on a sandy beach, leaving no token of its course.

It would, perhaps, have been better for the Indian tribes had the white men made slaves of them. It would, in that case, have been the interest of the masters to encourage the propagation of the species : and with their progressive increase, and the cruelties that must have been practised to keep down its dangers, a sympathy in their favour would have sprung up and flourished, in at least the same degree as that excited for the blacks. But the invaders soon found out that the Indians were as unfit for slavery as they are unworthy of freedom. Banished, step by

step, into a barbarous remoteness, they have neither deteriorated nor improved. Like animals of the lowest stamp, they live and die untamed. Belted in their solitudes by the advancing lines of civilization, they perish as the forest trees which have been *girdled* and let to rot; and do not even fall with a crash like them, when they are finally struck down by the woodman's axe.

The ignoble scuffles, called wars, between fragments of the different tribes and the United States' troops, have been marked by personal courage and inhuman cruelty. But the courage has had no elevating results, and the cruelty has not sunk the perpetrators lower than they were before. The Indians of North America have never produced a man of great qualifications for any branch of Government, civil or military. No literary talent has appeared among those who have been educated, and even among them the strongest passion seems to have been a longing to relapse into savage life. No warrior has shown any warlike quality beyond a barbarous bravery shared in common with the brutes. The habits of the people are revoltingly gross. They are not touched by the examples of improvement, even when they are the closest to it. The breath of refinement passes over them like the air of Heaven across a stagnant lake. They have not one instinct of ambition. The passive endurance of pain, insensibility to all the higher orders of pleasure, a stupid indifference to the arts of civilized life, such are their most elevated traits. Bark canoes and ragged tents, or huts still less habitable, the chase, fishing, basket-making, little efforts of ingenuity in bead or shell-work, are their only distinction on earth or ocean. The best that can be said of them is that they are harmless if let alone. The worst, that they are ready instruments in

the hands of civilized men for the base and bloody purpose of border warfare. I never could conceive on what possible grounds certain white Americans have been proud of having Indian blood in their veins. He who rests his claim to family distinction on the chance union of his ancestor with a squaw must have sprung from a low stock indeed.

The treatment of these unfortunate beings by the white invaders of their country, composes a dark chapter in the history of Christian exploits. In an early passage of this book, I made some remarks on the subject relative to the transactions of the first settlers in New England. Their unscrupulous conduct is reflected in the hypocrisy of their descendants. The following is an extract from a somewhat recent message of Governor Briggs of Massachusetts to the legislature of that state :—

“ I cannot forbear to call your attention to the remnants of the Indian tribes who yet linger among us. These poor remains of a race, who were once the lords of our mountains, and valleys, and islands, are objects of peculiar interest, and should attract special attention and care. A few years since they were sunk by intemperance, that curse alike of the savage and civilized man, to the lowest depths of wretchedness and degradation. The temperance reformation has been to them a great blessing. Their condition has much improved. They cultivate their lands much better than formerly, have schools among them, organized churches and religious teachers of their own. Some of them are good fishermen and whalers. Necessity has compelled them to abandon the pursuits of their fathers, and but very few can speak or understand their native language. They look up to the government of the state for encouragement and support. Nothing which the paternal care of the legislature can do, to improve their condition, elevate their character, protect them in the enjoyment of their lands, and shield them from the encroachments of unprincipled white men, should be omitted.”

The cheateries of the Dexters and Witters of the olden time* finds a fitting parallel in this mockery on the part of the Briggses of to-day. I have had no recent opportunity of judging of the progress towards extinction of these wretched "remnants" of the Indian tribes, "who yet linger" in Massachusetts. Statistics are not very demonstrative nor very reliable on such a point. I can only say that such specimens of the race as came under my view in New England, New York State, in the neighbourhood of the lakes, in Canada, and in the Cherokee and other "deputations" from time to time at Washington, entirely bore out the notions I have here expressed. But I would not willingly treat lightly nor too superficially a subject which excited formerly so much romantic interest, and which may now be connected with political considerations which I cannot fathom.

I am aware that efforts have been constantly made to arouse the dormant attention of the public to the Indian nations; that essays have been written, lectures delivered, and works illustrated with great industry and talent, but I believe with small success, as far as they were meant to bear on more than a temporary awakening to a question, the intrinsic insignificance of which is wearing it out. Many speculative views have been put forth on the origin and primitive history of the aborigines of North America, with little practical result. The cloud-land has been peopled with imagined shadows. The gross customs, violent passions, cruel wars, and rude productions of the savages have been described so often and so minutely that it is possible injustice may have been done to their distinctive character, which a minute study of their inner life, had it

* See Vol. I., p. 33.

been more accessible to civilized observers, might have modified. But the impression has been made, and it seems now indelible, and is but strengthened by every passing sketch and detailed account from time to time put forth by travellers or essayists. It has been stated by some of those worthy of attention and credit, that the Indians have been misunderstood and misrepresented; and that an investigation into their intellectual nature, with the same spirit of inquiry applied to other races of men, would show that their existence in the wilderness is not unworthy of philosophic regard. That may be true; and to those who will brave the perils and privations of a sojourn among the scattered wanderers beyond the Mississippi, live a sufficient time in the coarse shelter of their encampments or their huts, join their wild hunting parties, or mix in their brutal wars, with no higher object than to kill or be killed, some new traits of character may be developed, to add to the treasures of ethnology, and give new proofs of the anomalies of human nature. But as no one subject of improvement in art, science, literature, commerce, or agriculture can be studied among a race without records, collections, books, manufactories, or "model farms," our knowledge about the Indians is likely day by day to become more obscure, and our wish for it more feeble. Their dreamy traditions and mythological lore have little chance of feeding the lamp of inquiry, or of sending any new light into the mysteries of their history or their faith, even though that may be, as has been conjectured, the wreck of an early revelation.

The religious belief of the Indian tribes acknowledges one Supreme Being, to whom they attribute all good and all power. They believe in the immortality of the soul, and many of them admit the existence of an

intelligent evil spirit. They never by any form of prayer directly ask God for anything, but merely return thanks for benefits received. They believe that brutes have souls as well as men, and that all animated nature teems with spirits, while their superstitions are curious and numerous. They have no written or established laws, but they have customs with all the practical force of law, which are generally most scrupulously observed.

With such a foundation for rational religion, it surpasses all ordinary understanding how such a people has existed, as might be said, without reasonable results. Language, the most miraculous of human acquirements, affords still more cause for wonder. An examination of their dialects and vocabularies leads to the conclusion that such an abundance of words implies a vast copiousness of ideas in the people. These languages show (according to M. du Ponceau, who profoundly studied them) order, method, regularity in their complicated grammatical forms, which differ essentially from those of the ancient and modern languages of the Old World, that of the Cherokees, written and printed, being distinct from all the others. Yet with these evidences of original thought and intellectual progress, it is argued that sufficient proofs are evident that those mysterious and unfinished races could never have been a civilized people.

Their oratory, as exemplified in the speeches of Logan, Garangula, Pontiac, Witherford, Tecumseh, and other chiefs, has been long well known, and even supposing it in some measure indebted to the embellishments of interpreters and reporters, affords remarkable proofs of natural eloquence; but it is admitted that they are deficient in all the higher faculties belonging to nations of the white race. Their music scarcely merits the name. Their

poetry in the original is out of my reach, and even in the imaginative adaptations of modern American skill, beyond my comprehension, as well as their mythologic machinery and vapoury allegories ; and finally, I believe, in common with almost all who have investigated the subject, that the whole race display in every variety of reasonable example, a total incapacity for civilization.

We daily receive accounts of the conflicts between Indians and the adventurous bands who brave all dangers in the distant regions where enterprize has led the indefatigable white man, and where gold has fixed his destiny. In Texas, Mexico, California, Oregon, and New Columbia the aboriginal tribes keep up a desultory and hopeless conflict, as they did before in Florida, and with no result to look to but despair and extermination. Conquest now extending back from the shores of the Pacific, the Indians are driven at both sides to and fro, into desert wilds where subsistence must be scanty, the hunting grounds of the West becoming nearly bare of animals. Two of the most numerous and formidable tribes, the Camanches and the Apaches, are struggling at once against the Americans and the Mexicans. While the subdued remains of the Californian tribes are undergoing a terrible persecution from the gold-seekers, who force them to work until exhaustion and fatigue make their labour worthless, then drive them away to perish, or shoot them down like dogs if they attempt to obtain food by plunder.

The Indians are, in a word, the most unfortunate of still existing races ; with no history to look back upon, no hope to lead them onward ; an enigma in creation as if born without a purpose, and dying without a sign.

THE BROOK FARM INSTITUTE.

IN illustration of the proverb that "extremes touch," the subject I have now to treat of seems to present itself in close and apt connexion with the foregoing. The wandering and unrestrained existence of the American savage forms one end of the line of human institutions. At the other is placed what must be considered its total opposite; an example of the latest efforts of cultivated men to bring the species under specific and unswerving rules, assumed to be the perfection of philosophy in action, and the most advanced state of social economy.

The practical working of this system is well worthy of consideration. The evils of society on its old basis of classification are so patent and so deplorable, that every scheme of amelioration deserves a fair trial, every theory merits examination, and every experiment a record. Attention has been long since drawn to this subject in Europe by eminent writers, and attempts have been made even in England to reduce the new doctrines to practice. But the Old World presents insurmountable difficulties. Traditional and historical bias is all against what seems an extravagant wish to infringe on existing establishments, for an impracticable scheme of what would be at best a doubtful good. The sentiment of a graduated social scale, the prejudices of most men, and the interests of many, repel the efforts at conversion, by enthusiastic propagandists of insufficient social weight to effect great changes. For utilizing vague and untried theories vast means and numerous adherents were required. Fourier, the most distinguished among the Apostles of change, insisted on considerable numbers as absolutely necessary to do justice to his plans of association. Large bodies of

individuals were nowhere however to be found, to brave the ridicule and run the risk involved in an extensive wholesale experiment. But before Fourier, St. Simon, Owen, and a few others, threw themselves boldly on the flood of philosophic speculation. They buffeted the billows for awhile ; but they swam against the stream, and all their schemes were swamped, or burst like bubbles on the waters. Shifting the scene from England to the United States, the same result awaited Owen after some bold but futile struggles. And the field was left open to native adventurers, more likely to meet sympathy from the population, and sure at any rate of fair play, if not of general favour.

Among the principal converts to the belief in " Association," as the only true means of social happiness, was the Rev. George Ripley, a highly educated and talented man, of I know not what particular sect of Christianity, but a firm believer in the doctrine which he endeavoured to carry out. America, no doubt, offers the finest opportunities for the trial of all social experiments. Untrammelled by class restrictions, encouraged by the general toleration for all opinions, and impelled by the ever-active love of novelty and change, plenty of people are always to be found in the United States with inclination and means to make the wildest essays in every variety of adventure. Associates soon came forward to enable Mr. Ripley to put his scheme into practice ; and the seductive promises of their programme met with a ready response from a number of persons sufficiently provided with funds, and willing to embark them in the venture. A locality was chosen, and an estate of about 300 acres purchased at West Roxbury, three or four miles from Boston, called Brook Farm, affording ample space and every requisite facility for the

purpose required ; and public attention was invited by the settlers, proud of their plan and certain of its success.

The world at large has heard much of late years of Socialism and Communism, new words with certain varieties of application, taking the place in ordinary parlance of the older and better understood term agrarianism, a distribution of lands or other property in common. A system which would make the rich, poor, but would not make the poor, rich ; its basis is the equal distribution of property, allowing of no individual accumulation, but securing everything for the common good. For carrying out this abstract proposition, Charles Fourier put forth in several works * his plans for the congregating together large communities, which he called *Phalanges*, and he detailed a plan of social organization which was called after him, and is known by the now admitted word Fourierism. It is not necessary, and it would be somewhat puzzling, to separate the tangled connexity between the several systems above alluded to. The simplified plan of the Brook Farm Institute was meant to be, as I presume, a well-digested mixture of the whole ; and the following article, which may be considered as the manifesto of the FAMILY, appeared in a journal called the "Dial," and contains a not uninteresting abstract of their views and objects, for those who may deem the subject worth considering.

"PLAN OF THE WEST ROXBURY COMMUNITY.

" IN the last number of the *Dial* were some remarks, under the perhaps ambitious title of ' A Glimpse of Christ's Idea of Society ;'

* *Théorie des Quatre Mouvements et des Destinées Générales* (1808) ; *Traité d'Association Domestique-Agricole*. 2 vols. 8vo. (1822) ; *Le Nouveau Monde Industriel et Sociétaire* (1829) ; *La Fausse Industrie* (1835). Besides a pamphlet against St. Simon and Owen ; and several articles in the *Phalanstère* and the *Phalange*, two journals established in France for the propagation of Fourier's doctrine.

in a note to which it was intimated, that in this number would be given an account of an attempt to realize in some degree this great Ideal, by a little company in the midst of us, as yet without name or visible existence. The attempt is made on a very small scale. A few individuals, who, unknown to each other, under different disciplines of life, reacting from different social evils, but aiming at the same object,—of being wholly true to their natures as men and women, have been made acquainted with one another, and have determined to become the Faculty of the Embryo University.

“ In order to live a religious and moral life worthy the name, they feel it is necessary to come out in some degree from the world, and to form themselves into a community of property, so far as to exclude competition and the ordinary rules of trade; while they reserve sufficient private property, or the means of obtaining it, for all purposes of independence, and isolation at will. They have bought a farm, in order to make agriculture the basis of their life, it being the most direct and simple in relation to nature.

“ A true life, although it aims beyond the highest star, is redolent of the healthy earth. The perfume of clover lingers about it. The lowing of cattle is the natural bass to the melody of human voices.

“ On the other hand, what absurdity can be imagined greater than the institution of cities? They originated not in love, but in war. It was war that drove men together in multitudes, and compelled them to stand so close, and build walls around them. This crowded condition produces wants of an unnatural character, which resulted in occupations that regenerated the evil, by creating artificial wants. Even when that thought of grief,

I know, where'er I go
That there hath passed away a glory from the earth,

came to our first parents, as they saw the angel, with the flaming sword of self-consciousness, standing between them and the recovery of spontaneous Life and Joy, we cannot believe they could have anticipated a time would come when the sensuous apprehension of Creation—the great symbol of God—would be taken away from their unfortunate children,—crowded together in such a manner as to shut out the free breath and the Universal Dome of Heaven, some opening their eyes in the dark cellars of the narrow crowded streets of walled cities. How could they have believed in such a conspiracy against

the soul, as to deprive it of the sun and sky, and glorious appalled Earth! The growth of cities, which were the embryo of nations hostile to each other, is a subject worthy the thoughts and pen of the philosophic historian. Perhaps nothing would stimulate courage to seek, and hope to attain social good, so much as a profound history of the origin, in the mixed nature of man, and the exasperation by society, of the various organized evils under which humanity groans. Is there anything which exists in social or political life contrary to the soul's Ideal? That thing is not eternal, but finite, saith the Pure Reason. It had a beginning, and so a history. What man has done, man may *undo*. 'By man came death; by man also cometh the resurrection from the dead.'

"The plan of the Community, as an Economy, is in brief this: for all who have property to take stock, and receive a fixed interest thereon; then to keep house or board in commons, as they shall severally desire, at the cost of provisions purchased at wholesale, or raised on the farm; and for all to labour in community, and be paid at a certain rate an hour, choosing their own number of hours, and their own kind of work. With the results of this labour, and their interest, they are to pay their board, and also purchase whatever else they require at cost, at the warehouses of the Community, which are to be filled by the Community as such. To perfect this economy, in the course of time they must have all trades, and all modes of business carried on among themselves, from the lowest mechanical trade, which contributes to the health and comfort of life, to the finest art which adorns it with food or drapery for the mind.

"All labour, whether bodily or intellectual, is to be paid at the same rate of wages; on the principle that as the labour becomes merely bodily, it is a greater sacrifice to the individual labourer to give his time to it: because time is desirable for the cultivation of the intellect, in exact proportion to ignorance. Besides, intellectual labour involves in itself higher pleasures, and is more its own reward than bodily labour.

"Another reason for setting the same pecuniary value on every kind of labour is, to give outward expression to the great truth, that all labour is sacred when done for a common interest. Saints and philosophers already know this, but the childish world does not; and very decided measures must be taken to equalize labours, in the eyes of the young of the community, who are not beyond the moral influences of the world without them. The community will have

nothing done within its precincts but what is done by its own members, who stand all in social equality; that the children may not 'learn to expect one kind of service from Love and Goodwill, and another from the obligation of others to render it,'—a grievance of the common society stated, by one of the associated mothers, as destructive of the soul's simplicity. Consequently, as the Universal Education will involve all kinds of operation necessary to the comforts and elegancies of life, every associate, even if he be the digger of a ditch as his highest accomplishment, will be an instructor in that to the young members. Nor will this elevation of bodily labour be liable to lower the tone of manners and refinement to the community. The 'children of light' are not altogether unwise in their generation. They have an invisible but all-powerful guard of principles. Minds incapable of refinement will not be attracted into this association. It is an Ideal community, and only to the ideally inclined will it be attractive; but these are to be found in every rank of life, under every shadow of circumstance. Even among the diggers in the ditch are to be found some who, through religious cultivation, can look down, in meek superiority, upon the outwardly refined and the book-learned.

“ Besides, after becoming members of this community, none will be engaged merely in bodily labour. The hours of labour for the Association will be limited by a general law, and can be curtailed at the will of the individual still more; and means will be given to all for intellectual improvement and for social intercourse, calculated to refine and expand. The hours redeemed from labour by community, will not be reapplied to the acquisition of wealth, but to the production of intellectual goods. This community aims to be rich, not in the metallic representative of wealth, but in the wealth itself, which money should represent; namely, LEISURE TO LIVE IN ALL THE FACULTIES OF THE SOUL. As a community, it will traffic with the world at large, in the products of Agricultural labour; and it will sell education to as many young persons as can be domesticated in the families, and enter into the common life with their own children. In the end, it hopes to be enabled to provide—not only all the necessaries, but all the elegancies desirable for bodily and for spiritual health; books, apparatus, collections for science, works of art, means of beautiful amusement. These things are to be common to all; and thus that object, which alone gilds and refines the passion for individual accumulation, will no longer exist for desire,

and whenever the Sordid passion appears, it will be seen in its naked selfishness. In its ultimate success, the community will realize all the ends which selfishness seeks, but involved in spiritual blessings, which only greatness of soul can aspire after.

“And the requisitions on the individuals, it is believed, will make this the order for ever. The spiritual good will always be the condition of the temporal. Every one must labour for the community in a reasonable degree, or not taste its benefits. The principles of the organization therefore, and not its probable results in future time, will determine its members. These principles are co-operation in social matters, instead of competition or balance of interests; and individual self-unfolding, in the faith that the whole soul of humanity is in each man and woman. The former is the application of the love of man; the latter, of the love of God to life. Whoever is satisfied with society, as it is; whose sense of justice is not wounded by its common action, institutions, spirit of commerce, has no business with this community; neither has any one who is willing to have other men (needing more time for intellectual cultivation than himself) give their best hours and strength to bodily labour, to secure himself immunity therefrom. And whoever does not measure what society owes to its members of cherishing and instruction, by the needs of the individuals that compose it, has no lot in this new society. Whoever is willing to receive from his fellow-men that, for which he gives no equivalent, will stay away from its precincts for ever.

“But whoever shall surrender himself to its principles, shall find that its yoke is easy and its burden light. Everything can be said of it, in a degree, which Christ said of his kingdom, and therefore it is believed that in some measure it does embody his Idea. For its Gate of entrance is strait and narrow. It is literally a pearl *hidden in a field*. Those only who are willing to lose their life for its sake shall find it. Its voice is that which sent the young man sorrowing away. ‘Go sell all thy goods and give to the poor, and then come and follow me.’ ‘Seek first the kingdom of Heaven, and its righteousness, and all other things shall be added to you.’

“This principle, with regard to labour, lies at the root of moral and religious life; for it is not more true that ‘money is the root of all evil,’ than that *labour is the germ of all good*.

“All the work is to be offered for the free choice of the members of the community, at stated seasons, and such as is not chosen, will be hired. But it is not anticipated that any work will be set aside to

be hired, for which there is actual ability in the community. It is so desirable that the hired labour should be avoided, that it is believed the work will all be done freely, even though at voluntary sacrifice. If there is some exception at first, it is because the material means are inadequate to the reception of all who desire to go. They cannot go unless they have shelter; and in this climate they cannot have shelter unless they can build houses; and they cannot build houses unless they have money. It is not here as in Robinson Crusoe's Island, or in the prairies and rocky mountains of the far west, where the land and the wood are not appropriated. A single farm, in the midst of Massachusetts, does not afford range enough for men to create out of the earth a living with no other means, as the wild Indians, or the United States' army in Florida may do.

"This plan of letting all persons choose their own departments of action, will immediately place the Genius of Instruction on its throne. Communication is the life of spiritual life. Knowledge pours itself out upon ignorance by a native impulse. All the arts crave response. 'WISDOM CRIES.' If every man and woman taught only what they loved, and so many hours as they could naturally communicate, instruction would cease to be a drudgery, and we may add, learning would be no longer a task. The known accomplishments of many of the members of this association have already secured it an interest in the public mind, as a school of literary advantages quite superior. Most of the associates have had long practical experience in the details of teaching, and have groaned under the necessity of taking their method and law from custom or caprice, when they would rather have found it in the nature of the thing taught, and the condition of the pupil to be instructed. Each instructor appoints his hours of study or recitation, and the scholars, or the parents of the children, or the educational committee, choose the studies for the time, and the pupils submit, as long as they pursue their studies with any teacher, to his regulations.

"As agriculture is the basis of their external life, scientific agriculture, connected with practice, will be a prominent part of the instruction from the first. This obviously involves the natural sciences, mathematics, and accounts. But to classical learning justice is also to be done. Boys may be fitted for our colleges there, and even be carried through the college course. The particular studies of the individual pupils, whether old or young, male or female, are to be strictly regulated according to their inward needs. As the children of the

community can remain in the community after they become of age, as associates, if they will; there will not be an entire subserviency to the end of preparing the means of earning a material subsistence, as is frequently the case now. Nevertheless, as they will have had opportunity, in the course of their minority, to earn three or four hundred dollars, they can leave the community at twenty years of age, if they will, with that sufficient capital, which, together with their extensive education, will gain a *subsistence* anywhere in the best society in the world. It is this feature of the plan which may preclude from parents any question as to their right to go into this community, and forego for ever all hope of great individual accumulation *for their children*; a customary plea for spending life in making money. Their children will be supported at free board until they are ten years of age, educated gratuitously, taken care of in case of their parents' sickness and death, and they themselves will be supported, after seventy years of age, by the community, unless their accumulated capital supports them.

“There are some persons who have entered the community without money. It is believed that these will be able to support themselves and dependents, by less work, more completely, and with more ease than elsewhere, while their labour will be of advantage to the community. It is in no sense an eleemosynary establishment, but it is hoped that in the end it will be able to receive all who have the spiritual qualifications.

“It seems impossible that the little organization can be locked on with any unkindness by the world without it. Those who have not the faith that the principles of Christ's kingdom are applicable to real life in the world will smile at it as a visionary attempt. But even they must acknowledge it can do no harm in any event. If it realizes the hope of its founders, it will immediately become a manifold blessing. Its moral *aura* must be salutary. As long as it lasts, it will be an example of the beauty of brotherly love. If it succeeds in uniting successful labour with improvement in mind and manners, it will teach a noble lesson to the agricultural population, and do something to check that rush from the country to the city, which is now stimulated by ambition, and by something better, even a desire for learning. Many a young man leaves the farmer's life, because only by so doing can he have intellectual companionship and opportunity; and yet, did he but know it, professional life is ordinarily more unfavourable to the perfection of the

mind, than the farmer's life ; if the latter is lived with wisdom and moderation, and the labour mingled as it might be with study. This community will be a school for young agriculturists, who may learn within its precincts, not only the skilful practice, but the scientific reasons of their work, and be enabled afterwards to improve their art continuously. It will also prove the best of normal schools, and as such, may claim the interest of those, who mourn over the inefficiency of our common school system, with its present ill-instructed teachers.

“ It should be understood also, that after all the working and teaching, which individuals of the community may do, they will still have leisure, and in that leisure can employ themselves in connexion with the world around them. Some will not teach at all ; and those especially can write books, pursue the Fine Arts, for private emolument if they will, and exercise various functions of men.—From this community might go forth preachers of the gospel of Christ, who would not have upon them the odium, or the burthen, that now diminishes the power of the clergy. And even if *pastors* were to go from this community, to reside among congregations as now, for a salary given, the fact, that they would have something to retreat upon, at any moment, would save them from that virtual dependence on their congregations, which now corrupts the relation. There are doubtless beautiful instances of the old true relation of pastor and people, even of teacher and taught, in the decaying churches around us, but it is in vain to attempt to conceal the ghastly fact, that many a taper is burning dimly in the candlestick, no longer silver or golden, because compassion forbids to put it quite out. But let the spirit again blow ‘where it listeth,’ and not circumscribe itself by salary and other commodity,—and the Preached word might reassume the awful Dignity which is its appropriate garment ; and though it sit down with publicans and sinners, again speak ‘with authority and not as the scribes.’ ”

The editor of the “Dial” seeing the difficulties in perspective against the success of the Brook Farm experiment, followed up this announcement of its principles and objects by the following prophetic remarks :

“ The very liberality, and truth to nature of the plan, is a legitimate reason for fearing it will not succeed as a special community in

any given time. The vineyard does not always yield according to the reasonable expectation of its Lord. When he looks for grapes, behold it brings forth wild grapes. For outward success there must always be compromise, and where it is so much the object to avoid the dangers of compromise, as there very properly is here, there is perhaps danger of not taking advantage of such as nature offers.

“ One of these is the principle of antagonism. It is fair to take advantage of this in one respect. The members may be stimulated to faithfulness and hope, by the spectacle of society around them, whose unnecessary evils can be clearly seen to be folly, as well as sin, from their retreat. The spirit of liberality must be discriminated from the spirit of accommodation. Love is a stern principle, a severe winnow, when it is one with the pure Reason; as it must be to be holy, and to be effective. It is a very different thing from indulgence. Some persons have said that in order to a true experiment, and to enact a really generous faith in man, there should be any neighbourhood taken without discrimination, with the proportion, that may happen to be in it, of the good and bad, the strong and weak. But we differ as to the application in this instance. They are so little fenced about with rules and barriers, that they have no chance but by being strong in the spirit. ‘Touch not, taste not, handle not,’ must be their watchword, with respect to the organized falsehoods they have protested against; and with respect to means of successful manifestation, the aphorism of St. Augustine, ‘God is patient because he is Eternal.’

“ To be a little more explicit. The men and women of the world, as they rise, are not at the present moment wise enough, in the Hebrew sense of the word wisdom, even if they are good-intentioned enough, to enter into a plan of so great mutual confidence. To all the evils arising from constitutional infirmity and perversion they must, especially at first, be exposed. There will always be natures too cold to satisfy the warm-hearted, too narrow for the enjoyment of the wide-visioned, some will be deficient in reason, and some in sensibility, and there will be many who, from defect of personal power, will let run to waste beautiful hearts, and not turn to account great insight of natural wisdom. Love, justice, patience, forbearance, every virtue under heaven, are always necessary in order to do the social duties. There is no knot that magnanimity cannot untie; but the Almighty Wisdom and Goodness will not allow any

tower to be builded by the children of men, where they can understand one another *without* this solvent magnanimity. There must ever be sincerity of good design, and organic truth, for the evolution of Beauty.

“Now there can be only one way of selecting and winnowing their company. The power to do this must be inherent in their constitution; they must keep sternly true to their principles.

“In the first place, they must not compromise their principle of labour, in receiving members. Every one, who has any personal power, whether bodily or mental, must bring the contribution of personal service, no matter how much money he brings besides. This personal service is not to amount to drudgery in any instance, but in every able-bodied or sound-minded person, it should be at least equivalent to the care of their own persons. Exchange, or barter of labour, so as to distribute to each according to his genius, is to be the means of ease, indefinitely, but no absolute dispensation should be given, except for actual infirmity. ‘My Father worketh hitherto, and I work,’ is always the word of the divine humanity.

“But granting that they keep the gate of entrance narrow, as the gate of life, which is being as liberal as the moral Law, a subtle temptation assails them from the side of their Organization. Woe be unto them if they lean upon it; if they ever forget that it is only what they have made it, and what they sustain it to be. It not only must be ever instinct with spirit, but it must never be thought, even then, to circumscribe the spirit. It can do nothing more, even if it work miracles, than make bread out of stones, and after all, man liveth not by bread alone, but by *every word that proceedeth out of the mouth of God*. Another temptation assails them, clothed as an angel of light. The lover of man finds in his benevolence a persuasive advocate, when the Devil proposes to him to begin by taking possession of the kingdoms of this world, according to his ability. In their ardour for means of success, they may touch the mammon of unrighteousness. They will be exposed to endowment. Many persons, enlightened enough to be unwilling to let the wealth, they have gained by the accident of birth or of personal talent, go to exasperate the evil of present society, will be disposed to give it, or to leave it as a legacy to this community, and it would be asceticism to refuse it absolutely. But they should receive it greatly. ‘Thou shalt worship the Lord thy God, and Him *only* shalt thou *serve*.’ No person who proposes to endow the community as a University, or as

the true system of life, understands what he does, unless he surrenders what he gives, unconditionally, in the same spirit of faith, with which the members throw themselves in, with their lives, their property, and sacred honour. At all events it would violate their principle of progress to accept anything with conditions; unless indeed it may be considered a condition, that they remain an association, governed by the majority of members, according to its present general constitution.

“It were better even to forego the advantage of good buildings, apparatus, library, than to have these shackles.—Though space cannot now be given to do more than state these points, it might be demonstrated that to keep to them, is essential to independence, and can alone justify the conscience of endower and endowed.

“Another danger which should be largely treated is the spirit of coterie. The breadth of their platform, which admits all sects; and the generality of their plan, which demands all degrees of intellectual culture to begin with, is some security against this. But the ultimate security must be in numbers. Some may say, ‘already this taint has come upon them, for they are doubtless *transcendentalists*.’ But to mass a few Protestants together, and call them transcendentalists, is a popular cant. Transcendentalism belongs to no sect of religion, and no social party. It is the common ground to which all sects may rise, and be purified of their narrowness; for it consists in seeking the spiritual ground of all manifestations. As already in the pages of this periodical, Calvinist, and Unitarian, and Episcopalian, and Baptist, and Quaker, and Swedenborgian, have met and spoken in love and freedom, on this common basis; so it would be seen, if the word were understood, that transcendentalism, notwithstanding its name is taken in vain by many moonshiny youths and misses who assume it, would be the best of all guards against the spirit of coterie. Much as we respect our friends of the community, we dare not hope for them quite so much, as to aver that they *transcend*, as yet, all the limitations that separate men from love and mutual trust.

Serene will be our days and bright,
 And happy will our nature be,
 When Love is an unerring light
 And Joy its own security.
 And blest are they who in the main
 This faith, even now, do entertain;
 Live in the spirit of this creed;

Yet find the *strength of Law* according to their need.

“We had intended to subjoin some further remarks, by way of inquiry, into the possibility of other portions of society, not able to emancipate themselves from the thralldom of city life, beginning also to act, in a degree, on the principles of co-operation. Ameliorations of present evils, initiation into truer life, may be made we believe everywhere. Worldly wisdom, for its own purposes, avails itself of what is outward in the community plan; at least of the labour-saving element. Why may not the children of light be equally wise?”

“There may be some persons, at a distance, who will ask, to what degree has this community gone into operation? We cannot answer this with precision, for we do not write as organs of this association, and have reason to feel that if we applied to them for information, they would refuse it, out of their dislike to appear in public. We desire this to be distinctly understood. But we can see, and think we have a right to say, that it has purchased the Farm, which some of its members cultivated for a year with success, by way of trying their love and skill for agricultural labour; that in the only house they are as yet rich enough to own, is collected a large family, including several boarding scholars, and that all work and study together. They seem to be glad to know of all, who desire to join them in the spirit, that at any moment, when they are able to enlarge their habitations, they may call together those that belong to them.”

Wishing to judge for myself as to the authenticity of this plausible experiment, I took advantage of the arrival in Boston of my old friend Sir John Caldwell, one special object of whose journey from his estate in New Brunswick was to pay a visit to a faithful Irish servant, who, having unfortunately become addicted to drink, was unfit for his duties, and as a last hope of reformation had been placed by his kind master in the Brook Farm institution, or “Retreat,” as it was sometimes called. Sir John being well acquainted with Mr. Ripley, I required no further introduction, so we proceeded together one fine spring day, I think it was in 1842, to West Roxbury; I having

previously "read up" a little of my Fourier, and endeavoured to extract from his vague and confused opinions, and the wild peculiarities of his style, some fixed idea as to the practicability of his doctrines when applied to the actual condition of mankind.

The neighbourhood of Boston, particularly at the side where the village of Roxbury is situated, abounds in beautiful landscape scenery, highly cultivated. Brook Farm possessed a full share of external advantages. The grounds were naturally attractive; and the busy stir of persons employed in agricultural pursuits, and about the various buildings, one very large one being then far advanced in its construction, gave an air of established population, uncommon on the sparsely peopled farms I had observed elsewhere. Nothing could exceed the general cordiality with which we were received, not only by Mr. Ripley, but by the whole of his family or phalanx, or the alacrity with which we were at once conducted into the inhabited houses, and shown the extensive building called, in the language of Fourierism, the Phalanstery, destined to accommodate several hundred (indeed, I believe, 2000) persons, the material type of the social superstructure which is (as promised in the programme) "to approach more nearly to the ideal of human society than anything that has as yet existed." We were led through several of the buildings adapted to handicraft employment, such as tailoring and shoe-making, and to the carpenters' shops, a candlestick and lamp factory, and others; and then to the printing office, whence the "Harbinger, a journal of political and social progress," was sent forth, to make known to all men the peculiar doctrines of the Institution.

After this round of inspection, which was but a commonplace exhibition of the ordinary pursuits of artizanship,

the hour for dinner sounded, and I confess it appeared to me the most interesting portion of our time, not for the indulgence of mere animal appetite, but as affording the best opportunity of examining the social construction of the phalanx, the test of its possible adaptation to the intercourse of one hundred individuals (for that was about the number of associates) of all varieties of character, ages and pursuits, educated under a system totally opposed to this, which was still only on its trial, though the Brook Farm Institution had been established four or five years, and wore at this period a flourishing air of success and permanency.

The half-hour consumed in the disposal of the repast was sufficient to satisfy me completely on the main point in question. Several of the party were evidently persons of educated habits, but the great majority were of the most common stamp, in mien, manner, and dress. Great general simplicity and plainness of costume made it hard to distinguish the differences between the females. But a very handsome one who served at table with others of less personal attractions was, I was told, a young lady of highly respectable family; and another, nearly as good-looking and as delicate, was pointed out as one of the washerwomen of the establishment. Some of the women better suited from their appearance to those menial occupations had their seats at the long table, and like the coarse men who were intermixed, complacently received the attentions of the ladylike "waitress," who did her ministering most gently and cleverly, nor could I detect the slightest indication of a smile to tell that she was performing a practical joke, or a single movement to betray dislike of her inappropriate functions. The plainest food was certainly the order of that day. Soup made of beans,

salted beef, with the inevitable lumps of fat boiled pork, potatoes, ordinary and sweet, with other crudely dressed vegetables, water, of which each individual had a mugfull placed beside him, and, to crown the feast, large quantities of some indescribable pudding, consisting, I should imagine, chiefly of Indian corn. I fancy the general bills of fare offered but little variety to this enumeration. These Ripleyites may have peculiar enjoyments, but the pleasures of the table are assuredly not included in their philosophic code.

By far the most interesting incident of this dinner was the manner in which Sir John Caldwell's old servant bore himself in the novel position of a partaker of the meal at the same table with his master, exactly opposite to whom he sat. The evident struggle between new-born pride and long-felt humility was most amusing; but the sentiment of respect, gratitude and affection, struggling through all, was very touching. The poor fellow worked hard to assume an air of social equality, but he moved uneasily on his chair; and he constantly seemed on the point of starting up to offer to his old employer the wonted services, as though not satisfied with the less devoted attentions of the "waitresses," or with the recommendations he offered across the table of such dishes as he thought the least unpalatable. As for himself, he positively ate nothing; but *en revanche*, he took repeated draughts of the cold water, which had never been his favourite beverage, with a certain air of ostentatious display, as if to show what a thorough and teetotal reformation had been effected in his habits. This was observed by Sir John, who, on his part, gave back glances of approval, more worth than more substantial prizes to the reformed one, who had, I believe, taken no pledge beyond the compact made with himself to

repay by good conduct the generous anxiety of his friend and benefactor.

After dinner we were introduced to the library, where there was a goodly array of books, and to the reading-room, where newspapers were lying; and there was a concert-room, and I even believe a ball-room, in embryo. The general appearance of the furniture, as far as I saw, was very ordinary indeed; and the appointments of the table quite in keeping with the inferior nature of the viands and the quality of the cooking. There was however a contented air throughout the company. Everybody seemed the right people in their proper places. And the frank, cheerful, and confident bearing of Mr. Ripley, the superintendent, or principal, or President of the Community, whatever his title may have been (for that I forget), was that of a man in the prime of life, quite suited to the habits of the civilized world, to take the lead in his present speculation, or to cut his way through the tangled paths of earth's remotest forests. While I pictured him in this latter aspect, in a backwoodman's dress and accoutrements, axe in hand, felling the age-worn trunks of giant trees, somebody told me that his then actual duty in the general division of labour among the Phalansterians, was to convey the milk in a cart to Boston, or as the case might be, in cans upon his shoulder, from street to street, for delivery at the doors of their customers! This was really *un peu fort*. It threw an air of burlesque over the whole concern. It was like playing a comedy on a grand scale in the open air. A system that either imposed such an absurd occupation on such a man, or even sanctioned his choosing to appear in such a masquerade, could not be a sound one. And this touch of the grotesque led to a train of serious reflection, which quite convinced me that the

experiment I had witnessed, must on its present plan, and in its present dimensions, prove an utter failure.

There were several individuals of the "Society," male and female, who had evidently moved in circles far more cultivated than that in which they had cast their temporary lot. A few eccentric persons might possibly find pleasure in the position; and for the large number of their associates, unlearned, uncouth, and in many instances penniless, the "phalanstery" would doubtless become a most desirable refuge. The easy terms on which they were admitted and retained, afforded the most liberal inducements; and whether the scale of the establishment were narrow or expanded, such a combination for the mere labouring or working classes ought to be productive of excellent results. But educated gentlemen and ladies could not by possibility, with but a few such unusual exceptions as I have specified, descend to such low and degrading occupations, or assimilate their tastes, habits, and thoughts, to such an intercourse as would conduce to the general harmony or comfort. The only chance for a union in common of material interests with such a diversity of moral attributes, could be found but in large numbers, as was indeed the *sine quá non* of Fourier's plan. I therefore think that the project has never yet been completely subjected to a trial. When a couple of thousand individuals can join together and devise some scheme of joint-stock labour that will combine with a perfect free choice of social intercourse, avoiding all forced attempts at moral amalgamation, which is repugnant to natural feeling and acquired tastes, then the still undeveloped theories may be subjected to the test of practical experience, and until then the visionary scheme must be viewed as the abortive offspring of an uneasy mind. The Brook Farm establish-

ment was soon broken up, and its incongruous elements thrown back into the general mass. I have heard of no other attempt to realize the scheme.

And thus it may be fairly concluded that the two extremes of savage and civilized life are equally unsuitable to the natural constitution of mankind ; and that the old, beaten, and established rules of society, imperfect certainly but still in a constant process of improvement, though not susceptible of perfection, are the lot of our nature, which it is our duty and our interest to fulfil.

CHAPTER VI.

EUROPEAN TRAVELLERS AND VISITORS.

Professional Visits of Eminent Musicians: Braham, Cinti-Damoreau, Ole Bull, Artot, Wallace, Vieuxtemps, Paggi—Arrival of Sir Charles Bagot—General Miller—Sir Richard Macdonnell—Bishop of Newfoundland—Madame Calderon de la Barca—Lord Carlisle—Mr. Dickens—Mr. Combe—Lord Metcalfe, and others—Establishment of the first Line of Steamers—Public Banquets—Public Feeling—True Bond of Union between England and America—Undue Expectations of Sympathy—The best International Policy.

I HAVE intimated in the introduction to this work, and proved, I hope, during its progress, that my observations were not to be confined to the portion of the country where my official appointment had “located” me. As a fixed point for the basis of my inquiries, a moral fulcrum, so to speak, from which my critical leverage might be directed, New England has been perhaps too prominent in these pages. I am aware of the danger to style, method, and materials from such a cramped companionship as was mainly my lot for seven years. But as I escaped from it as often as possible, my opportunities for judging of other parts of the Union were not infrequent. I made many excursions both of pleasure and on business into the neighbouring states, to the lakes, to Canada, and to those portions of the southern regions where friendship and hospitality proved attractions forcible enough to leave in brief abeyance my repugnance to a sojourn in the strongholds of slavery.

It was always a relief to go for a while from Boston. Within three years of my first arrival there, I made an effort, founded I thought on fair claims, to obtain a permanent removal; but in that I failed, and for four years more I was obliged to continue my residence, until enabled to make arrangements which allowed me finally to give up America altogether, as far as I was personally concerned. Day after day, during this period, all the effect of early impressions became weaker, and every hope of more expanded sympathy as stunted as the plants on the seashore. Some of the best men among my first acquaintances were dropping off, the elder in the course of nature, the younger from the force of circumstances or the love of change. I therefore threw myself as much as possible into such public proceedings as I had a right to mix in, and I enjoyed, whenever I could, the society of strangers who brought me introductions from Europe, the British North American provinces, or other parts of the world, to whom our house was, as far as was within the ability of my family, a resource and a rallying point. There were scarcely any resident English with whom we could form a close intercourse, but one family did for above the latter half of our sojourn establish itself in Boston, consisting entirely of ladies, who in three generations united everything of talent, accomplishments, and goodness in its purest sense, that could give grace to society or value to friendship. Scattered now widely over the earth, and some, alas! no longer upon it, the intimacy formed in those days has survived all the chances and changes of life, and the recollection of it goes far to redeem that of the chilling influences which surrounded but could not check its growth.

Some extraneous incidents varied the usual routine of

life. Artists of high musical reputation occasionally came amongst us, and greatly were we indebted to the good-nature with which several of those contributed their talents to delight us and our friends. Braham, in the fulness of years but with voice of still marvellous power, Madame Cinti-Damoreau, Artot, Ole Bull, Wallace, and Vieuxtemps were among those who, with several European performers, settled in Boston, such as Paggi, an almost unrivalled master of the hautboy, at present a highly successful teacher of singing in England, lent an attraction to our *soirées musicales*, and opportunities to our American guests of hearing what the term in reality means. Among those latter there were a few with whom we maintained most friendly relations, which still stand the test of time and separation. Several persons connected with European literature, more or less celebrated, were always most welcome visitors, and of the several lecturers, English, Irish, or Scotch, not one is entitled to a higher place in my regard for his genuine qualities of head and heart than the lamented George Combe, the practice of whose life was the truest illustration of the soundness of his philosophy.

In the crowd of trans-Atlantic visitors who came to exercise their talents, all for purposes of money-making one way or another, either by direct means in America or reaction at home, it was impossible to avoid an intermixture of charlatanism and undue pretension. The latter was amusing, the former harmless ; both often more successful than legitimate pursuits and unassuming manners. I had specimens enough of all kinds to study from, and not a few to wonder at.

Of all the foreign arrivals the one which gave me the sincerest pleasure was that of Sir Charles Bagot, who

came out in the year 1842 to fill the post of Governor-General of Canada, vacant by the almost sudden death of Lord Sydenham, who was cut off in the midst of a stirring political career, leaving to his far less astute successor the difficult task of managing party complications that almost bade defiance to not over-scrupulous talent, and was altogether beyond the control of conscientious government. As soon as Sir Charles reached New York in a British ship of war, I wrote to ask him to make Boston his route to Canada, instead of the usual one by the River Hudson ; and on receiving his assent, I went to New York to meet him and accompany him on his journey. Most happy I was to pay this small mark of respect to one of my best and staunchest friends, to whom I had been long indebted for many acts of kindness, and who was, moreover, one of the most genuine specimens of high breeding and good feeling I had ever known. The last time I had seen him in England he was seriously ill ; but his Atlantic voyage seemed to have worked wonders on his constitution and appearance. He looked well fitted for the hard work he had before him in colonial struggles ; and I was glad to afford him some useful suggestions (from my previous personal experience of Canadian men and measures) during our night voyage on the Sound, and the railroad journey from Stonington to Boston.

Sir Charles Bagot had been many years before minister at Washington. He was, therefore, not unacquainted with the manners of New England, and during the two days he now spent in its capital, he conformed with perfect tact to the habits and feelings of the people. It was a rare sight for them, a living Governor-General of those provinces, which had been a very few years before the subject of most bitter and hostile feeling, and

the scene of actual conflict. But the cordial and conciliating address of the new-comer carried all before it; and I was glad to see that my prediction as to the good effect of this flying visit was entirely borne out by the result.

The General Court, as the two branches of the legislature are called, was luckily just then assembled. On the day of our arrival I conducted Sir Charles Bagot to the Government House, introduced him to the Governor, Marcus Morton, and the Senators in their Hall of meeting, and next to the Speaker of the House of Representatives, who courteously placed the "distinguished stranger," and his *suite* of aides-de-camp and secretary, on seats close to his own presidential chair. Several of the curious members came down to me from their benches, while the debate of the day went on, requesting me to name the different persons of the group. And great was the astonishment of those uncouth legislators when I pointed out the Governor-General, whose distinctive appearance (besides the handsome person which he had from nature) was a rough pilot coat, and a woollen "comforter" carelessly wrapped round his neck. Any of his *suite*, of less height and not particularly striking in personal appearance, but in handsome frocks and figured scarfs (the usual morning costume of well-dressed young men before the present coarse and cut-away garment came into fashion), chimed in much more with the Yankee notions of what was suitable to the individual of highest rank. And the inquirers were sorely puzzled as to which was which.

"Do tell!" cried one.—"*That* the Guv'nor-Giniral!"

"Well, did you ever!" exclaimed another.

"Get along!" said a third, with an incredulous smile.*

* I must guard against this being considered as generally applicable to the style

And when I seriously assured them that he I designated *was* the man, they looked complacently at their own black broad-cloth coats, cassimere "pants," and satin waistcoats (the unvarying official, or holiday, or Sunday, or travelling uniform of the American male population) quite satisfied with their superiority to the Britisher, in every attribute of taste, "fashion," and "high life." At my house the following evening, the Governor, Mayor, and other functionaries, had the advantage of meeting Sir Charles in unofficial companionship, and he gained the respect of every one by his affable manner, and (aided by a slight prompting from me) the readiness with which he adapted his remarks to the personal position and public concerns of particular men, and things in general.

So far so well. Governor, Lieutenant-Governor, ex-Governors, etc., were gratified. The Governor-General was amused. He won golden opinions from all, and he paid them back with good will. But one little trait I cannot help mentioning now, at this far-distant period of time, when my excellent and truly distinguished visitor is

of the Massachusetts legislature. Among the three or four hundred members, the great majority were artizans or farmers, intelligent and acute, but several, such as Messrs. Stevenson of Boston, Whalley of Roxbury, Palfrey, Horace Mann, Robert C. Winthrop (the latter three particularly), were, subsequently as members of the federal Congress, among the best speakers and most cultivated politicians of the Union. Mr. Winthrop has filled the chair of Speaker at Washington, and Mr. Horace Mann's eloquent speeches have commanded a wide-spread fame.

I may here repeat an anecdote told me by Mr. Webster, in one of his most agreeable moods, of one of the over-curious originals of the genus above mentioned:

At a large supper-party which the great statesman gave in Boston to some scores of these country members, he courteously asked one of them if he had been well supplied and how he had fared? "Oh, first rate; but Mr. Webster, sir," was the reply, "though your cider *was* fine, I say damn your pickles!" alluding to the *Champagne*, tasted for the first time, and the *Olives*, which his indiscriminate curiosity had tempted him to try.

Another of those primitive worthies assured their hospitable host, that although he "admired to partake of fine cookery once and away, he preferred falling back on *first principles*—bacon and eggs!"

removed for ever from the angry reproaches he would certainly have incurred had the anecdote escaped me at the time :—

Among the polite attentions paid to Sir Charles Bagot by several of the leading citizens, was the placing at his disposal a neat open carriage, spirited horses, and smartly dressed though unliveried coachman, by Mr. Harrison Gray Otis, an old acquaintance, who had been a member of Congress during Sir Charles's mission to Washington. With a double sense of civility this truly fine old Yankee gentleman insisted on my taking his place in the carriage, to be Sir Charles's guardian and guide in the suburban excursion ; and I in my turn requesting him to suggest our route, he said, " Oh, by all means take his Excellency to Bunker's Hill, to let him see the monument."—" Certainly, of course ;" exclaimed Sir Charles, with prompt acquiescence. So to Bunker's Hill the coachman drove ; but as we cleared the *paré*, and reached the long wooden bridge leading to Charlestown, my companion turned to me and jocosely exclaimed, " Certainly, of course, since my worthy old friend was so emphatic on the point, but what the devil is Bunker's Hill ?"

We looked at each other and both burst out laughing. I could scarcely tell why, he did not know for what ; but there was something very ludicrous in it.

" Do you really say," asked I, " that you don't know anything particular about Bunker's Hill ?"

" Well, upon my soul I am ashamed to say I do not, though I have some recollection of its being a place I have heard something or other about—so, do let me hear what it is famous for, and what does that monument mean ?" looking at the imposing but yet unfinished granite column, to the completion of which (*par parenthèse*) I had the

pleasure of indirectly contributing, by my daily attendances at the ladies' fair held for that purpose some time later.

It undoubtedly was too bad in a man of Sir Charles Bagot's position and experience, a former minister to the United States, to have, under any circumstances or through any lapse of time or memory, been uncognizant of the claims of that memorable spot to high celebrity. But it only afforded another proof of the insignificance attached by a certain idiosyncrasy of mind in England, regarding everything connected with America, beyond the facts that it was once an English colony, which waged a successful rebellion ; and is an independent state, with rival interests, uncongenial feelings, and a cotton-growing, tobacco-chewing, sherry-cobler drinking, Lynch-law practising, and slave-holding population. This was, I firmly believe, until very lately, the sum and substance of many a well-informed, highly educated Tory mind (and such was Sir Charles Bagot's) on the subject matter of American history and its great " battles," from Bunker's Hill to Lundy's Lane ; ignoble names, which fail to stamp themselves on the memory like Thermopylæ or Salamis. I admit it is a pity, and really a shame, that such should be the case ; and it would be hard to convince any American that it could possibly be so. They are quite convinced that every spot of their soil, and every event of their career, and every one of their " great men " ought to be and *must* be familiar as household words to " all creation." But I can safely aver, as a smaller instance of this British ignorance on such matters, that a son of a close by colonial governor coming to Boston about this time, had never heard of Daniel Webster ; and I admit, with some remorse, that I myself on meeting the ex-president John Quincy Adams at the very first dinner-party I assisted at in that

city, knew so little of who or what the individual was, that I confounded him with Mr. Quincy, the President of Harvard College.

I saw Sir Charles Bagot set out for Canada, in high spirits and apparently entirely recovered health, at which I sincerely but prematurely rejoiced; for my next meeting with him showed a sad and desperate change.

Next on the list of English worthies whom I had the good fortune to receive and associate with during my voluntary banishment, was General Miller, of South American celebrity, whose name stands high on the muster-roll of those warriors which the revolutionary waves threw up from time to time on their surface. Miller's career of disinterested and, I fear, unprofitable gallantry, is well known from his published Memoirs. But Ayacucho, like Bunker's Hill, may have already faded from the minds of many who should well recollect the heroic conduct by which that decisive victory was gained. Miller, notwithstanding his devoted services to his adopted country, always remained an Englishman in heart and feeling. His mild manners could scarcely be reconciled with the remembrance of his many adventurous feats of war. While his instructive and interesting conversation, and more particularly his sketches of the manners, domestic life, and political statistics of the Sandwich Islanders, among whom he passed his long exile, marked him as the very best man to fill the post, which he soon afterwards obtained, of Consul-General at Honolulu. I have a most lively and pleasant recollection of the weeks he spent at Boston, and in the summer season at Nahant, and our frequent meetings in the cottage I occupied there, and our rambles on the rocks, his mind seeming always to revert to that distant scene of his

longing memories, which he reached at last, whence I have at intervals heard from and of him, and in which, if it is to be his permanent resting-place, I hope this page will be a not unwelcome revival of former days, and a corrected proof—in typographical phraseology—of true regard.

Another of those living “God-sends,” well worthy to take his place beside those already mentioned, and offering at once a parallel and a contrast to the last, was Sir Richard Graves Macdonnell, now Governor of Adelaide, in South Australia, but who filled the office of Chief Justice of the Colony of the Gambia in Africa, at the time he crossed the ocean, a voyage of many thousand miles, merely on a pleasure trip of three or four months, to the United States and Canada. This short respite was necessary from the dangers of such a climate and such a place as he had for years to contend with, and to survive which no small power of mind and frame was required; while a cheerful and complacent philosophy alone could make any one bear up against the necessity of a return. The bold and firm character of Sir Richard Macdonnell was subsequently well proved when, promoted to the post of Governor of the Gambia settlement, he became unavoidably involved in hostilities with the surrounding savages, against whom he was forced to act at the head of his military force, with a courage and vigour that commanded success under great difficulties. Justly appreciated by the Home government, his talents assured his advancement. He was removed from the pestilent shores of Africa, first to the Island of St. Lucie, soon after to St. Vincent’s, in the West Indies; and a little later to the important and lucrative position which he continues to fill at present. There he has a fitting field for his

energetic temperament ; laying the foundations of what must be a future empire ; and establishing the free institutions which alone can consolidate it. After my return to Europe I had frequent opportunities, both in England and Ireland, of witnessing the sense entertained of the public services and private worth of the subject of this slight sketch, and I bade him God speed on the voyage to his distant destination, sure that it will prove a further step to well-won distinction.

It was a pleasant sight one day, when the sounds of saluting cannon told that a ship of war was coming up the bay into Boston harbour, to discover the British frigate *Spartan*, with the flag of England floating in the breeze ; and the barge manned by real British tars pulling to shore, with a rosy-cheeked and bright-eyed little midy at the stern, whose early air of authority seemed to anticipate his fitness to walk the quarter-deck at a future day, as he does by this time perhaps, in command of some gallant vessel, worthy of the boy-sailor grown into a man. The Captain of the *Spartan*, was the Honorable Charles Elliot, a son of Lord Minto, young for the post he filled, but becomingly modest, and giving promise of the cool and determined valour which marked his conduct as Commodore in the recent conflicts in the Chinese waters. Such arrivals were rare in Boston. The *Spartan* was on her course from the station at Halifax in Nova Scotia, to join the West India fleet, and she carried the Bishop of Newfoundland and Bermuda, who was going from one portion of his widely divided see to the other, touching at the nearest port of the United States, for his private purposes and to my great satisfaction. Having been well-acquainted with several branches of the Bishop's family in Europe, I was prepared to enjoy the society of this

accomplished prelate, whose inherited taste for literature was natural in a son of William Spencer, one of the most refined and graceful of England's minor poets. There was also at this time in Boston Mr. Calderon de la Barca, then Spanish minister at Washington, and his lady, whose admirable work on Mexico has given her an honourable rank among female authors ; besides Mr. Godley, who has since then filled, and does still fill, an important place in the Home government. With these elements for an agreeable circle of English, we were for a time quite independent of other society ; and it was thus that constant reliefs, so to call them, were coming—but unluckily also too soon going ; and if they could have been fixed residents instead of mere “transients,” we need not have longed for a return to the Old World.

There are several other names well-known, and one at least famous, whose bearers have recorded in print their visits to the United States, and whom I knew there more or less intimately. Among them were Colonel Maxwell, (besides Mr. Godley just mentioned), Lord Carlisle and Mr. Dickens, whose genius was a better claim to a popular ovation, than “all the blood of all the Howards,” even in the person of so worthy a representative, and dearly as Jonathan “loves a lord.” Then there was Colonel Estcourt, commissioner for running the boundary-line of the Ashburton treaty, one of the most charming and estimable of men, who prematurely died in the Crimea, with the rank of General and a high staff-appointment, to the great grief of Lord Raglan, who quickly followed him to the grave. Colonel Estcourt was accompanied by his secretary, Mr. Scott, a still farther back acquaintance of mine by several years, and who is now Lieutenant-Governor of the colony of Natal. I wonder if he remembers, as I

still do with something of shame, the wretched Sunday-dinner which the whim of my fine lady cook, and the impracticable difficulties of the Sabbath in New England, forced me to inflict on him and Colonel Estcourt! Straggling members of our legation at Washington passed through from time to time with many Canadian travellers, who were in some cases more English than the English. Several officers made Boston their route in returning home. Among the latest of those was Sir James Macdonnell, the glorious defender of Hougomont, and the last, who may be classed in the same category of eminent men, was the successor of Sir Charles Bagot, who came out from England as Sir Charles Metcalfe, passed a few days in Boston, where every due mark of respect was paid to him, went on to Montreal, and after a brief term of government, quite worthy of his high reputation, returned a lord without an heir, a wreck with an incurable malady, to which he succumbed in London, making the fourth Governor-General, including Lord Durham, cut off by death within five or six years.

These recollections have crowded on me unpremeditatedly. My pen could not refuse to trace thoughts of which my mind was full; and I was unable to resist the impulse of offering a tribute to some of those who gave to the most highly vaunted portion of Civilized America a genuine air of civilization.

But, passing from those sketches of individuals, I must revert to one great international event, the establishment of the line of the Royal British and American mail steamships. This enterprize was conceived, undertaken, and effected with extraordinary ability and energy within a short time after my first arrival in Boston. As that city was fixed on as the American point of operations,

Liverpool being the corresponding port in England, the success of the first experiment, like the first blow in a battle, was a full half of the triumph. Every speculation in the United States is greatly affected by, and often much dependent on, the judicious preliminary arrangements by which it is ushered in. I had already learned this lesson. The agent for the new steam-ships knew it still better. And I felt pleased to co-operate in the early measures to give *éclat* and *prestige* to the undertaking which excited so much interest. A public meeting or a public dinner being an essential test of popular approval, a demonstration of the latter nature was decided on. But somehow the indefatigable agent lacked the due influence in the first instance to rouse the leading citizens, and the whole affair was up to a late moment near failing altogether. By redoubled exertion, however, and putting the matter into the proper hands, a rapid change of feeling was produced, a grand dinner given at the expense of the city, came off in Fanueil Hall, presided over by the Mayor, Mr. Chapman ; and the arrival of the Unicorn, the pioneer boat of the line, was celebrated with great spirit. Not satisfied with this, a second banquet on a far larger scale was organized on the arrival of the next ship, the first of the regularly established line. This really remarkable celebration took place at East Boston, under a huge mass of canvas, which could be scarcely called a tent, stretching from a long row of beech-trees to the front of a large hotel called the Maverick House. Two ranges of its piazzas filled with all the fashion and much of the beauty of the city, were enclosed under the canvas covering ; and between the Hotel and the long, raised table under the trees, for the more distinguished individuals, places were arranged to accommodate

between 1400 and 1500 *convives*, and every place was filled.

Of the many public feasts I partook of in America, there was nothing to be compared to this one, as to numbers, picturesque arrangement, and the quality of the chief performers. Among these were Judge Story, Mr. Webster, Mr. Bancroft, and several others of great local importance. Numerous speeches were made. And the impression of that scene and its many stirring associations is not likely to have faded from the minds of any of those who took part in it.

The immense success of the steamship-enterprize, called the Cunard line, after the contractor, led to a rival undertaking, called the Collins' line, the headquarters of which was New York. This was followed by that established by Mr. Croskey of Southampton. Another by Mr. Vanderbilt of New York ; still others running from Glasgow and Liverpool to Philadelphia and Quebec ; and last, but by no means least in interest, Mr. Lever's recently formed line from Galway *viá* Newfoundland, at the inauguration of which on the starting of the first ship, the Empire Queen, from Southampton for Galway, in the month of May, 1858, I had the pleasure of assisting. I thus made one at each of the opening celebrations of the first and the last of these chains of communication between England and America ; and I only hope they may be continued by many more, until the countries are bound together by a combination of commercial forces which it will be impossible to break through. But there let the good wishes of rational philanthropy find its limit ; nor by imagining impossible results lessen the value of those which are feasible.

Every one of the new facts, whether they may be

classed as personal or material, which brings England closer as it were to America, is hailed there with an exaggerated display of true wonderment but unreal joy. The establishment of steam navigation, whether in single ships or in a regular line, the coming of a great author, a celebrated actor, singer, or dancer, the ratification of a treaty, or the fixing of a submarine cable, all meet, in certain gradations of development, the same immoderate triumph. If this were the spontaneous burst of irrepressible affection it would be not only acknowledged, but perhaps responded to on the part of England with modified warmth. But there is a national instinct which tells her people that those of America do not and cannot love them. In every one of the instances alluded to some little symptom is betrayed, to show that self is at the bottom of all, vanity at the top, and sympathy nowhere. Reflection and experience satisfy us that the only true element of union between the Old and the New World is a common interest. To maintain that in every fair and honourable way should be the leading policy of both ; to acknowledge it frankly their pride ; for it is reasonable as it is true, creditable as it is natural. What more so, than such a partnership between two nations ? And how useless the feigned assumption of a congeniality which would not form a tie half so strong or binding ? The members of a mercantile firm do not and need not love each other with brotherly love ; but they hold together for mutual benefit, when family attachments are often and often torn asunder. Sympathy has no existence between America and England. No power of steam or electricity can convey a spark of it above or below the ocean. Private and individual friendships may and do exist, uninfluenced by the rapidity or slowness of their inter-

change, because the heart's feelings are independent of distance and time ; nor can quickened communications of business or politics, although they may prevent a threatened material mischief, create a new moral sentiment.

I remember on the occasion of one of those celebrations being hurried into the utterance of the phrase that "England and America formed two populations and but one people." It was a mere rhetorical flourish, repented of as soon as spoken ; and, having been startled at its appearance in print, I may be pardoned in quoting it now, to guard against the possibility of its being one day quoted by some critic who might think it worth while to refute my present written opinions, by a former one spoken inconsiderately but with the best intentions. In truth I was in those early days of intercourse myself somewhat deceived, as I believe many conscientious Americans were, into the belief that friendly speeches and conciliatory writings might produce great good on the public mind. I soon felt the error. It was labour in vain. All that has been published or preached on either side the Atlantic for twenty years has in this sense done no good. Acts have been stronger than words. Political cheateries and commercial frauds have belied the fine phrases of social companionship. The most studied after-dinner orations and most eloquent leading articles, from the highest English authorities of diplomacy or the press, fall still-born when they attempt to soothe or flatter the American mind. While the slightest shade of reproof, the mildest remonstrance, the most kindly jest excites virulent resentment and affected scorn. A bowl of the milk of human kindness, or the cream of the most good-natured joke, is turned into curds by one drop of insinuated sarcasm.

It is, from these causes, impossible to excite an affec-

tionate sympathy between the countries. A continued strain of honeyed elocution or eulogy cannot be maintained on the part of vigorous speakers and writers, who are not insensible to the defects inherent in human nature, who can see the weak points in nations, and whose acute sense of the ludicrous must at times have vent in a sly smile or a pointed paragraph. With a man or a people who cannot occasionally stand such trifling tests of temper, it is impossible to be on terms of thorough friendship. The Americans freely "poke fun" at each other, but they will not allow a Britisher the same privilege. A light pleasantry the other day in a London newspaper on their wonderful over-doing of the trans-Atlantic telegraph celebration, was fiercely denounced as "laughing at their enthusiasm." Now there was no laugh and no enthusiasm. An exaggerated self-laudation drew forth a gentle joke. But though the rejoicing was premature the joke is permanent. It will never be forgotten or forgiven. An ocean of praise would not wash out the "damned spot." Columns of conciliation would be as inefficient to propitiate the public feeling of America towards England, as was O'Connell's celebrated hall of the same inappropriate title, to deceive the English mind as to the meaning of Irish agitation. I hope to see those futile efforts abandoned altogether; that the mockeries of "*brother* Jonathan" and "our cousins" may fall into disuse; that England and America may, if they like the familiarity, respectively call each other "John Bull" and "Uncle Sam," the national jocose appellatives; that all whining and coaxing appeals to sympathies and sentiments may be renounced, and the plain, sound, language of common sense be used, to point out the mutual advantage of fair play and honest conduct in the transaction of a gigantic business for reciprocal

profit. America would respect us the more and not like us the less. She cannot and will not love us. She disbelieves our praise and despises our advice. And who, after all, can be surprised at her incredulity or her arrogance ?

America knows well that for seventy years England has viewed her commercial progress with mixed feelings of astonishment and jealousy, her political institutions with dislike, her social organization with disdain. A shrug, a frown, or a sneer, were the outward and visible signs of what England thought and felt. Did she conceal her thoughts and feelings ? No. On the contrary, no opportunity was lost in giving them utterance, and that in no measured phrase. The style of all the travellers, tourists, or essayists, whether in books, reviews, or newspapers of any influence, was in unison. Blame and ridicule formed the staple of all those ; and the few who accorded faint praise, or larded with overstrained encomium, utterly failed to produce any countervailing effect.

This is plain truth, evident and undeniable. It was all perfectly natural. Why not avow, or why attempt to excuse it ? These were the true sentiments of England in reference to America. Time has modified them, no doubt. Partial improvement has rendered them inapplicable to an altered state of things. But is there not enough left for censure and for sarcasm ? I think there is : so do all English observers whose experience has been contemporaneous with, or even later than mine. It is, therefore, in vain that benevolent, or interested, attempts are made to delude the Americans into a belief in the sincerity of unlimited admiration, on the part of any English subject who really knows the entire working of

institutions, which in theory are admirable, and in practice of great but still imperfect utility.

But that admission is not enough for American pride, or, if it must be so expressed, for American arrogance. The people at large will not allow the imputation of the least failure or defect. They will not be satisfied with anything administered to them by British hands ; honey or gall are alike unpalatable. You can offer them nothing with success ; they reject each crumb of comfort, and even refuse to be crammed with praise. Every such aliment must be home-made and self-administered. They will not be fed on fragments, and *the joint* must be of native produce. In short, to parody the form of oath administered to witnesses in courts of law, they must have "the hog, the whole hog, and nothing but the hog."

This enormous appetite for self-laudation is, like that for extended territory, the natural and inevitable result of circumstances and position, and, however censurable, may be easily explained. The almost immeasurable breadth of land between the Atlantic and the Pacific gives unbounded notions of power to those who believe it to be of right and by destiny all theirs. Their isolation from the Old World, the novel forms of their social and political state, their heroic struggle and complete success against the mightiest people on earth, the absence of all immediate standard of comparison with any but races of flagrant inferiority—the Indians, the Negroes, and the Mexicans, and others of the Spanish stock—the virtual homage paid to them by every ship-load of emigrants who cross the ocean to find refuge on their soil and in their institutions, their cherished ignorance, and other causes which it would be but tautology to enumerate, explain their inveterate disease of chronic arrogance.

Nothing of outward application can cure it. The remedy must come from nature, and be self-born and self-administered ; and that will only be when the inevitable fate of empires falls upon them, when the disruption of their Union and wars among its population bring home to them the ills and miseries of humanity, on a scale proportionate to their overgrown greatness.

Until then all the faults of to-day will assuredly continue and increase. They will follow their own course and have their own opinion of it and of themselves. Well, then, I say let them have it. Let them boast of their superiority over everything, and believe it if they can. Only let strangers who think differently persist in their right of saying so as well. If we cannot conciliate the Americans, we may at least instruct ourselves, and in thoroughly understanding them give ourselves a better chance in the close intercourse which we will, in spite of all our differences of opinion, maintain together. Interchanges of cotton, tobacco, or corn, for fabrics of calico, iron, or wool, may be made without fine phrases or fulsome compliments. We can go to each other's plantations or warehouses without bullying too high or bowing too low ; all we require from each other is civility and prompt payment. As they despise our praise, let us doubt their promises, avoid giving them credit, and refuse their factory shares and railroad bonds *at any price*.

CHAPTER VII.

THE SOUTHERN STATES.

The Direct Route from North to South—New York—Philadelphia—Baltimore—Wilmington—Characteristics of Society—Public Works—Kit Hughes, a retired Diplomatist—Another, *sans peur et sans reproche*—A Small but Honest State—Deviations from the Straight Road—Newport—An Episode of Rhode Island—Dorr's Rebellion—A Yankee Campaign—Two Victories and no Battle—A Brilliant Affair—Conclusion of Episode—Historical Parallel.

THE Southern States, with their "peculiar institution," had always something repulsive to my feelings even in name. Without that fearful drawback, had such an exemption been possible, I should have considered them almost a paradise. The natives of those regions wherever I met them in the North were, with few exceptions, delightful contrasts to the general run of the pure original Yankees. I always thought it unfair, although it is inevitable, that they should be mixed up in that common designation. At home, in their own cities or on their own plantations, their bearing was comparatively, I might almost say, distinguished. Unbounded and courteous hospitality was the unvarying rule, and it had no objectionable feature but the eternal presence of the tobacco fiend in one shape or another—the cigar, the quid, or the spittoon. No house desecrated by the uses of this baneful weed could be entirely agreeable to one who neither smoked, nor chewed, nor spat. But that one nuisance apart, and the workings of the "institution" concealed,

the Southern States and their inhabitants were most desirable resources from the cold and passionless North, at the season when fever and pestilence lie dormant.

I made several excursions to the south and towards the west. But I never felt inclined to penetrate too deep, nor stay too long. The Dismal Swamp and the Alleghany Mountains bounded my researches on either hand, and satisfied my thirst for practical knowledge. I took on trust all I heard or read of the wide world beyond those barriers. As to the absorbing question of the South I saw enough of it both in its worst and its least revolting features to enable me entirely to make up my mind; to one who considers slavery as an abstract moral question, a long residence among slaves and their owners is by no means necessary. All the possible palliatives of slaveholding logic are thrown away upon him who abhors slavery on principle; and such a one need never step across Mason and Dixon's line.* It was not therefore in search of proofs of the iniquity or of arguments against it that I occasionally "went South," as the phrase goes; but, as I said in the preceding chapter, to enjoy the society of friends, whose cordial qualities would have tempered a moral atmosphere more sombre if possible than that.

One considerable advantage on those southern journeys was that my road passed through the places most worthy of remark and most agreeable for a foreign wayfarer—New York, Philadelphia, and Baltimore. It would be unjust to the inhabitants of the other cities to take the manners and habits of the Bostonians as a type of the general society elsewhere. In New York there was far

* The boundary between the Free and the Slave States, so called from the engineers who traced it.

greater variety, more largeness, less provincialism ; everything wore an air more European, chiefly because there were more natives of Europe in the best circles, and also from the greater taste for luxurious expenditure which prevailed. The houses were more richly, if not more tastefully furnished, there abounded equipages of pretension, the dinner parties and other forms of entertainment were far more liberally composed, music was well encouraged, the theatres better supported, and an easier tone among the inhabitants, showed a consciousness that they were moving in a far wider sphere.

The swarming activity of several hundred thousand persons is always to me a glorious matter of contemplation. The pleasure of being a stranger in a great metropolis where you can over and over again lose yourself, and of looking in hundreds of faces, not one of whom you can recognize, even though you may have been before hustled together with many of those in some other crowd, is very exciting and consoling. You enjoy society and solitude at one and the same time. You feel that you are surrounded by your fellow-creatures, without the necessity of knowing or the risk of being intruded on by any one of them. You can read human nature by wholesale without the task of spelling it in detail. The big book is open before you, and physiognomy requires no dictionary to explain it. If men only wore their hats as women do their bonnets half another volume of character would be exposed, and a surer test be shown in their phrenological developments.

The general society of New York was most pleasant and amusing. Barring some few peculiarities of tone and manner which it presents in common with the whole Union, it was much more like that of England than what

I had been accustomed to in the portion of the country which had more general claims to homogeneous distinction. Several subjects of public and private interest occupied me amply, and individual intimacies threw their influence over every hour. In short, New York was always most agreeable. I left it on every occasion with regret and returned to it with pleasure.

Philadelphia, too, though far inferior in attraction and resources, improved much on better acquaintance. The air of regular formality in the laying out of the narrow streets, all formed on one unvarying rectangular plan, the rows of trees at each side, their luxuriant foliage in summer time forming a complete canopy, the closely planted squares, the exterior cleanliness of the dwellings, their well-kept brickwork and marble doorways, and the public buildings composed entirely of the latter material, all formed a picture of somewhat oppressive though elegant monotony. In comparison with the more irregular plan of New York, Boston, and Baltimore, Philadelphia has been awarded the palm of beautiful and pleasing effect. Such was not the impression it ever produced on me. I confess that its uniformity was to me its greatest defect. And it was only when by degrees I had formed acquaintanceships of great value in "the Quaker city" that I understood how the unreserved gracefulness and decorous gaiety of the inhabitants contrasted with the rather too subdued air of their out-door appearances.

In one respect both New York and Philadelphia possess an advantage which many a first-rate European town may well envy—an almost inexhaustible supply of fresh water, which is often prodigally turned loose into the streets, from overflowing fountains, fed from enormous reservoirs which seem to defy exhaustion, at least as long as the

Croton and Schuylkill rivers do not shrink beneath their beds. Boston also has, by expensive constructions, acquired a sufficiency of the clear and purifying element, drawn from one of the neighbouring ponds which furnish London with supplies of ice, called too exclusively and fancifully "Wenham Lake." The public spirit and munificent contributions of money which combine to accomplish these enduring works deserve all praise. And I could not refrain on visiting the Fairmount and the Croton reservoirs, close to Philadelphia and New York, and looking down upon the two great cities they supply, from recalling to my mind the magnificent aqueducts of Italy, and marvelling again and again at that wondrous instinct which makes men imagine and complete, for the benefit of other generations, undertakings which there is no certainty, and often no hope, of they themselves enjoying. These great doings, and not the narrow legislation which deprives nations of their rights and man of his dignity, are the subjects that demand the reverence of posterity, for what has been really and truly the wisdom of its ancestors.

Of Baltimore I have already spoken, as of the other cities, and I could long dwell on the recollections it recalls, if only my own eyes or those of its surviving inhabitants who composed the circles I mixed with, were to fall on these pages. But general readers must not be wearied by a tedious tale of personal partialities or individual feelings. Trusting that they will bear with much of what I am about to print, I hope that they will give me credit for a great deal that I have cast aside. Many a note-book and numerous private papers are day by day turning up among the scattered materials I select from. They offer tempting inducements for detail. Had my means been

less ample, my task would have been easier, and my progress less tedious. *L'embarras de richesses* is in some cases a serious obstacle. Not that I think the proverb can justly be applied to the downright material wealth which the word "riches" emphatically designates. For I hold that the more money a person has the more at ease, the less embarrassed, and the happier he ought to be, unless some perversion of character mars the right use of life's greatest privilege, that of indulging one's own tastes and contributing to the well-being of others. This is, however, a "parenthesis" which has no exclusive application to Baltimore, its warm-hearted, hospitable men, and its proverbially lovely women. Among the former, the best known among Europeans was probably the lively, amusing, perhaps I might say eccentric Kit Hughes, who was for many years American Chargé d'Affaires at Stockholm and in the Netherlands. He wound up his long diplomatic career during the latter period of my residence in the United States; and I saw him, not long before his death, at Baltimore, looking well, and showing still later at Washington, when I last met him at a large entertainment in the President's House, the same bustling animation and vigorous loquacity, which made him remarkable when I first fell in with him at a crowded ball at the King's Palace in Brussels. But Kit Hughes belongs to my European recollections, and must lie among them till the day, if it ever comes, when they may possibly see the light.

I must not pass over without mention another capital city, which I have however often passed by without a visit—Wilmington, the chief place of the pigmy State of Delaware, one of the original Thirteen which braved the power of the Mother Country, shared in the dangers

and the glory of the Revolution, and gained its right to independence, recognized by the constitution, and secured by that provision which gives to each State, no matter what the amount of its population, an equal number of Senators in Congress, thus preserving a balance of influence on all vital questions of legislation which no other arrangement could have secured. If Delaware has the smallest amount of population, it has also the least amount of manifest crime of all the slave-holding States. The number of "persons held to service" is so insignificant, that it is scarcely worth while for the white people to retain the distinction to a share in the stigma. Skirting the little town of Wilmington as the railway train between Philadelphia and Baltimore stops at the station, one looks up the pretty street, but never thinks of penetrating further. It is a little mockery of a metropolis, but it has all the right and title to the dignity; and the whole State, with its 80,000 inhabitants, is as much a standing proof of the Democratic principle, as the petty German principalities are of the Monarchical. It supplies no contingent to the National Army of the Union as they do to that of the Confederation; but its voice in Congress is far more important than any one of theirs in the Diet. And it most assuredly furnished, in one of its Senators while I was in America, and in a member of diplomacy when the same individual was subsequently sent to Europe, one of the best specimens of an American gentleman—and I may take the liberty of adding, one of the rarest specimens of American beauty in his most charming wife. Worthy of the name of the *preux Chevalier* of old,—they had nothing to fear, and were above reproach!

The little State of Delaware is most remarkable in one

respect—it has always kept clear of debt ; furnishing a great contrast and a standing reproof, though on a small scale, to its comparatively important neighbour Pennsylvania, whose prodigal expenditure and doubtful struggles to redeem its character are so notorious.

I have thus rapidly once more brought my readers with me into the slave-holding regions, and have just touched on the verge of “repudiation,” by the direct road from the North to the South. But there are many inducements to occasional deviation from it, which I frequently indulged in. One of the most refreshing of those byways, a place alluded to in my earliest chapters, is Newport, in the State of Rhode Island, at all times the pleasantest, and for some years past the most fashionable of all the sea-bathing resorts in the Union. There was a peculiar charm about this place, in the freedom with which social intercourse was carried on among the numerous visitors and the families settled there, in villas and cottages, which year by year sprang up with surprising rapidity. Unlike the repulsive seclusion which prevailed at Nahant, and which finds in some degree a counterpart in certain small unsociable watering-places on the coast of England, Newport was alive with animation and hospitality. Were I to send a European across the Atlantic, in search of the best aspect of American manners, I should certainly fix on Newport as the spot to go to, if possible, without touching at any other ; and having spent his couple of summer months in its enjoyments, I should say to the traveller, “thus far and no further.” There is nothing in the way of seasonable pleasure that may not be had there except a library and a theatre. But one is there quite independent of such food for the mind. Indeed, there is but little time for serious thought, or regulated amusements.

It is a scene of listless relaxation or constant exercise in and out of doors. Bathing in the beautiful harbour, riding and driving on the admirable roads, dining and dancing day and night, walking and talking morning and evening, sailing on the water or lounging on shore, there is no chance for study, or opportunity for dramatic entertainment. No one has need of such resources. Time is killed not with the determined hate which we feel against an enemy, but in the lightsome mood of sportsmen bringing down their game. The *habitués* of Newport, and such places (there are few anywhere so pleasant), like the player in Hamlet, "murder in jest."

The main portion of the visitors, when I first knew Newport, were Southerners, as they are called; and it was among them that I first learned the real distinction between them and the North-eastern and Down-eastern tribes, who are, however, fast-spreading in all directions, and giving their character of mind, if not exactly their dryness of manner, to the Union at large. Families and single men of education and experience in the world, who knew Europe, and in certain points had profited by their knowledge, some with wives of European birth—and all, for the time, divested of the slave-holding taint—members of the diplomatic corps from Washington, with their ladies, or unmarried as the case might be, a stray consul or two, Canadian travellers, with varieties of fashionables from New York, Boston, and elsewhere, crowded the lodging-houses and hotels, which, being built of wood, furnished supplies of room as extensive and almost as quick as the demand. One appalling catastrophe occurred in the burning down of one of those large and handsome, though somewhat fanciful-looking caravanseras. It happened on a Sunday, when the several hundreds of "boarders" were at church

or on the sands, so the loss of life was happily confined to one person, the proprietor, who unfortunately perished in his anxiety to save some remnant of property. The destruction of this hotel was a striking instance of the danger of large wooden constructions of the kind, and the reckless want of caution to guard against such accidents. The fire broke out in the kitchen, a detached building, but close enough to allow the flames from the chimney to communicate with the main body of the house. And at noon in this fine summer's day, with the numerous establishment of servants in readiness, and the whole population of the place looking on, two hours totally completed the conflagration, and left not a stick unconsumed. There was but one imperfect fire-engine to be had, and that arrived when the progress of the fire was beyond resistance, and no water, though the Atlantic was rolling in upon the beach hard by. The scene of confusion was exciting without being exactly alarming, for no danger was apprehended for anyone till the discovery of the charred body of the proprietor told the remainder of the busy household the peril they had escaped. Heavy articles of furniture were flung out of the windows, loose dresses floated through the air as their female owners snatched them up and escaped through every doorway ; men were seen in every part of the building, running along the piazzas, scrambling over the roof, and in all points showing the agility and courage of practised firemen, most of them having, no doubt, done duty as such in the volunteer companies of the various towns they belonged to. But in all this apparent chaos, there was everywhere method and discipline, no shouting, or swearing, or any useless expenditure of lungs or limbs. One object alone was in view, to save every article within their power, and by strenuous efforts

of precaution, to prevent the fire from igniting the inflammable materials of the neighbouring houses. This was completely effected, the one doomed building was the only one injured, its one hapless occupant the only victim. A huge blank, with smoking embers, showed where the flaunting "Ocean-house" had stood. A few hours and all had subsided, a few days and the rubbish was cleared away, a few weeks and a new building was planned, contracted for, and commenced, and in a few months a phoenix rose from the old ashes, body and wings complete, with turrets, balconies, and battlements, looking as ready to be burned down as those they replaced had erewhile been. And such was a fair instance of the innumerable similar accidents of daily occurrence throughout the country, and strikingly emblematic it was of the style in which public speculations, private fortunes, and political parties are raised up, consumed, and built over by others, to be in their turn mismanaged, squandered and dispersed.

For several seasons my family made Newport in part their summer residence. I took every opportunity of joining them, and many happy days were passed there, with friends from Boston before alluded to, and their connections, and some from those southern latitudes from which I have made this digression; every new visit increasing our liking for the place, chiefly for the sake of its society, and gradually weaning us from Nahant, where the society was oppressive enough to overpower the attractions of the place.

Rhode Island is, next to Delaware, the smallest state of the Union. This work, being neither a manual of statistics nor a regular book of travels, I do not dwell much on questions of population or distance, and my sketches of

localities and events are desultory and without order.* Chronology has not been strictly attended to as yet, and its violation must be pardoned as I go on. But flowing out of circumstances, and in connection with situations, certain historical memoranda find their place, and I may be excused for inserting here, as a matter of curiosity for the political reader, particularly at a season when questions of Parliamentary Reform are rife, and one not likely to have excited much attention in England—an episode of Rhode Island,

DORR'S REBELLION.

One of the most remarkable occurrences during my residence in the United States, was the insurrectionary movement grandiloquently called the "Rebellion" in Rhode Island, instigated and headed by Thomas Wilson Dorr, and consequently bearing his name. This affair might have become as serious as it was remarkable, but for the insignificance in point of population and influence of the State in which it took place, and of the unworthiness of those with whom Mr. Dorr attempted to work out his views. The importance of the principle at stake was degraded by the littleness of the field of action. The efforts for redress became ludicrous from the meanness of the actors. Dorr's rebellion is a byword of contempt. The Rhode Island question little thought of and less understood. Yet both are well deserving of a place in the public mind, and in history.

* In the Appendix will be found some documentary details on such points as should be specifically brought before readers who may require condensed information on the power and resources of the country.

The political condition of the State of Rhode Island presented for sixty years one of the strangest anomalies possible, in comparison with that of the other states of the Union of which it forms an integral part. While every one of those others was established on principles of broad republicanism, on the sovereignty of the people, extended suffrage, equality of rights, and the will of the majority, Rhode Island existed in virtue of a royal charter, acknowledged a privileged class, tolerated a *quasi* "aristocracy," and was governed by a positive oligarchy, more absolute in law than that of England is in practice.*

The charter of Rhode Island was granted by Charles II. in 1663; and was, up to the year 1842, the written fundamental law of the state. It conferred the right of self-government in the largest sense, the only restriction being that the colony was not to enact laws incompatible with those of England. The intention of the royal donor was undoubtedly to transfer the power he himself possessed to the people of the new colony, for their sole benefit. And such was the result of the early working of the political machine. Half-yearly elections of all officers, executive, legislative, and judicial, gave the people the entire controul over their own affairs, as long as they retained the unrestricted liberty of suffrage; but the

* In the debate in the House of Commons, February 8 1850, on Lord John Russell's introducing a bill for colonial government, Mr. Roebuck was reported to have said, that "One of the most despotic ministers this country ever had, under as despotic a monarch as this country ever saw—Lord Clarendon, in the reign of Charles II., conferred upon Rhode Island so liberal a constitution that it continued to be the constitution of that part of the United States to this day. It was so specifically given that the colonists were enabled to elect a body which formed the governing body at the present hour."

It was strange that a gentleman of such great and generally such accurate information on the subject in question, should have forgotten the terms of the Rhode Island Charter, and also that it had been abrogated, by the adoption of a new constitution, nearly eight years before the time he made this speech.

supreme power being vested in the General Court, as the representative body was styled, it was not wonderful that with increasing wealth and population came the desire of undue authority and the abuse of privilege.

At the time of the granting of the charter, the people of Rhode Island numbered about 2500. The rapid growth of prosperity in the agricultural colonists generated the pride in landed possessions which is everywhere inherent in owners of the soil. To make land the test of respectability and the foundation of political influence was the early object of the colonists. The General Assembly, acting on this feeling, passed a law, the very year they obtained their charter, 1663, restricting the right of voting for representatives to individuals and their eldest sons, possessing one hundred and thirty-four dollars' worth of real estate.

After the American Revolution and the complete establishment of the Federal Union by the peace of 1783, the royal authority over the colony was of course repudiated, and Rhode Island became a free and independent state. Most of the other states adopted new forms of government at that time ; but Rhode Island continued to exist under the colonial charter. No question or objection was then raised, within or without the state, to her form of government, and she duly took her place as a member of the Federal Union. The charter government does not appear to have raised any strong opposition until the year 1811, when a bill, introduced into the senate for an extension of suffrage, was defeated in consequence of a change of administration before the views of its promoters could take effect.

In the year 1824, dissatisfaction at the old order of things widely spreading, the General Assembly directed a

"Convention" to be called, when a written constitution was submitted to the people, who by their representatives rejected it by a majority of 1538 votes, it being considered inadequate to the requirements of the times, to the change which had taken place in the state from an agricultural to a manufacturing and commercial population, and inconsistent with the fundamental pacts of the other states of the Union. Various ineffectual efforts were made to remedy this state of things, from the year last mentioned up to 1841, both by petitions to the General Assembly and by motions within that body.

Among the members conspicuous as leaders of the "Free Suffrage Party" was Thomas Wilson Dorr, who was elected to the Assembly, as a Whig, in the year 1833. The agitation which he energetically fomented soon removed him beyond the pale of the Conservative party, and he became distinguished, in his narrow sphere of action and in proportion to his talents, a Reformer as comparatively remarkable as John Bright is now, in the wide-spread circle of which he forms the centre.

An extension of the suffrage in Rhode Island was by this time on all hands admitted to be just, expedient, and desirable. Time was however required to accustom people whose ancestors for 200 years had, like themselves, lived freely and prosperously to a change even for the better; and a great deal depended on the person who undertook the task of enlightening, without possessing the power of conciliating, the mass. The agitation began about the year 1833, but Dorr's ascendancy and the serious struggle dated from 1840. "The Rhode Island Suffrage Association" was formed in that year; and its declared object was "a liberal extension of suffrage to the *native white* male citizens of the United States, resident in Rhode Island." It

will be observed that neither naturalized citizens nor free coloured persons were included in the proposed reform.

In June 1841, the General Assembly, yielding to the pressure of public opinion, resolved to call a Convention for the purpose of abrogating the charter and forming a constitution, and directed the delegates to be chosen on the 31st August. But on the 5th of July the suffrage party held a "mass meeting" at Providence, the capital of the state, and called an opposition Convention, for the purpose of forming a constitution of their own, the delegates to be chosen on the 28th of August—three days before the rival, and what was certainly the legal Convention. Here then the two parties had decidedly joined issue, and the eyes of the whole Union began to be turned towards the contest.

The legal Convention met on the 2nd of November 1841 ; and having considered the subject of suffrage they adjourned, in order to ascertain the wishes of the people, to February 14, 1842.

The "People's Convention" led by Dorr were more decisive and more prompt in their proceedings. They assembled November the 16th in the same year, completed their constitution and gave it out to the people, to be definitively voted for on the 27th of December next following and the five succeeding days. On the 12th of January 1842, the People's Convention again met, reported upon the votes given for their constitution, and declared that it had been adopted by a majority of 13,000 and odd votes, and should be established "by all necessary means." Dorr and his party had announced that they would accept of no constitution framed by the legal Convention however liberal it might be ; which was just as if Mr. Bright and the Radicals of England were to pledge

themselves to-day (November 1858) to reject any Reform Bill, however sweeping, which might be introduced by Lord Derby's ministry in the approaching session of Parliament. Such an unreasonable excess of factious feeling did great mischief to the cause of the suffrage party, not only in Rhode Island but throughout the other states of the Union. Little sympathy was created for the Dorrites, and they were left to carry out their measures in complete isolation.

In the meantime the legal Convention was busily employed preparing the plan of a constitution, and on the 21st 22nd and 23rd of March 1842, pursuant to the direction of the legislature, it was in due form submitted to the people for their adoption. The suffrage party, having the easy means in their hands to ensure the defeat of this new constitution, joined a portion of the "freeholders"—the out-and-out Tories as they would be called in England, who would not consent to any deviation from their beloved old charter—and by the united efforts of these two extremes the "Landholders' Constitution" was rejected by a small but a sufficient majority of 676 votes.

It must be observed that the difference between the rival constitutions was very slight indeed on the subject of suffrage, the only point of any importance. By the "People's Constitution" every male white citizen of the United States, who had resided in the state of Rhode Island for one year and in the town where he voted for six months, was permitted to vote. By the "Landholders'" two years' residence in the Union, one in the town where the individual voted, and ten clear days' registry of his name, were the conditions of eligibility. In both the property qualification was abolished, except in the case of naturalized citizens. But universal suffrage

was thus virtually admitted on all hands for all other males of the age of twenty-one years, Indians, convicts, paupers, and insane persons alone excepted.*

The suffrage party, having *primâ facie* evidence of their right, their Convention having been accepted by a majority, and that of the landholders unequivocally rejected, they proceeded at once to the election of a governor and other state officers and members of a new legislative body, and on the 18th of April 1842, Thomas Wilson Dorr was declared to be governor by a majority of 6417 votes, and all his adherents were chosen for the legislature, there being no opposition on the part of the old charter government, who seemed satisfied to rest their power on *possession* as their best and firmest title.

Governor Dorr, as he was now called, proceeded

* At a time when the question of Universal, or Manhood, Suffrage is so widely canvassed in England, it may be well to draw the public attention to its existence and practice in the United States, and to this particular case of Rhode Island, where it has been most recently established, on as broad a basis and with as few restrictions as are deemed compatible with safety. And when so many persons are giving their opinions on this subject, "*moi aussi, je prétends avoir mon franc-parler,*" as was long since said on another by an old French author.

The two main and manifest arguments in favour of Manhood Suffrage are :—

First, the increased difficulty it presents against the purchase of votes at elections. One hundred men may be bought; five hundred bribed; but half a million are beyond all pecuniary corruption.

Secondly, by giving the franchise to the people at large you raise them in their own self-respect; you teach them that human intellect is held superior to mere property; that man has his rights independent of factitious accessories; and above all things you save the populace from becoming a mob—for by giving them a voice in choosing their representatives you secure them a place in the graduated scale of parliamentary government and national sovereignty. But assuredly these proud privileges should be based on a reasonable amount of education; and their exercise secured by the Ballot.

Whether such a change from the present system is compatible with the established rights of all classes, or what is the proper time for making it, are questions too serious to be entered on, without ample practical information and a thorough knowledge of details which are far beyond my reach. But I firmly believe, from long and close observation, that the system works well on the whole in republican America, though even there it is, and must always be, liable to great abuses.

without delay to establish his new-born authority. His first effort was to have himself inaugurated, and to obtain possession of the state property and archives. This was not so easily to be accomplished, as Governor King (an appropriate name for the chief of the charter state) showed no symptoms of want of firmness in the maintenance of his trust.

“Which king, Bezonian?” a rather hackneyed quotation, might now have been aptly applied to the inhabitants of Rhode Island, rather puzzled as they must have been between the legitimate and revolutionary potentates. As far as numbers may be considered a test of opinion, it must in fairness be said that they were pretty nearly divided in the opening scenes of this electioneering contest. The number of males over twenty-one years, *bonâ fide* inhabitants of the state, was in round numbers 21,000. The suffrage party had announced 13,000 as the amount of voters for the People’s Constitution. Their opponents put forward many positive and some very plausible assertions, as to the frauds committed for the purpose of swelling that list. Admitting these charges to be true to a probable extent, and allowing two or three thousand even as the number of fraudulent votes (and that being an excessive number in all reasonable consideration), Dorr’s adherents amounted fully to a moiety of the whole 21,000, and might perhaps have exceeded it. Therefore their claim on that ground may not have been so preposterous as it was represented to be by his opponents. The second and most untenable ground contended for was, that “a constitution does not require to be voted for under any sanction of the existing government.” That doctrine is so dangerous, and might be so subversive of any or all established institutions, leaving it in the power of an

irregular and unscrupulous majority to sweep them all away by a boisterous vote, paying no regard to the rights of the minority, and setting at defiance all established forms of legality, that even advanced liberals shrunk from upholding it in the case now in question.

But it appeared to me at the time that the main cause of the little support given to Dorr, beyond the circle of his active partizans, was the manifest selfishness of his objects, in proclaiming his and their determination not to accept even a most liberal constitution at the hands of their opponents, an excess of factious violence only to be paralleled by the Irish Roman-Catholic priest who declared, the other day, that his country "was not prosperous and did not wish to be prosperous," and by the memorable declaration of his (and my) countryman, that "he would be drowned and nobody should save him!"

Dorr found it impossible to obtain active sympathy or sufficient supplies to carry out his plans. He was not idle however. He repaired to New York, the best field for recruiting for any cause, however illegal and desperate, and having purchased a sabre and a cocked hat in that city, he returned to his native state, and he made a mock-triumphal entry into the quiet and prettily situated town of Providence, on the 4th of May 1842, in an open barouche drawn, according to precedent, by four white horses, his plumed hat on his head, his sabre by his side, and a sort of "undress uniform," as it was described, distinguishing him from his companions in their less equivocal civil costume. He was escorted by about 500 armed men, and his irregular followers on this occasion were numbered at about 2000. He had issued orders for the militia of the state to assemble and do "escort duty" on that occasion; the call was to some extent obeyed, and it

was rumoured that ball cartridges were served out to the men.

The new legislature were assembled in a large unfinished building, intended for a foundry. A military guard was in attendance on it. The seal of the state was copied, and a fac-simile engraving provided. Governor Dorr delivered his message in due form, of considerable length, fearless and uncompromising; and the first legislative act of the assembly was a manifesto informing the president at Washington, and the various governments throughout the Union, of the formation of the new order of things. The next move was a proposition made by Dorr to take forcible possession of the state house, where Governor King was installed and guarded by his friends of the militia force. This was rather startling. The hesitation of all parties except the governor was prophetic. The crisis had evidently arrived, but the nerve to take advantage of it was wanting. The bull of legalized power was rampant, but there was no one to take it by the horns. Dorr was not a host in himself. Alone he could not flutter the Volscians. But though discouraged he betrayed no symptom of dismay. If the feather in his hat was white (as I am pretty sure it was) it was the only one of that colour that he "shew," as my Yankée friends would say.

The plot certainly began to thicken, and the *dénouement* to approach. The members of Dorr's parliament "voted down" his proposed martial movement, or "tabled it," in another form of Yankee legislative language. They however appointed agents to take possession of the public records, but the latter would not come to be caught, and the agency was a sinecure. The session lasted two inglorious days, and the hitherto impotent assembly adjourned, *re infectá*, on the 5th of May, to meet again

at Chepachit on the next 4th of July, the memorable Anniversary of Independence, the great national holiday.

In the meantime the charter legislature, with laudable caution for the avoidance of a conflict, assembled at Newport. The "revolution," as it was amusingly called, "came upon them," in the words of a chronicler, "so suddenly, that it was impossible to tell who were in favour of the laws, and who were against them." In their uncertainty and alarm, the legal authorities sent a pressing application to the Federal Government for aid. But poor President Tyler had plenty of domestic dilemmas at Washington. He could not refuse to recognize the rights of the "charter-party," but he threw himself on the elastic support of the Federal Constitution, which, yielding as it always does to every pressure, satisfied him that he could render no absolute physical aid unless hostilities had actually commenced.

This was a great relief to both the parties. It gave breathing time ; and each of them hoped the other "might think better of it." But still the affair went on. Measures were taken by Governor King to organize the militia. Governor Dorr went off again to New York ; while his friends held meetings to rouse the rather sluggish spirit of the people.

Up to this period Dorr had not committed any overt act of war. The sword and the cocked hat were more typical of intended hostilities than positive evidences of rebellion. But on the 16th of the same month of May that had been ushered in so ignominiously, he returned once more from New York, now furnished with men, money, and some of the *matériel* of war. He was met at the railroad station by a cavalcade of about 1200, a large portion of which was armed, and the formidable addition of four pieces of

artillery, which were placed in front of a private house, where he fixed his head-quarters, in the close neighbourhood of the arsenal.

The capture of this important stronghold was Dorr's first avowed object. The following morning Governor King called his council together, and orders were issued for the gathering of every man who was willing to fight in defence of "law and order," the old talismanic watchword of power and privilege.

It was announced by Dorr that he meant to attack the arsenal at two o'clock on that day, Tuesday, May 17. At about one a signal gun was fired, by way of warning to the enemy ; and a detachment of 100 men commenced the aggressive movements by marching to the armoury of the state artillery company, and, intimidating the few persons who guarded it, they took forcible possession of two brass six-pounders, and brought them triumphantly to Dorr's head-quarters.

The whole city now presented a scene of real preparation for battle. Men of all classes, old and young, buckled on their accoutrements and flew to arms. About 500 were placed within the arsenal, and the rest took up several positions under leaders suddenly chosen for the exigency. Everything wore the certain air of civil war. Dorr's nearest kindred were among his opponents. His father, brothers, and uncles, formed part of the garrison of the arsenal ; but though this was made known to him, he did not for a moment swerve from his intention to attack the place when the proper moment arrived. His force of desperadoes was constantly increased. The day, evening, and night, wore away, without the threatened assault taking place. Dorr perhaps expected that his firm and threatening aspect would produce a capitulation. In this,

if it was so, he was however disappointed. Keeping his band together, and in good order, no excesses against the undefended portions of the city occurred, though most horrid rumours of intended outrage were spread abroad, and great terror was excited among the alarmed and watchful inhabitants. The spectacle was a strange one, in this little community, ordinarily so peaceable and well-conducted, of the various armed bands of unaccustomed belligerents maintaining their several positions with all the steadiness of disciplined veterans.

The night passed by. At dawn on Wednesday morning, the 18th, Dorr marched out at the head of his whole force, and took up a position within musket-shot of the arsenal, his artillery in front. The bells of the various churches rung out the alarm, and a dense fog concealed the movements of the citizens hurrying to and fro to their points of rendezvous, and threw additional doubt and mystery around. But suddenly the vapoury screen that separated the threatened arsenal from the hostile force was dissipated by the rising sun, and Dorr was distinguished ordering and urging his troops to apply the matches to the pieces of ordnance so close and apparently so dangerous. But no hand was raised, no foot was advanced, all seemed paralyzed, when Dorr himself seized the match from one of his men, and fired the priming of the nearest gun. It burned and fizzed, innocuous, and was followed by no explosion. Another and another attempt was made with like result, by the astonished and infuriated chief, and as he could only heap upbraidings and imprecations on his faithless companions, who from cowardice or conscience had plugged (not spiked) the several guns, they were seen rapidly to disperse, leaving their leader alone in inglorious solitude. All fled confusedly away. He followed. All

escaped. But had the long-threatened enemy been as blood-thirsty as Dorr so plainly showed himself to be, they might with ease have utterly destroyed him and his recreant crew. Not a shot was fired on them. No one sallied out or assailed them in the streets. They dispersed without a wound being inflicted, and they left all their cannon and camp equipage as trophies of the battle that was to have been fought, and the victory that could not be said to have been won. Great comfort and much rejoicing took place in the city which had so narrowly escaped the threatened danger; and the inhabitants, looking back through the vista of their two centuries of history, felt that the founder, Roger Williams, had been inspired by a prophetic as well as a grateful piety in giving it the name of PROVIDENCE.

Every one believed that all was over, and Dorr's rebellion was a subject of derision throughout the Union. But the character of the man was misunderstood, and his means of mischief underrated. Another act was yet to be played before the farcical melodrama was finished.

The usual measures after the suppression of paltry riots or petty insurrections were taken by the authorities. Parties were sent out to scour the neighbourhood to look after the vagabond refugees and let them escape. A reward of one thousand dollars (a too low valuation) was offered for the capture of Dorr, who was not likely to be sold for such a price. Martial law was proclaimed when sedition ceased to exist. Fiery proclamations and a great display of forethought was made—when the danger seemed past and gone. This is the common course of things in such small cases.

All this apparent vigour led to no act of violence. The authorities were too glad to have got rid of Dorr and

his people, and to be *quittes pour la peur*. Many of his adherents, ashamed of the part they had played, and somewhat terrified at the lengths he was willing to go to, returned to their allegiance, and announced their repentance in the public papers. Dorr was at times heard of from the neighbouring states of New York, Massachusetts, Connecticut, and New Jersey. His opponents imagined him to be a mere wandering fugitive, without means or purpose. They fell into the old and common error of despising their enemy. With incessant activity, he was labouring night and day to recover from his late discomfiture. Taking advantage of the lull, and not looking to a renewal of the storm, the legal party, having all their own way, assembled another Convention in the month of June ; the old rejected constitution was reproduced, and adopted with little opposition, and it is to this day the law of Rhode Island.

But within a month of Dorr's flight, and when all seemed quietly settling down, the citizens of Providence had good reason for renewed apprehension. Constant depredations on all possible kinds of military stores became frequent. Every night brought some account of arms and ammunition being stolen ; in one instance 50 kegs containing 1200 lbs. of gunpowder, and several small pieces of ordnance, disappeared from on board the shipping at the wharves. This proved organization and complicity both by land and water. Secret meetings were discovered in many quarters of the state, and the presence of Dorr in Connecticut, on the borders of Rhode Island, was publicly known ; and what was more appalling was the avowed protection he received from Governor Cleveland, who positively refused to give him up when called upon to do so.

It will be recollected that the "People's Convention" had fixed on the 4th of July for their reassembling at Chepachit. This small town is situate sixteen miles from Providence, and close to the boundary line between Rhode Island and Connecticut. Nothing was easier than to pass over from the latter state, men, arms, and ammunition; and by the latter end of June, a force of fully 1000 men had taken possession of the town, and made prisoners of several of the inhabitants. Dorr himself took the command on the 28th, and immediately commenced the erection of an extensive outwork, composed of earth, and mounted with sundry pieces of ordnance of various calibre, thus anticipating by several years the theories of Mr. Fergusson in England, and the practice of General Todleben at Sebastopol. Here was a direct invasion of territory, a really overt act of insurrection, and undeniable commencement of hostilities; yet a renewed demand to the Federal Government for assistance was peremptorily declined as before by President Tyler, whose sympathies were doubtlessly, as in other cases, wavering between the parties.

I pass over the minute details of the panic at Providence, the way in which it was recovered from, the proceedings of the rival legislatures, the heroism of Mr. Fenning, who had succeeded Mr. King in the "Gubernatorial Chair," the declaration of martial law throughout the state, the closing of the banks and public schools, the churches converted into barracks for the warriors that were, and hospitals for the wounded that were to be, the hurrying to and fro of steamboats and locomotives laden with troops, and "the flight of government despatches, which," in the language of the chronicler before quoted, "bespoke all the horrors of a civil war. About 3000 men

in arms assembled in the streets of Providence on Sunday," date of the month omitted, "and the sounds of drum and fife disturbed the usual quiet of that holy day. On Monday the troops were marched into line, surrounded by dear friends who bade them a solemn adieu." Then came the marching of four columns of 500 men each, and a 32-pounder, which valuable weapon was to "carry much farther than any piece they (the rebels) had, and rout them from their hiding-place," enabling their assailants to keep at long range.

"The camp," as described by the chronicler, "was upon an elevation looking down the main road for about half a mile. Six pieces of artillery, loaded with ball and scraps of iron, were levelled down this road, and from the determined character of Dorr it was feared he might pursue a reckless course, in which a terrible massacre would be the consequence."

The crisis, like the Campbells, was now coming. The Whig army neared the Locofocos, as the Crusaders neared the Infidels. They saw in the distance the country-town, as the Christian host saw the holy city.

"Ecco apparir Gerusalem si vede,
Ecco additar Gerusalem si scorge,
Ecco da mille voci unitamente
Gerusalemme salutar si sente."

Substitute Chepachit for Jerusalem, and what is the difference?

The momentous epoch had arrived,—

"The pregnant hour—not ancient Rome could match it—
Big with the fate of Fenning and Chepachit!"

The hour that was to try the mettle of the men and the metal of the 32-pounder—when at this supreme moment

—this excruciating juncture—the news transpired that the venerable father of Dorr had gained the presence of his refractory son, and, like Volumnia of old, appealed with streaming eyes to the banished but invading hero—not to spare the sacred city, but to save his precious self. The relenting modern, like the ancient Roman, resisted long, and young Dorr vowed to the old gentleman that he was resolved “to leave his bones upon the spot!” This terrible vow, like that of another mock-heroic patriot to “die upon the floor,” was happily unconsummated. At the last critical moment, when Fenning and his columns loomed in the distance, Dorr relented, repented, and consented—to run away. “And this he did,” says the chronicle, “surrounded by his body guard, and leaving his dupes in the camp—to be taken prisoners.”

But it seems that some of these desperate fellows did actually screw up their courage so far as to put their fingers on their triggers, and by “involuntary muscular motion” (Professor Faraday’s profound and philosophical explanation of table-turning), one musket did go off, in a contrary direction from the flying chieftain; for the official account by the victors stated that “a scout party advanced, were *fired upon* from the camp, and a ball passed through one of their coats *without injury* ;” Chepachit being so close at hand the rent was no doubt quickly gathered in.

This was the whole amount of casualties in that brilliant morning. An insidious attempt at embellishment was made in the Gazette by the assertion that “but two or three lives were lost.” It was certainly difficult to accurately count the bodies, or to say on which side the two or three had fallen, for it was notorious that not one of the infuriated combatants received a scratch.

The touching account of the capitulation of Providence, is thus given in the *Bunker Hill Aurora*, not *Borealis*.

“Every heart ached with anguish as morning dawned with more than the usual quiet; anxiety was pictured upon every countenance; a deathlike stillness prevailed in every household. At length their minds were relieved by an express rider, who came at full speed at headquarters. He could only say that ‘Dorr’s fort had been taken by the military, and two men killed.’ *He then fainted from exhaustion*”—and remorse at the bounce about the men in buckram.

“Two days had elapsed,” according to the above cited journal, “when it was announced that the troops from Chepachit would return with their trophies and prisoners. Thousands of ladies assembled in the streets, and the rose and myrtle were strewed in their path, until they were literally covered with wreaths and bouquets.* The waving of handkerchiefs, and the glad recognition of some dear friends, amply repaid the despondency of the parting.”

An amnesty was proclaimed, and the prisoners were discharged.

Dorr, determined to play the game out to the last, returned voluntarily and alone to Providence, doubtless expecting to be held harmless. But he reckoned in every sense, without *his host*. He was arrested, tried for high treason, condemned to imprisonment for life; and the last I heard of him was by a newspaper account, his being

* This is the Yankee translation for *bouquets*. The word is adopted into that language, but the vernacular orthography which rejects the letter *u* is not sanctioned in this instance by Noah Webster, who however, in one of his explanations of the word tells us it is an “aromatic *odor* in wine.” I never could understand the inveterate hatred of the Americans to the letter *u*. Even the word plough is always spelt after the old fashion, *plow*. This is a kind of chirographic preraphaelism, odd and unsatisfactory; and it is in contradiction to the true derivation of the word from the Danish *ploug*.

employed in the "hard labour" of *painting fans*, in "a frock coat and the prison *pants* of grey and black," emblematic of the spirits he was in no doubt. "He is," the account goes on to say, "very fleshy ; his countenance of an obstinate, determined cast ; and the general appearance of his head resembles BONAPARTE."

Here this strange, but rather uneventful history, might close, had it not been for the vague and unexplained reference to the immortal name just cited. No particular individual of the family being specified, we are left in doubt as to which Bonaparte head that of Dorr had a resemblance, and also as to the special development which suggested the comparison. Whether the expression of the writer was applicable to physiognomic or phrenologic peculiarities we are left to conjecture. But arguing from certain analogies of conduct, I am inclined to believe that Dorr's craniological formation—if that is what was meant—must be in no small degree similar to that of the present exalted head of the imperial dynasty, rather than that of its founder, who is moreover familiarly designated in America, as I have already had occasion to mention, as "General Bonypart."

Historical parallels are very arbitrary, and sometimes loose in their conclusions, from those of Plutarch down to those of our own days ; and it is in no light mood that I would venture to trace a resemblance between cases so incongruous, and individuals so different in comparative position, as Thomas William Dorr and Louis Napoleon Buonaparte. But the partial similitude forced itself upon me at every pause in the foregoing sketch, and if my readers can admit the parallel to be partly just, they will excuse such deficiencies as may be too apparent. We know on high authority, pertinent to the question, that

there is but a step from the sublime to the ridiculous. I wish my readers to take that one step with me between Paris and Providence ; and then “ look on this picture and on that.”

Louis Napoleon, filled with patriotic zeal for the welfare of his country, and somewhat suspected of personal ambition, aimed at its highest honours. Dorr had the same stimulants for his views in regard to his native state. Both made two boldly conceived, but ineffectual, attempts to attain their object. One of these attempts in each case was very near succeeding. The preparatory means for exciting public sympathy were, *proportion gardée*, very similar ; Buonaparte's tame eagle and Dorr's cocked-hat, being equally emblems of authority and power. Had Buonaparte's pistol sent its bullet into the officer who resisted him at Boulogne, or had Dorr's cannon thrown its ball into the arsenal, one might have hurled the King of France from the royal throne, the other the King of Rhode Island from the gubernatorial chair. Louis Napoleon swam for his life, and Dorr ran for his, after the failure of their respective *coups*. Each showed pluck in making two attempts in which both were again foiled. Chepachit was to Boulogne in its results what Providence had been to Strasbourg. Allowing liberally for differences of time, which is but fair between two hemispheres, Buonaparte and Dorr were elected to the supreme authority in the two republics of France and Rhode Island ; and—the first as President, the second as Governor—they owed their elections to the exercise of universal suffrage, which was in each case (but that might be calumny) pretty generally believed to have been slightly tinctured with bribery and corruption. Both these chief magistrates swore to preserve the constitution. One of them forgot his oath, the other

was not allowed an opportunity to violate his ; but each possibly considered these pledges as matters of form, taken *pro hac vice*, for the temporary good of the country, or the individual, and having nothing to do with conscience. The refuge afforded to the two adventurers on every occasion of their failures, by the neighbouring governments of England and Connecticut, was a striking feature in the career of each ; as well as those states being the rallying points for their partizans, and of departure for their expeditions. While the imprisonment to which each was subjected, under the sentences of the highest tribunals in their respective countries,—the Supreme Court in Rhode Island, the Chamber of Peers in France, with the similarity of their occupations in captivity—one painting fans, the other writing pamphlets,—both for the purpose of raising the wind,—bring the parallels down to a common termination, though the laws of geometry would never allow them to meet, nor the possibilities of politics admit of their being carried farther.

And here ends my episode, which having carried *me* much farther than I expected, and retarded me a good deal in my progress south, I must in another chapter resume my journey, though by a different route, and a good way out of the regular road.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE SOUTHERN STATES—(*Continued*).

Another deviation from the direct road—The River Hudson—The Students and Admirers of Nature—Catskill Mountains—Esopus Falls—West Point—Military and Naval Officers—Saratoga—Maryland once more—Plantation on Chesapeake Bay—Washington—Virginia—Richmond—Slave Auction—James River—Ethnological Study—A Night Alarm—English names of Plantations—Depreciation of Slave Labour—Uncertainty of Political Opinion.

THE course of the river Hudson in its whole extent from New York to Albany, a distance of 150 miles, presents a series of magnificent views, and the banks are adorned with many villas beautifully situated, and showing in their surrounding embellishments proofs of great wealth and good taste. Within these mansions are to be found domestic circles, combining thoroughly good society with that tone of independent hospitality which gives a welcome without an air of patronage, or the indifference of manner that betrays it to be a mere matter of form. I still remember the pleased surprise which I so much enjoyed on my earliest visit to this neighbourhood; and when the novelty wore off, the enjoyment was more perfect because it seemed more natural.

It may be well supposed that I was glad as often as possible to make another deviation, by such an attractive route, from the beaten path between New York and the Southern States. I have gone over the ground and

steamed up and down the river several times, both alone and accompanied by members of my family or by private friends. I have enjoyed the ever-varying views at all hours, by sunrise and sunset, in the blaze of day, in the quiet lustre of the moon, and when the deep shades of night wrapped every object in mystery and gave memory and imagination full employment. I have marked and remarked again and again, but never to satiety, all the salient points of scenery, and recalled the historical associations connected with them. The memoranda of the guide-books, and the descriptions of travellers and other story-tellers, do ample justice, and sometimes more than that, to those exquisite scenes. Few can refrain from enlarging on beauties which require no magnifying lens ; and they are constantly held up to the readers of acknowledged romance and assumed reality, in comparison with those of the better known European rivers. But comparisons, proverbially odious, are never more so than when they are applied to the grander objects of nature, in contortions of ingenious description, deteriorating and glorifying with an equality of bad taste and blunted feeling.

Every individual mind has its own way of observing and enjoying. Some are "nothing if not critical." In others the pride of nationality overcomes the love of truth. Many look at all things with a scientific or artistic eye, and must always have their hammer or their pencil in hand. The moralists who find sermons in stones, or the sceptic who seeks proofs in them to refute a theory or shake a belief, he who traces the streams on the surface of the earth or he who follows out the strata below, are all of them working for an object, and studying nature not admiring it. These are the wandering utilitarians of the

world, unconscious of their mission, which is as positive and defined as that of the engineer who designs, or the mechanic who constructs, the palpable progress of civilization.

But there is a class—and I belong to it—who never seek a region of romance but from the impulse of genuine and listless love, who roam in its wild paths, tread the forest and lounge by the river, careless how or why they came there ; who hear the concert of the rustling leaves, the murmuring rill, the sighing breeze, the singing birds, feel all to be harmonious with not a note, a ripple, or a zephyr out of tune. They mount precipitous banks of mingled rock and earth, and tread on the treasures of geology without knowing their intrinsic value, as the Indian walks over plains or bathes in waters rich in mineral wealth, ignorant of the precious quality of the stones beneath his feet.

Beings such as those love nature with a real lover's love. Like him who is absorbed by a passion for an adored mistress, they neither investigate nor look for developments of science or proportions of art. Exact symmetry or regular blending of light and shade are beyond the sphere of their admiration, which has no cunning to detect discrepancies or suggest improvements. They gaze on the object they adore, unconscious how the adoration was born, and uncalculating how it is to end. They take all on credit, and find all good, leaving to time and fate the ungracious task of analyzing, and, as it may be, of undeceiving them.

But these genuine lovers, whether of inanimate or living nature, are surely not the dreamy nonentities that the sons of science may suppose them. In their large and wholesale worship they imbibe deep draughts of

true religion and philosophy. Neither mind nor heart is narrowed by sordid and disparaging doubts. They give themselves up to a pure unquestioning faith, to live and to die in which is the greatest boon that heaven can grant to man.

It was in a mood like this that I ascended the Catskill range of hills, and looked down on the vast and varied expanse of country all around. Nothing was wanting to make it grand in the utmost sense of the word. Land and water were there in all their beautiful irregularity, with every combination to satisfy the most enlarged or most contracted mind. I never thought of rule or compass as I stood on the topmost heights of those elevations or looked down upon the plain from which they uprose.

“ I'd call them mountains, but can't call them so
For fear to wrong them with a name too low,
Meanwhile the vales beneath so humbly lie
That even humble seems a term too high.”

On the same side of the great river, but three miles towards the interior, are the Esopus falls, near the manufacturing village of Saugerties, but far enough to be out of sight of its intrusive buildings, and deadening the noise of its machinery by the incessant roar of the eternal waters. These falls form an object of the highest order—I scarcely know which to call it, of beauty or sublimity. It realizes the idea of something between both. I care not to describe the differences between it and other objects of the same nature, more celebrated because more known, but still in its obscurity possessing beauties that deserve a wide renown. The great affluence of the New World in magnificent displays of water, whether in lakes, rivers, or cascades, makes it difficult to do justice to those which

must be ranked as minor in degree. The same may perhaps be said of Europe and its streams or waterfalls. But having seen many in both hemispheres—Niagara, Trenton, Montmorenci, Schaffhausen, Tivoli, Terni, Gavernie, and many others—I can even now turn back on the memory of the Esopus, and picture its foaming waves, rolling down a gradual descent for full two miles, of width proportioned to the volume of water, through a valley of enchanting scenery, and record the impression it made as one of the most vivid and lasting of my life.

I could dwell long on such memories as these, and tell of many a place as worthy as those alluded to as pilgrimages by Nature's worshippers ; in scenes of easy access, where European feet but rarely tread. But I fear to follow where other writers may have been before me, and I reluctantly leave unmentioned the names of those hospitable entertainers whose kindness gave me facilities for seeing so much of the abounding beauty of the neighbourhood. One point is so remarkable, not only for the exceeding grandeur of the scenery but for the importance of the institution there established, that it cannot be absolutely left without mention, although detailed description is entirely useless. I speak now of WEST POINT, the site of the Military Academy, combining in itself the purposes of Woolwich and Sandhurst, for the instruction of the cadets of all branches of the United States Army. Small as that army is, being now I believe altogether under 15,000 men, it has one incomparable advantage over all others that I know of, in the fact that every one of its officers must have passed through a severe course of study at West Point, and they consequently form in themselves a body of well-trained, scientific men ; and I have no doubt the influence of their knowledge and example

on the soldiers they command is proportioned to their own habits of discipline, of the love of their profession which must result from a thorough military education from their earliest days.

Individuals of brilliant talent have often displayed the highest power of adaptation to duties and services to which they had before been unused. America has herself given ample instances. But as a rule we must not expect the ardent volunteer who fights bravely in the ranks to show a great capacity for command on emergencies requiring skill as well as courage. I have never seen any portion of the regular United States Army, except small detachments of artillery in isolated forts, kept upon the narrowest scale of a peace establishment. The regiments are so scattered along the extensive frontier line to the North and West, and so distributed in the swamps of Florida and other parts still haunted by the Indian tribes, that none are left and indeed none wanted in the seaboard cities, or the larger of the interior towns. The officers, as well as the men, are therefore little accustomed to the softening influences of society. Their lives are chiefly spent in forts and camps, or on the rough service which the warfare with savages requires; and it is only when on short leave of absence, or with recruiting parties here and there, that they are to be met with. But those whom I have occasionally known, at Washington and elsewhere, gave most favourable impressions of their tone and bearing, as well as their valuable acquirements. I never saw anything of the dandy-heroic style to be met in other countries, which makes one doubt whether the individual should be classed as a *petit maître*, or a Hercules; whose brigand-looking beard and moustache is coupled with a mincing gait and lisping utterance. The

real military men of the United States were manly and soldierly, plain in dress and unaffected in manner ; and I always longed for an opportunity to see them with their regiments, where they would no doubt have appeared to still greater advantage.

Of the naval branch of the service, unconnected however with West Point academy, I saw many more specimens, on board their ships, commanding in the navy yards, and in general society, and it is among them I found as a general rule the most striking indications of knowledge of the world and liberality of sentiment, joined with cordiality of manner and genuine politeness. What the education of West Point had effected for the military, mixing with other nations had produced in the naval officers. Professional duty gave a fixed impulse to their characters, and they were left unspoiled by the deteriorating influences of political manœuvring and party warfare.

I greatly envied the residents on the banks of the Hudson ; but they were not all capable of justly appreciating the scenes they moved in. On one occasion, when visiting with a large party a particular farm commanding a fine view of the river and the distant Catskills, and having been courteously shown over the various improvements and products in the fields by the owner, one of the admiring group, a British peer who was received with "all the honors," remarked, while gazing on the glorious prospect,

"This is indeed a beautiful country !"

"Yes, Lord," replied the gratified agriculturalist, "we are doing all we can to make it so."

Such a site (or sight) was certainly thrown away on such a proprietor. And I may record, as a *pendant* to his reply, another answer made to an inquisitive friend

of mine, in the steamer that took us up the river from Tarrytown to Poughkeepsie, which name is a disagreeable corruption from the Indian word Apokeepsing, signifying safe harbour. Among the crowd on deck was an unmistakable arrival from the Emerald Isle, a comfortable, farmer-looking man, who keenly examined the banks, right and left, as if spying out a good "location." My companion, having soon discovered the whereabouts of many of the passengers, said to me jocosely, "I must now examine your countryman;" and, approaching the stranger with an inquiring glance, he remarked that "the view was very agreeable."

"Upon my word, Sir," replied the other, with *any* breadth of brogue, "it's a very fine country."

"I see you are a native of it?" returned the questioner.

"No, Sir, but I mane to be so shortly," answered the sanguine immigrant, and I hope that was the worst blunder he made, while effecting his intention of becoming naturalized and settling in Yankee land.

It was thus that I wandered about the Hudson in irregular and "truant disposition;" picking up an anecdote here, making an observation there, and on all occasions adding to my collection of notions—as the Yankees call their merchandize—of men and things.

I more than once penetrated far into the "Empire State," as New York is sometimes imperiously designated. More methodical tourists would find room for details of certain places that rank high in public estimation, such as Saratoga, which at one time or another during the season *must* be visited by every one who has any pretension to *ton*. It was not at all to my liking; and pitying the patients who were forced to drink its nauseous waters,

I could not understand the taste of those who in high health preferred its crowded walks and crammed hotels, its heat and dust and its dribbling fountains, to the inspiring air of the broad beach and the rolling tides of Newport, or any other of the sea-side resorts for wholesome pleasure. From this fashionable furnace I was always glad, after a few days mixing with the motley crowd, to proceed, by any route, in any kind of conveyance, across the country that intervened between it and the Southern States, and I felt my freedom in the midst of slavery when I touched on "Susquehanah's banks" and once more entered Maryland.

Readers are always liable to be misled by writers who, self-deceived, give comparative accounts of places and people, and hope to do so with an impracticable impartiality. A stranger in a foreign country can, even during a long residence, know but a small portion of the inhabitants on terms of great intimacy; and in spite of every effort he must be more or less affected in forming an estimate of the whole by what he himself experiences at the hands of a few. I am satisfied that I am like all others liable to these impressions; but although I can scarcely hope to take an unprejudiced view of anything in which the heart is more concerned than the head—if physiologists will admit the old and vulgar notion that they are independent in action and distinct in attributes—that the brain in fact is something less than they assume for it, and the heart something more than a mere muscle—I may possibly pronounce a just opinion when I say that the people of Maryland and its chief city Baltimore are the most cordial, generous, and liberal portion of the Union. Nice distinctions of manners are somewhat difficult to define, between communities which are only

separated by a short geographical distance, but whose laws, religion and customs are alike. I therefore cannot attempt to trace with precision the difference between commercial cities a few hours apart, or States that are separated by an imaginary border line. But as manners are no doubt greatly influenced by institutions, the distinctions between free and slave states are at once discoverable. And I therefore had no hesitation in deciding that the whole tone of feeling in Maryland and Virginia is more frank and genial than that in New York State (I have spoken of the city already)—which shows a well-bred and cultivated medium between them and Massachusetts. In one word, as far as personal feeling is concerned, had I to choose my permanent lot in the United States, and were slavery extinct in the precincts of Maryland, it is there I should wish it to be cast. As things are I prefer New York. Least of all I should like New England.

But I am wandering in some degree into the field of comparison which a few pages back I so strongly condemned. I therefore will cast all other recollections from my mind, and dwell for a while on the memory of that fine plantation on one of the creeks of Chesapeake Bay, where some of my happiest days of American residence were passed. Two thousand acres of rich varieties of cultivated land and noble forest, rose from the side of an extensive sheet of water, over and on which myriads of wildfowl were without cessation whirling in gyral flight, or sailing about in countless numbers. This creek is the head quarters of the canvas-back duck, so precious to gastronomy and so sought for by sportsmen. And how exciting it was at early dawn or at the close of evening, to watch the indefatigable fowlers, or join in their sport,

creeping along the marshy sedges, or stealthily lying in boats till the dark cloud of flapping wings covered the lake with deeper shadows, when the flashing volley from many guns, at a given signal, brought down the feathered victims by dozens, scattering their plumage on the wind, and causing the frightened flocks reposing on the surface to rise up with the thunder of thousands of outspread pinions and screams of terror, wheeling round and round in high air from an instinct of security, then dropping down again, in happy ignorance, on the element that gave but a temporary rest from the watchful and unwearied enemy ! The manœuvring of the little boats, the plunging of the dogs, the anxious efforts of the men to pick up the dead, and pursue the wounded into the thick reeds whence the sagacious spaniels brought them out without a feather ruffled, made up the picture of waterfowl shooting, which was often watched from the shore by two or three graceful female figures, in themselves a group that completed the picturesqueness of the scene.

These were the occupations of early spring, when the new crops of wild celery were thick sprouting in the beds of the lakes, down to which the doomed canvas-backs were diving at all hours, feeding on that favourite but fatal esculent, which gives them the peculiar flavour that constitutes their superiority to all the others of their tribe, and consequently causes their wholesale slaughter. The *Chasse* was at times varied by excursions into the woods, where partridges, with legs feathered like the grouse of Europe, and twice the size of our English birds, whirred wildly past, on wings so strong, and into coverts so formidable, that I was rarely tempted to follow them, contenting myself with occasional shots at straggling

quails in the open grounds, or the squirrels which ran and leaped amid the trees, so pretty and so valueless that an instinct of sporting-destructiveness could alone excuse one for killing them.

In the torrid midst of Summer, when all was still, and the sheltering branches canopied the languid observers, the waters of the creeks and the distant bay showed many barks, looking lazy, and as though panting for a breeze to swell their sails ; and frequently during the idle day long sweeping columns of smoke floated gracefully in the sky, from the passing steamboats or the trains which traversed the wooden bridge, far away between the inlets that ran up into the surrounding country, the faint noise of the wheels sounding like warnings of the crashing thunderstorms that frequently burst around. The depths of the woods were irresistibly inviting at this enervating and scorching season ; although the singing birds were few, their voices feeble, and musquitoes abundant, while snakes were rather too often on the paths or in the grass. But it was when Autumn tempered the fierce heats that the forests showed all their splendour, when the glowing foliage reflected back the sunset from colours more deeply crimson than the clouds, with dazzling varieties of tint, almost incredible in works of art to those who have not wondered at them in nature.

Standing on an elevation in the midst of this glorious landscape, flanked by terraces, surrounded by gardens and shrubberies, and with a back ground of far-stretching forest, and views of great extent on every side, the Mansion-house was seen, built in the best style of the architecture of two centuries back, of deep red bricks, every one of them imported from England as ballast in the merchant ships of those times, and looking as proudly

feudal as residences of the old country, while the human accessories of the picture more entirely realized that epithet than anything to be seen there at the present day. The slave population, in their various out-of-door pursuits, dotted the fields with the strong contrasts of black faces and white or coloured dresses, and groups of little children creeping or running about, their skins shining like polished ebony in the sun which never seemed too hot for them, spoke the language of slavery by evident signs that wanted no voice to explain them. It all seemed very natural and very picturesque. There was nothing repugnant to the moral sense in the visible state of things. But still there was no escaping from the oft-recurring thoughts which rose up reproachfully against all the upholders of the system, however affectionate their treatment of one's-self or indulgent their sway over their unfortunate living "chattels."

Five miles through the grounds and neighbouring woods, across tangled grass, rough weeds and rougher roads—no well-trimmed coppices and smooth-laid avenues, no park, no neat-built wall, no cottage lodges, no counterparts in short of English wealth and taste—driven in the old family coach, by a gray-headed negro of about the same date as it, and drawn by a pair of sleek long-tailed horses as black as the driver—and we reach the little station on the Philadelphia and Baltimore railroad. In a couple of hours more, we are again among the stirring bustling streets of the monumental city. About the same lapse of time takes us to Washington, flying past Bladensburg, the scene of a small British victory and of many a bloody duel, glancing to the left at the dome of the capitol once more, and we are quickly ensconced in one of the new hotels in Pennsylvania Avenue.

Washington had always for me the advantage of neverfailing novelty. The changes in diplomacy and politics brought a constant succession of new persons, and new subjects of public interest and congressional discussion; while a large portion of the established society of the place, and its unceasing hospitality, secured for it an air of old acquaintanceship of the most agreeable kind.

The latest of those visits to which I referred in previous passages was during the negotiations of the Ashburton treaty, a period of real business and hard work, of an exciting but by no means of a soothing nature. Almost all the leading men in those transactions were widely scattered when I next sought the seat of government, for objects far different and less useful. My stay was shorter, but I made the most of my time, in keeping up former acquaintanceships and adding to them, so as not to leave the gaps too wide, which were constantly made by death and other removals. The whole *personnel* of several of the legations was altered. Some of the ministers, secretaries, and *attachés* had been translated to European posts. Among the missing was poor Mr. Fox, who, after years of longing for a change had not the energy when the opportunity came to avail himself of it; but remained, totally inactive, and, for many months after he was replaced by another minister, occupying the lonely house which no conviviality cheered and in which he never saw the sun shine, and where finally he was one day found by his servant lifeless by the side of the bed from which he had fallen. I greatly missed his quaint sallies at some houses where he used to visit in other days. But the American guests found ample compensation for the wit with which they had not much

sympathy, at the well served and hospitable board of Mr. Pakenham.

New and inferior men now filled the cabinet ; for Mr. Tyler, when obliged to cut loose from Webster, had to pick up recruits almost at random among the doubtful waverers between the two great parties who, like himself, had but a chance possession of official honours sure to be of very short duration. This most badgered of Presidents had however one great object in view, for the glory of his term of service, and for his own glorification and the disappointment of his enemies. Increase of territory, annexation by any name or any means, had become now the established principle of every occupant of the Presidential throne. He who could obtain most, not only secured a large share of public approbation for himself, but left to his grasping successor, whoever that might be, the fewer chances for rivalling his acquisitive policy. To gain great accessions of territory was however most difficult for any chief magistrate, keeping up all the while a pretext of moderation and disinclination to excess, negotiating long, intriguing ever, playing fast and loose, refusing, like Cæsar, the proffered crown, and only regretting, when the moment came for grasping it, that it was but in their case a figurative emblem, and that the "purple" of supreme dignity could be nothing more brilliant than a black cloth coat and satin waistcoat of the same sombre hue.

The effect of the Ashburton treaty was to give a large amount of land to the Union, to which the nation had always laid what it was taught to believe a just claim. Obtaining possession of it was therefore only, in the view of the people at large, securing what was their own. President Tyler got no credit for that, nor even

for the means, already recorded, by which the affair was brought about, and which were known to be the work of Daniel Webster and his associates. It became therefore incumbent on Tyler for his fame's sake, to turn himself in some other direction, and Texas lay most invitingly and irresistibly before him.

This was at the period the absorbing question at Washington. I heard little of any other political topic, and it naturally attracted my particular attention. Although I was in no way personally connected with its consideration, I found it on examination so rich in a certain sort of interest, that I studied and watched its progress, and shall not fail to place the results of my investigation before my readers.

Having now a long wished-for opportunity of penetrating as far southward as I ever meant or wished to go, I left Washington one fine summer morning at six o'clock, taking my passage in the steamboat on the Potomac river for Aquia Creek landing fifty miles down. The fine broad stream presented no object so interesting as Mount Vernon, the residence and burial-place of the real "father of his country," which I have on a former occasion alluded to ; and looking back on the city of his creation, its fine position leaves an impression on the mind which I have in an early chapter faintly attempted to describe.

At Aquia Creek landing commences the railroad to Richmond, the capital of Virginia, and which I may without libel pronounce to have been when I travelled over it the very worst in the world. It had at that time but recently come into use ; and bad as it is it must be considered a blessing by all travellers who have read Charles Dickens's "Notes," and his description of the old stage

road which the railway has happily made matter of history. The six hours passed in traversing the swamps and pine-barrens, with here and there a straggling negro village and a dining-place of execrable desolation, prepare one to enjoy in the fullest sense the arrival at Richmond, its fine position, handsome suburbs, and excellent hotel.

But the hospitality of the inhabitants left little opportunity for such home enjoyments as belong to those who take their ease in their inn. Each of the few introductions I brought with me brought more invitations than I could accept during my short stay; but I availed myself of opportunities of meeting some of the chief persons of the place whose society had but one drawback. Need I refer to it again for my English readers, or can such of those Virginian gentlemen whose eyes may by chance fall on this passage pardon, or even understand, the loathing with which I look back on those terrific showers of expectoration, which deluged the open fire-places of the dining-rooms in which at that season there were no fires? Wine could have no flavour for the palates which had become tobacco proof and unsusceptible of taste. Yet conversation was lively, frank, and full of matter. True to the general rule I had laid down for myself, during my whole residence in the Union, I avoided touching on either of the tender "institutions" tobacco or slavery, and I obtained much and valuable information on other subjects of local interest on which my entertainers and their friends were less sensitive.

I visited several of the neighbouring plantations, and drove about the country which in every direction is very beautiful, and in many respects brings strongly to recollection the South of France,—the dry, sandy soil, the

abundance of flowers and flowering shrubs, vines, roses, magnolias, with peach, apple, and pear trees; and long strings of mules dragging carts and cars of primitive construction laden with casks, not filled however with generous wine, but with that noxious leaf, to distil the pestiferous juice of which men's mouths perform the uses of an alembic.

Tobacco being the great staple of the State, and Richmond the chief place for its manufacture and sale, one is at every turn oppressed with its presence in every shape, and its importance in every society. A residence in Bordeaux long, long ago, almost made the name of wine distasteful, from the perpetual recurrence of its various qualities, growths, and prices, in the conversation of the great merchants whose tables were luxuriously furnished with the delicious liquid. The charm of a short visit to Richmond was much impaired by the unceasing references to, and the unavoidable evidences of, the abominable weed. Molasses at New Orleans, or pork at Cincinnati, must doubtless have the same effect on "transient" visitors.

But while in Richmond I made it a point to walk through the tobacco market, which is in fact its exchange; and a factory, where hundreds of negro workmen were busily employed, singing by lamplight in parts and choruses of simple yet most effective harmony. And I wandered frequently by the river's side listening to some poor fellow, in an idle hour strumming his banjo accompaniment to one of those melodies since made so familiar in England, while a group of grinning companions, fancying themselves happy, gambolled about, as a manacled somnambulist might dance unconscious of his chains.

It is impossible to be in Virginia, and look round into

the present state of the country, and back into its early records, without lamenting its material decay and its moral deterioration, from the days when the first bold cavaliers planted the cross of St. George upon lands of teeming luxuriance and apparently exhaustless wealth. Had it been the will of Providence that the soil should have continued to be cultivated by freemen, what a noble race would now be its occupiers, and what a rich inheritance would they possess! But even through the blight of slavery the planters of to-day show proofs of chivalric descent, and the worn-out land is garnished with forest-trees whose gigantic growth springs from a depth of soil that cupidity cannot reach and where tyranny itself can only find a grave. Nothing more forcibly strikes a European in these latitudes than the great breadth of the leaves of the various kinds of oak and other trees, which are however crowded together too thickly to allow of a proportionate expansion of stem.

Curiosity is often attributed to a higher motive, when it seeks out objects that had better perhaps be left unseen. Love of information or the amelioration of ill are no doubt genuine impulses to many of those who penetrate the haunts of guilt. But without sheltering under such motives my own morbid longing in regard to one particular spectacle, I confess that I was anxious to witness in the public street another branch of that vile trade which I had already seen in the seclusion of the "jails" at Alexandria and Baltimore. Had Bacon lived to write his *Essays* somewhat later than he did, he would assuredly have added to his list of "things to be seen and observed, such as masks, feasts, weddings, funerals, capital executions, and *such shows*"—the sale of a human being in the common market. Without any

advice from such high authority, and in spite of certain inward shrinkings, I had made up my mind to "assist" for once at the legalized crime, and the motives of my resolution to do so must be taken as one takes a wife, for better for worse.

Having ascertained which was the day appropriated to the matter in question, and finding that the main street was the authorized locality, I walked down it, peering anxiously at each side into every recess between the houses which seemed fitting for such a purpose, but without discovering any symptom of a market-place, less innocent than those appropriated to the sale of slaughtered or living cattle. No sign of extraordinary movement among the people gave notice of anything unusual. Business was conducted in the shops, groups were chatting and laughing in the streets, horsemen were trotting or carelessly walking their generally handsome and spirited animals of a good breed. Several open carriages drove up and down, with well-dressed ladies, from more than one of whom I received smiles of recognition, and all looking so lovely and so gay that it was hard to think that a deed of real darkness was enacting, under the smartly coloured awning beside which a happy party had stopped, and to which my attention was just then excited by a murmuring and monotonous voice within, while a man with the authoritative air of a police constable drove away three or four dusky-skinned urchins who were endeavouring to peep inside. As most of the shops had awnings in front, as is usual everywhere in hot weather, the one I particularly noticed was remarkable from its having canvas "walls" like a marquee, at three sides, thus forming a tent closed entirely to the street, and only opening within, in communication with the house, from which it projected.

I immediately suspected that this must be the place I sought, and my first feeling was one of pleasure at the thought of the actors being so ashamed of their work as not to do it in the open light of heaven. I boldly stepped in at an aperture close to the wall where the constable stood, and he made no objection, taking me I suppose for a purchaser. Inside was the auctioneer, not elevated in a rostrum, but standing on the ground, and six or seven white men were sitting with their backs to the office, inside of which were a few more, and a group of young negroes, perhaps half-a-dozen, of both sexes, while in front of this audience, standing on a table touching the outside wall of the tent, his back to the street, his face looking full upon the unabashed bidders, was a remarkably fine looking man, jet black, about thirty years of age, in the working dress of a plantation slave, his hands folded before him, his attitude calm, the expression of his countenance one of stern indifference. It had none of the eloquent combination so exquisitely depicted in Powers's statue. But notwithstanding the contrast between the naked marble and the coarse-clad human figure, the difference of sex, and a mere effigy with a living victim, the one brought the other so forcibly to my mind that they appeared in it as companion illustrations of the one repulsive fact. I had only seen these two specimens of the horrid trade, in art and in nature, and as I could not separate them in my feelings at the time, so do they rest united in my memory to this day.

When I entered the tent the sale was going on. The auctioneer made no attempt to excite any emulation in the impassible group of bidders. His tone was subdued, his manner quiet, his words as few as possible, and they seemed uttered without any reference to the chattel he

was disposing of or the rival candidates for its purchase. The first words I distinctly heard were "three hundred and twenty," and they went on monotonously and in the same muttered tone, without a word from any other person present, or, as far as I could observe, a glance, a nod, or a motion, to indicate an advance in the bidding; yet certainly some comprehended sign must have passed between the auctioneer and the competitors to authorize his utterance of the "forty, fifty, eighty, four hundred and twenty—fifty, four hundred and sixty, sixty—sixty, sir, he is yours;" which finished the business and handed over the object sold to the buyer whoever he was. No one claimed him, he jumped down from the table, walked sullenly into the inner room, or shop, or office, by the side of the auctioneer, when the other white men rose from their chairs and followed, in a silence to me "more solemn" than any which had ever accompanied a toast to the memory of a departed celebrity.

I stood for some short time alone under the canvas, in the heated and tobacco-tainted atmosphere, for all the other persons present had been of course smoking or chewing. I scarcely knew at first what was my exact state of feeling. I had entered the tent with a throbbing heart, greatly excited with indignant emotion. But the calmness of the proceedings, the passive air of everybody concerned, the mechanical words, and tones and movements, when they did move off, seemed to fall on me with a stupifying effect, as though I had been morally drugged and made insensible to pain even of thought.

After a pause, recovering myself a little, I walked out through the now unguarded aperture into the burning sun, across which no cloud was passing to shut out earth's

burning shame. I turned the matter over in my mind, and laboured for an explanation of the unexpected peculiarities of what I had witnessed. The smallness of the sum which the poor negro fetched, in comparison with the usual price for so fine an animal as he was, I accounted for under the probability of some physical defect—for his points and paces had no doubt been well examined into before the auction began—or he might have been “ugly” (*anglicè*, ill-tempered)—or perhaps had joined in a “Stampede” * and was a recaptured fugitive from bondage and consequently a doubtful bargain. The quickness of *the bidding*, mysterious as the process was, the sudden retreat when the sale was over, the absence of any announcement that the work of the day was at an end, the non-production on the stage or table, of the other negroes who seemed ready ranged for sale, like cattle in a pen—all this was unaccountable to me. Could it be that the presence of a *Britisher* had had any effect on those rough-looking fellows, and that some awakened pang of conscience smote them, or “made their tongues cleave to their palates,” as the arch-hero-hypocrite of the English commonwealth declared his did, when he attempted to speak in favour of the doomed monarch on whose fate that brutal silence set the seal? And might the dread of a rebuking record have broken up the imperfect scene, and stopped, till the intrusive stranger had retired, the consummation of the sacrifice? I should gladly believe in these conjectures, and grasp at the hope that however the southern slaveholders may bluster or swagger, there is one vulnerable corner in their hearts, which a sudden

* This American word, now generally applied to the escape of bodies of negroes from the horrors of the peculiar institution, means in its original sense the furious galloping of frightened herds of wild animals on the western prairies.

and trifling accident may touch with compunctious twinges. But I cannot fairly indulge in such a dream, or at best, the impression, if made at all, would be so slight and insufficient, that the relapse into dogged defiance would make it more desperate and relentless than it was before.

The incident which I have just related, though a matter of every-day occurrence, and nothing in itself in comparison with the heart-rending separations of families, husbands and wives, parents and children, of which I continually read and heard, brought slavery home to my mind in such exasperating reality that the effect was, I admit it, probably disproportioned to the cause. However that may be, my dislike towards the place assumed so decided a tone, that I suddenly determined to take leave of Richmond ; and rather abruptly declining some invitations for parties to come, I resolved to accept one, to spend a couple of days on a plantation about a dozen miles off on the banks of James River, and I accordingly proceeded there in the carriage of the owner, a gentleman from a northern state, married to a southern heiress and residing on her property.

As we left the town behind us and entered immediately into the midst of bold country scenery, with which the word rural as applied to the English landscape scarcely assimilates, I felt relieved from a whole train of unpleasant phantasies, and I knew that at any rate I should not again meet slavery in its last-seen revolting phase. The floral productions of the soil in this part of America are most profuse and varied. The luxuriant plants, the richly coloured roses, sweetbriar, kalmias, azalias, magnolias, catalpas, rhododendrons, all with leaves and blossoms on a much larger scale than those of Europe, ripe fruits in

every hedge-row, swarms of the gaudiest-tinted butterflies and humming-birds like flying blossoms, trees and shrubs bearing beautiful flowers, the acacia, the dogwood, and many others that it would be difficult to classify, with tufted creepers festooned among the stems, all pouring a perfect flood of fragrance on the air, make a whole of various and almost intoxicating charms.

A road leading from the highway to the manor-house for a couple of miles, brought all this show of natural beauty into full view; and the grass as we crossed at times out of the rugged path seemed alive with lizards and various-coloured snakes and smaller reptiles. Some cattle were scattered thinly in the unenclosed fields, and the whole visible character of the plantation was want of culture, capital, and population. No gangs of negroes worked lazily in the fields. Two or three men, evidently house-servants, were about; and one very old negro woman was lingering near, as if intending to address her master on his way, till a man whom I saw at once was the overseer or driver, carrying the invariable long-thonged whip common to such persons, darted from the shrubbery, cracked his lash, and with angry gestures drove the enfeebled old creature into a grave-covered inclosure close by, her final and fitting resting-place.

“Don’t mind it,” said my companion by my side, in answer to an involuntary look, for I had not spoken.—“He’ll not harm her. She is terribly difficult to manage, poor thing! She knows I must take good care of her as long as she can crawl, and she has nothing on earth to do but eat, drink, and sleep. But, thank God! she is almost the last of them.”

“You seem to have but few negroes?” said I.

“I wish I never had had any—but I am fast getting

rid of them," replied my host, and I soon learned that he was so repugnant to the whole system of the South that he was by degrees depriving himself of all chance of cultivating his land, by manumitting some and selling to humane masters others of his slaves, so as not to separate families, with the intention of disposing of the estate, and removing altogether to the North, where other important interests claimed his presence.

As we approached the house, which was, like so many others in the States of Virginia and Maryland, built of English bricks and quite on the old English model, his wife met us at the door, and in front of it was one of the prettiest sights I had seen in those parts—a double, cradle-formed carriage of wicker-work (drawn on wheels by a sable nurse), containing two children, each less than two years old, sitting opposite to each other, one lily-fair, blue-eyed, and with auburn curls; the other, black as jet and woolly-headed—but both with features of the most delicate infantine beauty. It was impossible to say which was prettier. Humanity could not have been put in more agreeable contrast or ethnology studied from lovelier models. The question of races had a capital starting-point from the close companionship of these two little innocent beings. What equality of cultivation might have done for them I cannot imagine; but I saw unmistakeable signs in the bearing of the unconscious pair, of innate superiority on the one side, and a yielding instinct on the other. The little white thing, when they got out of the carriage to walk and roll on the grass, in every toddling step took the lead of the other, though they were exactly of the same size, and of equal strength and agility; and the relative air of command and submission seemed as marked, as in the case of the two mothers who

looked on and smiled together, but with all the difference of manner and expression which suited the mistress and the slave. Habit alone would have produced this in the adults. It might have been individual temperament in the children. The whole scene formed, however, a very neat practical text on which to frame a somewhat complicated problem.

My short visit to this plantation enabled me to learn much, from excellent authority, as to the local policy and habits of the State, and the general system of the South. All this has been so ably treated by English writers, that I forbear to enter on disquisitions that have been ably handled already. But in wandering about the lonely and almost abandoned fields, I could see clearly how the culture of tobacco had exhausted the originally fertile soil, while there was an additional proof before me of the ruinous pride which leads most Virginian proprietors to attempt the management of estates four or five times too extensive for their capital, and consequently unprofitable and generally desolate in the same proportion. If an owner of a thousand acres of cleared land would be satisfied to farm only two or three hundred, he might be comparatively rich, while the empty honour of cultivating the whole keeps it almost barren, makes him little better than a beggar, and throws him into the ignoble and abominable trade of slave-breeding for the southern market. My sagacious host was assuredly following the most humane as well as the most profitable plan, in freeing himself from his chattels and his land at one and the same time.

Nothing could be more awfully impressive than the deep darkness of the nights and the almost unearthly stillness of everything, as I looked from my open windows

to relieve the stifling closeness of the lofty room. But the atmosphere without was no better than the air within. Whether I sat gasping at the window, or paced the matted floor, seemed all the same. Nothing was discernible beyond the white, gravelled terrace below, as my gaze vainly strove to penetrate into the murky distance. The river lay in that direction, but I neither saw nor heard it. Thick clumps of trees and numerous shrubs almost covered the house with their foliage, but they made neither sound nor sign. No breeze stirred their leaves, or moved their branches. It was only by the heavy odours that I knew there were flowers and blossoms abroad. Though millions of fireflies were on the wing, their brilliance showed only its own light on a background of impervious shadow. To sleep during such heat was impossible ; and I became at once feverish and fatigued under the monotonous oppression. I opened the two doors which led out on different large lobbies. The house was as silent as the grave. A lamp burned below in the hall, but its flame seemed to serve no purpose. Again I sat at the window and leaned forward, when a faint, earthy sound seemed to come from the far distance, and rustle through the void. It was welcome whatever it might be, and as it gradually increased I thought I could distinguish the measured fall of many feet on the grass-covered ground. It was not the regular tramp of men or horses on a level road, but a rather stealthy tread, that suddenly and irresistibly brought a notion of treachery with it. And then with electric rapidity the memory crossed my mind of the accounts I had lately heard of night risings among the slaves on isolated plantations, attacks on houses, and cruel murders by those savage insurgents.

I involuntarily went again into the lobbies and listened, but no one was stirring. I returned to the open window. The regular footfalls were nearer, the darkness as deep as ever, but no sound of alarm, no rush of violence, only one heavy measured tramp.

In such a case one has nothing to do but wait for whatever event may come. If in one's own house, it is natural and right to look out for the mischief, if there is any, seize your weapon, and stand prepared, or rouse your servants and seek the cause of suspicion. A stranger, unarmed, and ignorant of the ways and means of a new place, cannot take the initiative, to disturb his hosts ; and it is well that a sense of social etiquette prevents persons from making such a mistake as I should have made, had I sounded the alarm on the present occasion. The mysterious sounds gradually died away as I sat in my arm-chair, like a Roman Senator of old, waiting the assault of the city. As total silence returned I began to feel drowsy ; and as my eyes closed, and the faintest possible echo seemed sighing itself dreamily away, I felt a gentle breath of air stealing upon me—in a little more, a pale streak of light appeared on the horizon, the fireflies seemed self-extinguished—and just as the sun was sending up his earliest beams I threw myself upon my bed, and was soon sound asleep.

When I joined my host and hostess at breakfast, they expressed a hope that I had rested well ; and on my replying in the affirmative the master of the mansion said, he saw my light very late from my window, and he feared that I might have been disturbed by *the patrol*.

“ Oh, that was it ! ” said I to myself—and I then remembered having heard (though this was the first instance I had met with of it) how the unfortunate con-

science-haunted planters were obliged, in the midst of peace, in all times and seasons, thus to keep watch and ward through each other's grounds, armed to the teeth, and never for one hour safely and soundly sleeping in their beds, lest their desperate victims might take advantage of the least neglect, and with blade and brand carry retribution into the homes of their oppressors.

It was a brilliant morning in June when I said farewell to my kind, and I need scarcely add hospitable, entertainers, and took a boat from the little cove at the bottom of the plantation, paddled by one of the house negroes to the middle of the river, where the steamer that left Richmond at six o'clock stopped to pick up passengers. We were soon going down the stream, but against the tide, at the rate of twelve miles an hour, comparatively slow for an American river boat, but favourable for my wish to observe the scenery, and converse with the few passengers who like myself walked the deck, all the way to Norfolk, distant from Richmond about 120 miles.

The scenery of James River for nearly half of its course south of Richmond is very pleasing. The breadth is not too considerable to destroy its picturesqueness, and the banks are sufficiently raised, and the view beyond diversified enough to justify its being called beautiful. Thick groves of young trees, looking as if regularly planted by the hands of man rather than the remnant off-shoots of primitive forests, skirt the shores all along. The foliage is as usual, broad and massive, and clumps of weeping willows with long thick branches, as graceful though more solid than those of Europe, were mixed here and there with the stately trees. The colour of the river, in consequence of heavy rains, was a mixture of orange-tinted brown, and it formed a fine contrast with the deep green

of the woods and the lighter shades of those skirting fringes just alluded to, and the accidents of light and shade, produced by the sun-beams, the passing clouds, and the bright azure of the sky ; while the broad wings of flocks of turkey-buzzards showed rich and mellow, against the verdant back-ground of the leaves among which they hovered. These lazy-pinioned vultures float over the woods in large numbers, or sometimes balance themselves on the topmost branches of the loftiest trees, and form a striking feature in the scene.

There are but few houses along the banks. Many miles intervene between the residences of the planters. Now and then an old red-bricked, high-roofed, small-windowed mansion is seen, standing on some bluff, at the bends of the river or in the coves which are scooped into the woods, with a few poplars or a rugged grove around it, looking so like the old world as to startle the European observer. But the surrounding landscape is in all its features French ; these houses harmonize with it well ; and the Garonne and the Loire are brought continually to recollection.

There are no villages—the scattered huts of the labourers, or “nigger quarters” as they are technically called, making up the *hamlets* of the scene. Many schooners come up and down the river, all sail set, some lazily working their way, others towed by their little boats, a couple of hands in each. And descending lower towards Petersburg, a large ship is to be seen going for its cargo to that station, above which the river is navigable but for small craft. It now grows wider and wider. The banks recede. The country appears even less populous than before. But we see the great capabilities for a large inland navigation, and are astonished that so little progress has been made. It

was long doubtful whether Norfolk or New York would have become the great commercial port of the United States. James River possesses many advantages over the Hudson. It is never frozen ; and had Mr. Jefferson's project of connecting it with the Ohio by a series of canals been feasible, so as to command the immense connection calculated on with the vast and fertile West, there is no doubt it would have taken the lead. A rival statesman, De Witt Clinton, had however more influence in his own locality than even Jefferson possessed, and the great Southern statesman saw himself foiled in his design. The completion of the Erie Canal gave the undisputed superiority to New York, and indeed the monopoly of the important Western connection, until the construction of the railroad between Boston and Albany brought a new rival into the great field of internal traffic, and turned a large portion of it into an entirely new channel.

The names of the plantations on James River are almost all English, as Wilton, Berkeley, Brandon, Westover, &c. Wyanoke is, I think, the only exception in which the euphonious Indian appellation is retained ; and Sandy Point alone is adorned with a residence in the cottage style, giving quite a gay and modern air to the place. Jamestown Island, ninety miles from Richmond, is the oldest English settlement in Virginia. It contains 1500 acres, and is owned by an individual who farms it very much in the English fashion. It is a low, swampy, sandy, and unhealthy place ; but the proprietor's house and "quarters" close to the water, with the ruin of an old square red-brick tower, thirty feet high, with its arched doorway, the remains of the first church ever built in the country, bring notions of antiquity and of

early adventure to the mind, more strongly than any other standing relics which I had seen in America.

The small intermediate landings on the river are wild and desolate. A rickety pier formed of loose planks projects from the shore, a log hut with a high heap of fire-wood for supplying the steamboats, a few ragged negroes, an uncouth vehicle or two for the accommodation of straggling passengers, and a narrow road cut into the forest and showing a long vista with nothing to see at the end of it, are the characteristics of these stopping-places, which tell forcibly a tale of scanty population and a poor and unimproving country.

The manifest decline of Virginia, this noble district of the New World, which excites more than any other the interest and the sympathy of England from the irresistible force of old association, is mainly owing to that inherited curse of slavery, of which it felt the first *advantages*, as they were supposed to be, only to reap the earliest evils of its establishment as a fixed institution. The naturally aristocratic spirit of the first settlers was always repugnant to the democratic tone of the New England Puritans; and it must have required an overpowering amount of wrong-doing at the hands of the Royalist Governors, to rouse the descendants of the Cavaliers to such a partnership of resistance and rebellion, as that which ended in the incongruous Union which exists to this day.

Among the leading differences between the newly associated populations was the love of labour in the northern and the love of idleness in the southern. The introduction of slavery into Virginia encouraged in a fatal degree the slothful tastes of its inhabitants, and while the large increase of the evil enabled them to carry on their agricultural pursuits without personal exertion and with

great temporary profit, it laid the sure foundation for that actual deterioration which is so much to be deplored.

The value of slave labour, the sure test of the value of property, has been long decreasing. The price of a strong and healthy negro does not I believe now generally exceed 500 dollars. They may be hired (like horses) from their owners at the rate of 40 or 50 dollars a year for field labour, and as house servants at from 70 to 100 dollars. This, taking the chances of death or escape into consideration, is a doubtful investment of money. Yet such is the pride in the possession of landed property that few proprietors will sell their slaves, except those who breed them expressly for exportation. Thus immense estates of eight, nine, or ten thousand acres are kept in the hands of men, and often of widows, with little skill, insufficient capital, and scarcity of hands, and doomed to the most slovenly and nearly profitless cultivation; while a reckless expenditure necessarily brings on debt, involvement, and ruin. The most hopeless of the evils against which these planters have to contend, is the unavoidable necessity of employing not merely slave but negro labour. For generally ignorant themselves of farming, and devoted to the exercise of idle hospitality or to horse-racing, they are forced to leave the management of their estates to unprincipled overseers, unwilling or unable to conciliate the workmen even though they be free, and who give grudgingly not half the value in labour for their scanty wages. Under such a system nothing can thrive, and all is gradual and inevitable decay.

I should have been glad, had circumstances allowed of it, to prolong my stay and extend my excursions further into Virginia than I was able to do on this or subsequent occasions. The three great natural divisions of this State,

the tide-water region, the central valley, and the western portion, have all their peculiar attractions, and I have, though too hastily, visited them all, from the Alleghany range to the Ocean. The soil of the counties lying at the base of the ridge of the Blue Mountains is by far the most fertile and generous in its yield, wheat being the principal product of the Central Valley. The estates in this district are not so large as those I have already spoken of. Slaves are comparatively few in number ; and labour is there not considered as a positive disgrace to the white man. The abundance of mineral springs makes this region a place of great resort. They are named of various colours, white, blue, and red sulphur springs, warm and cold, and of great varieties of characteristic quality. Never having occasion or curiosity sufficient to induce me to taste those disagreeable liquids, I am ignorant of their respective merits ; but as resorts for pure air, lovely scenery, and pleasure in many ways, I am sure the season at those places must be a period of great enjoyment. From Harper's Ferry to the borders of the Dismal Swamp the extent is considerable and the contrast striking. It is to the latter point that I am now approaching, and I am about to bid farewell to Virginia with regret, chequered as its pleasant remembrances are with the one overwhelming drawback of slavery and its concomitant train of ills. For even its partial amelioration but one hope was suggested by the most sanguine of its inhabitants with whom I had opportunities of conversing. That is, the gradual creeping in of white labour and Yankee enterprize, in the establishment of manufactories. Several cotton mills are in operation in Virginia ; and the opposition to a protective tariff formerly so violent in all the southern states has been very much modified of late

years. Many settlers from New York and New England are gradually obtaining a footing in the upper districts of Virginia, doing the field work themselves, and causing a sensible diminution in the Negro population, which is largely disposed of to Georgia, Louisiana, and Texas.

Recent events, the struggle between North and South in Kansas, and the contest between Free Soil and Slavery extension, throw great doubt upon every movement, and perpetual instability upon all reasoning connected with the subject. The extreme uncertainty of political opinion in the Union, and the rapid shiftings of party organization make it impossible to foresee, and unwise to calculate upon, results or even probabilities. But fluctuations this moment in action (November, 1858) may before another year change the whole expression of the national countenance, every feature of which appeared three months ago so steadily fixed in favour of Slavery, filibusterism, and Buchanan.

Norfolk, the seaport of Virginia, where I spent a part of a day, gave me the impression of being the most miserable place of any name or note which I had seen in Civilized America. It may have resources within itself which I cannot imagine. It appeared to me to contain not one point of attraction except being on the ocean's verge. But the Atlantic breezes prove no guarantee against the dreadful attacks of yellow fever which make the place so notorious. I heartily pitied Mr. Gray, my colleague, whose consular duties had fixed him there for twenty years I believe, as well as the 8000 inhabitants of all colours ; and I could not consent to sleep in the town for even one night. I took my berth on board the steamer for Baltimore, and occupied a hard couch in a comfortless cabin, crossed over the harbour in her to Portsmouth at

four next morning ; waited for the railroad cars from Weldon till six, started at that hour, passing five ships of war lying ready for sea, ran close to Old Point Comfort and the rocks called the Rip-Raps, the Potomac lighthouse at midday, Annapolis, the legislative capital of Maryland (so to call it) at six, lying low by the water's edge in a magnificent sunset, and was again in Baltimore—almost feeling myself at home there—and then on at once by the old straight and beaten track to my official station at Boston.

CHAPTER IX.

THE ANNEXATION OF TEXAS.

Description of the Country—Diplomatic History of the Question—Bad Faith of American Statesmen—Mutual Vituperation.

It is not within the scope of this work to attempt a regular historic detail of the events among which the author lived, observed, and wrote. Occasional sketches of passing transactions have been introduced; but it seemed desirable, towards a true understanding of the management of public affairs, to take up one or two striking measures of contemporaneous diplomacy and statesmanship, and, while thoroughly sifting them, to show a picture composed from their own words and deeds of some of the leading politicians of the country.

With that view, I have already dwelt on the subject of the North-Eastern Boundary, and its settlement by the Ashburton treaty in 1842. As a far more striking, and still more important question, one involving the whole future fate of the Union, and compromising the public characters of most of its leading men for several years, in a series of notorious transactions, I have, after a somewhat laborious study of the matter, prepared the following essay on the Annexation of Texas. And I would seriously and respectfully bespeak attention to it, less for its intrinsic interest to European readers, than as a revelation of political morals in America.

The United States have two established national mottoes. The one, political, is *E pluribus unum*. The other, social, is "Go ahead!" The people seem not to know how dangerous the practice of the second is to the theory of the first. Nor do they, indeed, ever show any acute perception of the reciprocal action and re-action produced between politics and morals.

A moiety or more of the population consider caution in all national movements as a very despicable quality. They have implicit reliance on the cunning of their leaders to work the country safe through all small difficulties, and an overweening confidence in the power of the masses to overcome all great ones. *Vox populi vox Dei* is not with them a mere rhetorical flourish. It is a profound axiom of their faith. They believe in agitation as they believe in Providence. They think it their safeguard in all perils. And perhaps it is so, as long as it is practised wisely; but the wholesome exercise of political excitement on fit occasions is not enough for them. They overwork themselves in everything. They are shrewd without being reflective; keen observers, but shallow reasoners. They "mark" everything almost; but they neither "learn" nor "inwardly digest" anything thoroughly. They can live only in hot water. Like their "locomotives," they are always fuming, smoking, and screaming. There is nothing they love so much as creating a panic—except taking advantage of it. But their greatest glory is to have a "crisis." The Annexation of Texas was a very serious one. It was successful. Impunity made them reckless. From Texas they went to Oregon, thence to Mexico, thence to California. They can go no further: perhaps it may turn out that they have gone too far.

Accession of territory has been the ruin of many

empires. There is no food so likely to whet the appetite that feeds on it ; and a great deal of it may be swallowed before the national apoplexy comes. Taken in moderate meals it is very nourishing ; devoured in large quantities it is fatal. Nations in this aspect may be classed as ruminant or gluttonous. England chews the cud, like a cow ; America devours, like a boa constrictor.

The acquisition of distant and isolated colonies may be freely indulged in by a powerful parent state. They can be safely let loose and cast off on occasion like the boats from a storm-beaten ship. But an overgrown mass of contiguous territory is like an unwieldy vessel. If her hull is too heavy, her masts too lofty, and her sails too large, the billows and the wind are too much for her—and she goes to pieces or goes down.

These figures are, I admit, more in accordance with Yankee custom than with classical taste. A speech or an essay in America is considered incomplete unless illustrated by some allusion to a ship or a steam-engine. They are, like many other good things, as often abused as used. But I give up rhetoric and come to facts.

The United States having, without any mischief to their Union, acquired enormous additions of territory to the south and west, in the vast districts of Florida and Louisiana, and also some on the north-east, in portions of New Brunswick and Canada, by skilful but not always by honest negotiation, imagined that their country, like their cupidity, should be boundless. In going for anything they are not satisfied with less than the whole of what they seek ; and when they acquire that whole, they instantly begin to long for more. However scrupulous they may be in beginning a bargain, they always satisfy themselves that the *end* justifies the means. Therefore it

is that although they may commence a purpose with real or pretended moderation, they stop at nothing for its accomplishment.

The Texas question, which amply illustrates this position, was beyond comparison the most serious of the incidental subjects which have been introduced into the foreign policy of the United States since the establishment of the Republic.

This question had been in one shape or another before the country for full a quarter of a century. Repeatedly agitated, it had at intervals lain in abeyance ; but the interests it involved were always of great importance, even before the public mind was turned towards them, with an intensity proportioned to the issue that was inevitable.

In briefly sketching the history of this question, so as to make it intelligible to all general readers, I shall avail myself of a mass of state papers, political and private correspondence, party pamphlets, arguments sound and false, details authentic and spurious, egotism, selfishness, sophistry ;—and marvellous will it be to see into how small a compass so much matter may be reduced.

I will strive to unravel the web which the “knaves, fools, and other concretes” * of opposing parties have so industriously tangled. The merits of the question, as far as the objects and policy of the United States are concerned, really lie in a nutshell. The only difficulty is to break and throw aside the crustaceous covering of special pleading, and pick out the little kernel of truth.

Texas, a portion of the vast region extending along the Gulf of Mexico, from the Atlantic Ocean to the Rio Bravo del Norte, and originally known by the general name of

* Watts's “Logic.”

Florida, was founded as a separate province of New Mexico in the year 1690 ; and appertained with the rest of that country to Spain, by right of discovery and possession, for full three hundred years, from about 1530 till the recognition of Mexican independence by the court of Spain in 1836.*

Louisiana, a French colony, and an appanage of the French crown from its formation as such in the middle of the seventeenth century, was, in the year 1762; ceded by France to Spain without any specific designation of boundaries, and in the year 1801 it was retroceded by Spain to France by the treaty of St. Ildefonso.

Texas was then, as it is now, the western boundary of Louisiana, but the line of frontier was, up to that period, undetermined by treaty. The general description of the retroceded country in the treaty of St. Ildefonso was that it included the colony of Louisiana "with the same extent as when it was in the possession of France." The River Mermento, between the Mississippi and the Sabine, was always considered the dividing line between Louisiana and Texas ; the respective governors agreeing, in order to avoid disputes, that the territory between the Mermento and the Sabine should be considered as neutral.†

The region comprised between the sources and the mouths of the River Mississippi was discovered by the celebrated La Salle and his fellow-adventurers, between the years 1682 and 1685,‡ although some

* The western boundary of Texas had been always matter of much dispute. Mexico considers the river Nueces as the boundary ; but the pretensions of the United States having extended to the Rio Grande, led to the war with Mexico, which virtually began on the 13th January, 1846, the day on which President Polk ordered the army of General Taylor to advance and take possession of the disputed territory.

† See letter of Don Luis de Onis to Mr. J. Q. Adams, of March 23rd, 1818, in the American State Papers.

‡ Some MSS. of La Salle, particularly his "Mémoire" proposing his expedition

Spanish writers and diplomatists have put forward claims to previous discoveries by travellers of their nation.* In the early part of the last-mentioned year La Salle made a landing on the coast of Texas, where he built a fort. He was killed by some treacherous followers of his own, on an expedition in search of the Mississippi, in March, 1687. The few individuals left in the fort erected by him on the shores of the Bay of St. Bernard were dispersed by a Spanish force from New Mexico; some of them captured, others killed by hostile Indians, and all vestiges of their temporary possessions destroyed. The Spanish Government soon after established entire military possession of the country, thus freed from the French intruders; building, in the year 1698, the Presidio or fort of San Antonio de Bexar, and in 1716 that of Espiritu Santo, since called Goliad, and a few years later the Presidios of San Miguel de los Adeas and Oresquezar, and the town of Nagogoches, without any opposition from the French.

The title of Spain to the whole of the province of Texas was as indisputable as to that of the rest of Mexico. Spanish settlements existed on the Rio del Norte, the western boundary of Texas, a century before La Salle had discovered the Mississippi or landed on the shores of Texas.

Louis XIV., however, with empty assumption and impotent munificence, made a pretended grant of certain portions of this country to Monsieur Crozat in 1712.

down the Mississippi, and some letters at Chicago, in April, 1683, fix the date of his discovery to have been 1682. These MSS. and the account of the first expedition by the Chevalier Henri de Toully, prove that France never claimed Texas to the Rio Grande del Norte, as asserted by Bancroft (for party purposes) in his History of the United States.

* These asserted discoverers of the Mississippi were Don Alonzo de Soto, in 1541; of Florida, Don Juan Ponce de Leon, in 1512; Vasquez de Allezon, in 1525; Panfilo de Narvaez, in 1527; &c.

This grant and the enterprise it authorized had no result. About the year 1720 the governor of Louisiana made a feeble effort, with a subaltern named La Harpe and a detachment of twenty men, to effect a settlement on the eastern frontier of Texas ; but this attempt received no support from the French Government. Spain retained the possession of Texas undisturbed for more than a century later than that period. Some few map makers put forward occasional pretensions to French claims ; but France had not even a shadow of right to such, for there can be no shadow without some substance. The courts of France and Spain never had any dispute about these matters.

Spain, however, had not brought the vast territories of Texas under actual settlement. Numerous tribes of Indians occupied portions of the country. The governors of Mexico under the Spanish crown had no power to push civilization so far to the eastward, nor were the French occupants of Louisiana able to colonize the wild tracts west of the Mississippi, even if they had possessed any right to do so. When France, therefore, became again the owner of Louisiana, in 1801, Texas was still an unexplored and undisputed wilderness. But the gradual increase of population, dropping in from the western and southern portions of the United States, gave year by year some slight importance to the hitherto unpeopled district.

The American general, Pike, who visited the country in 1807, and published his observations on it, reckoned the whole number of inhabitants at that period at 7000 souls, of whom 2000 resided at San Antonio, the capital. He states the general population of the province to have been "composed principally of Spanish Creoles, some

French and Americans, and a few civilized Indians and half-breeds." The Mexican authorities by degrees invited settlers, making them liberal grants of land, with good titles on easy terms, and Texas soon became in fact an Anglo-Saxon colony of old Spain.

France did not take possession of Louisiana under the new cession from Spain until the year 1803, and then only for the purpose of transferring it to the United States of America during the same year, for the price of sixty millions of francs.* This important transaction was effected while Mr. Jefferson was President and Mr. Madison Secretary of State.

It was entirely unexpected by the Court of Spain. It excited strong feelings of indignation in the king, who immediately issued a protest against it, as opposed to the meaning and spirit of the treaty of St. Ildefonso. But Napoleon Buonaparte being at one side of the question and Ferdinand VII. at the other, it is unnecessary to say which party prevailed. Spain had only to submit, and to enter, with the best grace she could assume, into a negotiation for a treaty of boundary with the Government of the United States, as well as for the settlement of claims of its citizens for spoliations committed on their commerce. The negotiation continued for sixteen years; Spain during the whole of it being influenced by repugnance to the near neighbourhood of democracy,—the Republic by an insatiable longing after territorial encroachment. Spain had not forgotten that most of the conspicuous statesmen of the United States had long fixed their attention on her South American provinces, and anticipated, if they did not actually co-operate in the revolution which was one

* The Louisiana Treaty was signed at Paris, in April, 1803.

day to tear them from her grasp. Miranda's expedition in 1798, General Wilkinson's projects about the same time, Aaron Burr's designs still later, and, in the spring of 1818, the enterprise of the Lallemands, were recent in the public memory. And the disposition of persons still more important, and by whom the public mind of the republic was to be influenced on this subject, could be no secret to the statesmen of Madrid, and their diplomatic agents in the New World.*

The government of the United States soon began to put forward pretensions that France had never acted on as to the western limits of Louisiana. The Rio del Norte, which included the entire province of Texas, was the boundary pertinaciously insisted on in repeated diplomatic notes and other state papers by Jefferson, Madison, Monroe, John Quincy Adams, Henry Clay, Jackson, Van Buren, and Forsyth, while acting as Presidents of the Union or Secretaries of State. This right was asserted in many forms, as "undoubted," "demonstrable," "clear," "unquestionable," "incontestible;" † but the whole of this almost incredible mass of assumption and assertion was founded on the pretext, and no other, that France had at some

* See the "Memoirs of General Wilkinson," "Aaron Burr's Biography," and "Jefferson's Correspondence." There is a remarkable passage in one letter of Jefferson's to A. Stewart in 1786, where he says, "Our confederacy is the nest from which all America, North and South, is to be peopled;" and he recommends the "not pressing too soon upon the Spaniards, until the population is sufficiently advanced to gain their possessions *piece by piece*." In another letter from Mr. Jefferson to Mr. Bowdoin, in 1807, he says, "We expect from the friendship of the Emperor (Napoleon) that he will either compel Spain to do us justice, or abandon her to us. *We ask but one month to be in the city of Mexico.*"

† Mr. J. Q. Adams pushed these pretensions to their utmost length of absurdity, in his letter to Don Luis de Onis, of March 12th, 1818, in which he exclaims, "Well might Messrs. Pinckney and Monroe write to Mr. Cavallos, in 1805, that the claim of the United States to the boundary of the Rio Bravo was as clear as their right to the island of New Orleans"—which notoriously belonged to them by recent right of purchase and was then in their actual possession

time or other put forward a "*claim*" to the territory of Texas as being a portion of Louisiana, and that a few maps, avowedly unofficial and undoubtedly spurious, were to be found, which traced a line of boundary in accordance with this pretension.*

The inconclusive arguments of successive governments and negotiators were however of no avail on this point. Spain was inflexible. The minister, Cavallos, and his successor, Pizarro, who bore the brunt of the negotiation, would not yield a boundary even so far westward as the River Colorado, to which at the very farthest it was pretended that La Salle had pursued his predatory course. The published private letters of Mr. George W. Erving, United States minister at the Court of Madrid during the latter part of the negotiation, as well as the various diplomatic notes, entirely substantiate this. And Mr. Erving, finding it impossible to persuade or intimidate Spain into any concession, proposed to his government to remove the negotiation to Washington, in hopes no doubt that a more powerful influence might be there brought to bear on an individual diplomatist than he was able to exercise over an entire cabinet. Mr. Erving's suggestion was adopted by his government, and acceded to by Spain. Full powers were given by the latter to Don Luis de Onis, the minister to the United States, who remained firm to his instructions. A voluminous correspondence between him and his crafty opponent, Mr. John Quincy Adams, then Secretary of State, led to the conclusion of a treaty on the 22nd of February, 1819, for the purchase of the

* There is every reason to believe that Jefferson certainly meant the boundary of Louisiana to be the ridge of mountains in which the Mississippi has its source. The terms of the purchase mark this boundary. No part of the country beyond the mountains ever formed, or was really supposed to form a portion of Louisiana.

Floridas by the United States from Spain, and for the settlement of the limits of Louisiana, by which the River Sabine was agreed on as the south-western boundary of that territory, and Texas was consequently confirmed and admitted to be, what it always had been in right and fact, a province of Mexico and a possession of Spain.

Yet, twenty years later, in defiance of history, fact, diplomatic negotiation, legislative enactments, and executive ratification, an immense party in the United States had the effrontery to speak, write, and publish orations, essays, and books, on what they called the *re-annexation* of Texas to the United States; and this imaginary re-annexation was adopted as the rallying-cry of this great party. Enough has been said to show that the pretext that Texas ever belonged to France, either by right of discovery, conquest, or possession, or to the United States by right of purchase, was entirely unfounded. Many of the ablest men in the American Congress have repeatedly refuted the asserted claim.* But it long stared the world in the face, and it was never abandoned by its inventors until Texas was annexed.

The most notable among the advocates of this pretension was Mr. Robert J. Walker, considered as among the leading individuals of the Democratic party in Congress. He was one of the senators for the State of Mississippi, and having been put forward by some of his constituents as a candidate for the office of Vice-President at the election in 1844, they required his opinion on the Texan question, and his reply took the published form of a close-printed

* Amongst those may be particularly specified Mr. Robert C. Winthrop and Mr. Kennedy, members for Massachusetts and Maryland. Their speeches abound in passages of admirable reasoning and eloquent invective against this impudent pretension.

pamphlet. In justice to this gentleman, subsequently Secretary of the Treasury at Washington, and the party he represented, and to enable every one to understand the grounds on which the question was argued in the United States, I give the following extracts :—

Is it expedient to re-annex Texas to the American Union? This is the greatest question, since the adoption of the constitution, ever presented for the decision of the American people. Texas was once our own; and, although surrendered by treaty to Spain, the surrender was long resisted by the American government, and was conceded to be a great sacrifice. This being the case, is it not clear that, when the territory which we have most reluctantly surrendered can be re-acquired, that object should be accomplished? Under such circumstances, to refuse the re-annexation is to deny the wisdom of the original purchase, and to reflect upon the judgment of those who maintained, even at the period of surrender, that it was a great sacrifice of national interests.

Texas, as Mr. Jefferson declared, was as clearly embraced in the purchase by us of Louisiana as New Orleans itself; and that it was a part of that region is demonstrated by the discovery, by the great La Salle, of the source and mouth of the Mississippi, and his occupancy, for France, west of the Colorado. Our right to Texas, as a part of Louisiana, was asserted and demonstrated by Presidents Jefferson, Madison, Monroe, and John Quincy Adams. No one of our Presidents has ever doubted our title; and Mr. Clay has ever maintained it as clear and unquestionable. Louisiana was acquired by a treaty with France, in 1803, by Mr. Jefferson; and, in the letter of Mr. Madison, the secretary of state, dated March 31, 1804, he says, expressing his own views and those of Mr. Jefferson, that Louisiana “extended westwardly to the Rio Bravo, otherwise *Rio del Norte*. Orders were accordingly obtained from the *Spanish* authorities for the delivery of *all* the posts on the west side of the Mississippi.” And in his letter of the 31st January, 1804, Mr. Madison declares that Mr. Laussat, the French commissioner who *delivered the possession of Louisiana to us*, announced the “Del Norte as its true boundary.” Here, then, in the delivery of the possession of Louisiana by Spain to France, and France to us, Texas is included. In the letter of Mr. Madison of the 8th July, 1804, he

declares the opposition of Mr. Jefferson to the "*relinquishment of any territory whatever eastward of the Rio Bravo.*" In the letter of James Monroe, of the 8th November, 1803, he incloses documents, which, he says, "*prove incontestably*" that the boundary of Louisiana is "the Rio Bravo to the west;" and Mr. Pinckney unites with him in a similar declaration. In a subsequent letter—not to a foreign government, but to Mr. Madison—on the 20th of April, 1805—they assert our title as unquestionable. In Mr. Monroe's letters, as secretary of state, dated January 19th, 1816, and June 10th, 1816, he says, none could question "our title to Texas;" and he expresses his concurrence in opinion with Jefferson and Madison "that our title to the Del Norte was as clear as to the island of New Orleans." In his letter, as secretary of state, to Don Onís, of the 12th March, 1818, John Quincy Adams says, "The claim of France always did extend westward to the Rio Bravo. * * * She always claimed the territory which you call Texas as being within the limits and forming a part of Louisiana." After demonstrating our title to Texas in this letter, Mr. Adams says, "Well might Messrs. Pinckney and Monroe write to Mr. Cavallos, in 1805, that the claim of the United States to the boundary of the Rio Bravo was as clear as their right to the island of New Orleans." Again, in his letter of the 31st October, 1818, Mr. Adams says, our title to Texas is "established beyond the power of future controversy." *

Here, then, by the discovery and occupation of Texas, as a part of Louisiana, by La Salle, for France, in 1685; by the delivery of possession to us, in 1803, by Spain and France; by the action of our government, from the date of the treaty of acquisition to the date of the treaty of surrender (avowedly so on its face); by the opinions of all our presidents and ministers, connected in any way with the acquisition,—our title to Texas was undoubted. It was surrendered to Spain, by the treaty of 1819; but Mr. Clay maintained, in his speech of the 3rd April, 1820, that territory *could not be alienated*, merely by a treaty; and, consequently, that, notwithstanding the treaty, Texas was *still our own*. In the cession of a portion of Maine,† it was asserted, in legislative resolutions, by Massachusetts

* The reader is particularly referred to page 299 of this volume, for an extract from Mr. Adams's speech at Bridgewater in Massachusetts, in 1844, in which he completely refutes the above-quoted letter in 1818.

† This alludes to the settlement of the north-eastern boundary question, by the Ashburton Treaty of 1842.

and Maine, and conceded by this government, that no portion of Maine could be ceded by treaty without the consent of Maine. Did Texas assent to this treaty, or can we cede a part of a territory, but not of a state? These are grave questions; they raise the point whether Texas is not now a part of our territory, and whether her people may not now rightfully claim the protection of our government and laws. Recollect, this was not a question of settlement, under the powers of this government, of a disputed boundary. The treaty declares, as respects Texas, that we "cede to His Catholic Majesty." Commenting on this, in his speech before referred to, Mr. Clay says it was not a question of the power, in case of dispute, "of fixing a boundary previously existing. * * * It was, on the contrary, the case of an avowed cession of territory from the United States to Spain." Although, then, the government may be competent to fix a disputed boundary, by ascertaining, as nearly as practicable, where it is; although, also, a state, with the consent of this government, as in the case of Maine, may cede a portion of her territory, yet it by no means follows that this government, by treaty, could cede a territory of the Union. Could we by treaty cede Florida to Spain, especially without consulting the people of Florida? and, if not, the treaty by which Texas was surrendered was, as Mr. Clay contended, *inoperative*.

This is no question of the purchase of new territory, but of the re-annexation of that which once was all our own. It is not a question of the extension of our limits, but of the restoration of former boundaries. It proposes no new addition to the valley of the Mississippi, but of its reunion, and all its waters, once more under our dominion. The treaty which struck Texas from the Union, inflicted a blow upon this mighty valley; and who will say that the west shall remain dismembered and mutilated, and that the ancient boundaries of the republic shall never be restored? Who will desire to check the young eagle of America, now refixing her gaze upon our former limits, and repluming her pinions for her returning flight? What American will say that the flag of the Union shall never wave again throughout that mighty territory; and that, what Jefferson acquired, and Madison refused to surrender, shall never be restored? Who will refuse to heal the bleeding wounds of the mutilated West, and reunite the veins and arteries dissevered by the dismembering cession of Texas to Spain? To refuse to accept the re-annexation, is to *re-surrender* the territory of Texas, and dis-

member the valley of the West. Nay, more, under existing circumstances, it is to lower the flag of the Union before the red cross of St. George, and to surrender the Florida pass, the mouth of the Mississippi, the command of the Mexican Gulf, and, finally, Texas itself, into the hands of England.*

A reference to the negotiations which led to the Florida treaty of 1819, and a cursory glance at the provisions of the treaty as regarded the question of boundary, will put the extracts just quoted in their true point of view. Their reasoning is not worthy of remark. And their style no one could condescend to criticize—not even in consideration of respect for “the Red Cross of St. George,” and unaffected compassion for that most be-plucked of all bipeds since the days of Diogenes’ cock—the unfortunate “young Eagle of America,” from whose carcass and giblets these ranters will pull every feather by-and-bye.

The almost interminable correspondence on the subject of the boundary between the United States’ ministers and those of Spain, whether at Madrid or Washington, can leave no doubt in any impartial mind that the claims of Spain to the rights of sovereignty over Texas were just and valid; and that those of the United States were what Don Luis de Onis designated them in his correspondence with Mr. Adams, “amazing and extraordinary pretensions,” “inconsistent and exorbitant,” “exceeding in magnitude and transcendancy all former demands started by the United States.” †

This was the guarded and courteous language of diplomacy. In ordinary parlance much stronger might have been most justly used.

* Letter of Mr. Walker, of Mississippi, relative to the re-annexation of Texas. Philadelphia, 1844, pp. 5, 6, 8, 9.

† Letters from Don Luis de Onis, of Nov. 16th and Dec. 12th, 1818, and January 16th, 1819.

Mr. Adams, finding that all his sophistry was baffled by the plain reasoning of De Onis, his threats of discontinuing the negotiation unavailing, and his pretended ultimatum without an end, after refusing to enter on the examination of the many historical and official documents offered on the part of Spain, and being driven one by one from every position he had attempted to maintain, at length consented to abandon the Rio Grande del Norte, the Colorado, and all the other boundaries contended for, and actually proposed (October 31st, 1818) the River Sabine, which the Spanish minister accepted; and the treaty was signed (as before stated) on the 22nd of February, 1819, and ratified by the President, Mr. Monroe, three days afterwards, February 25th.

But the treaty was not ratified by the King of Spain until October 24th, 1820; and finally by the Senate of the United States, February 19th, 1821, just two years from its being originally signed by Don Luis de Onis and Mr. Adams. Much discontent and angry discussion arose from the long delay in the ratification of the treaty by the government of Spain. This delay had two causes. The ostensible and minor one was the necessity of certain *éclaircissements* relative to grants made by the Crown of Spain, to some of its own subjects, of lands in Florida previous to and pending the negotiations for its cession to the United States. The occult and important cause was the fact of several hostile expeditions having been prepared by private individuals in the United States for affording armed assistance to the South American insurgents, and from the belief of Ferdinand VII. and his Ministers that the United States only waited for the ratification of the treaty to acknowledge the independence of all the revolted colonies—a well founded belief, as was proved by the

result, for in 1823, the United States recognized Mexico as a Sovereign Republic, thirteen years before she conquered her right to the title. Don Luis de Onis has been unsparingly abused for his asserted mismanagement of the negotiations for the Florida treaty, on the grounds of his apparent admission, in the wording of some of the articles, that the United States had ceded to Spain, or exchanged for portions of her possessions in Florida, certain territories in Texas.

These flippant strictures on the conduct of De Onis are most unjust. They proceeded from a careless examination of the treaty and the correspondence which preceded it ; and from taking for granted the bare-faced assertions of certain American writers. De Onis argued admirably, and entirely put down the pretensions of Mr. J. Q. Adams. The wording of the treaty by no means bears out the censure alluded to. De Onis received the approval of his sovereign, new honours, and a fresh diplomatic appointment. The true reasons of the delay in the ratification of the treaty are stated above. They were not, as is supposed, at all produced by dissatisfaction with the treaty itself.

I will only make one concluding observation on the management of this transaction, and it shall take an interrogative form.

Does any one living believe it probable, or almost possible, that the United States of America would at any time have relinquished a claim to any territory to which it had any foundation of claim ; and more particularly when the party it contended with was feeble, and unable to afford any effectual opposition except that of great and all prevailing Truth ?

But let us just glance at the wording of the treaty itself.

The treaty consists of sixteen articles.

The 2nd article stipulates that His Catholic Majesty “cedes to the United States all the territories belonging to him east of the Mississippi.”

Article 3rd settles the boundary line west of the Mississippi, from the mouth of the River Sabine in the Gulf of Mexico to the northward and westward, and contains a clause for incorporating the people of Louisiana with the citizens of the United States.

In Articles 5, 6, 7, and 8, mention is made of the territories ceded by Spain to the United States, that is, the Floridas. But in no one of the sixteen articles is there the slightest allusion to *territories* ceded by the United States to Spain, or exchanged for other territories.

Article 3 certainly does contain the following stipulation :—

“The United States hereby cede to His Catholic Majesty all their rights, claims, and pretensions to the territories lying west and south of the said line”—of boundary. And this abandonment of “claims and pretensions,” which alone constituted the assumed existence of any *right* on the part of the United States, is unblushingly called, over and over again, by the highest authorities in the United States, by men coming from all sections of the country, and belonging to all shades of parties, the “cession of *territories*,” the “alienation of *territory*” &c. Passing over many of those instances on the part of numerous inferior and ignorant persons, in and out of Congress, and confining myself to those on the part of individuals of note, I find,—

In the first place, Mr. Clay, declaring, in the passages just quoted by Mr. Walker from his speech in Congress

in April, 1820, that "territory could not be alienated by treaty ;" and that, notwithstanding the treaty just before effected, "Texas was *still all their own.*" And that there was in the treaty "an avowed *cession of territory* from the United States to Spain."

It is indeed painful to contemplate a man of such noble qualities as adorned the mind of Henry Clay thus warped by the national bent to argue public matters unfairly. How justly retributive does it seem, that this very question, which was the rock on which he meant to build his political fortunes in 1820, should be that on which they split in 1844 ! Conscience could not hold stubbornly out for a quarter of a century. He dared not maintain the doctrines regarding Texas during the Presidential election of that year, which he had long before proclaimed in Congress. When questioned and cross-questioned as to his opinions, he hesitated, shuffled, and contradicted himself. He wrote one letter for the north, another for the south, and left both unsatisfied. And consequently he failed in the great object of his life's ambition. The men who so freely quoted him to sustain a wrong, would not vote for him to maintain the right. And how bitterly must he have repented, that such persons as Mr. Walker might boast of his great authority to establish one of the most untenable assumptions of political fraud !

In the debate in the Senate, January 29th, 1850, on Mr. Clay's motion relative to Slavery, and called his "Compromise," Mr. Foote "protested against the assumption that there is any doubt of the title of Texas to all the territory which she assumed in her organic law"—which claimed to the Rio Grande del Norte. Mr. Clay replied that "his proposition was not to take absolutely from Texas the territory which she claimed. He had expressed

his own opinion that the title of Texas was good to the territory in question."

But Clay had the bad excuse of a bad example. Mr. Monroe, the President, in his message to Congress, December 7th, 1819, announcing the conclusion of the Florida treaty, says :—

"For territory ceded by Spain, other territory of great value, to which our claim was believed to be well founded, was ceded by the United States."

"Was *believed* to be well founded," was the reservation which justified the deception in one portion of this sentence. But what palliative appears for the other? "Other territory of great value *was ceded* by the United States," when it was, in fact and truth, notorious to the whole world that the United States ceded no territory, and had none whatever on that occasion to cede.

Mr. John Tyler, following Mr. James Monroe, *longo ab intervallo* in every sense, in his message to the Senate, April 22nd, 1844, informs them that "he had negotiated with Texas a treaty for the annexation of the country to the United States." And that "if it should meet with the approval of the Senate, the government will have succeeded in reclaiming a territory which formerly constituted a portion, as is confidently believed, of its domain."

"Confidently believed!" "reclaiming a territory." These are moderate but misleading expressions. The territory was no doubt *re-claimed*; but Mr. Tyler intended that he should be supposed to have meant, that it would be *redeemed, recovered, re-annexed*, in short. And as to the "confident belief"—none of the believers being specified, no one was "compromitted during the pendency of the transaction," to use his own favourite phraseology.

Next comes Mr. Polk, Mr. Tyler's successor to the unexpected honours of the Presidential throne. In a letter dated April 23rd, 1844, in reply to a summons made on him for his opinion on annexation, he states as follows:—

“I have *no hesitation* in declaring that I am in favour of the IMMEDIATE RE-ANNEXATION OF TEXAS to the territory and government of the United States. I entertain *no doubts as to the power or expediency of the re-annexation*. The proof is clear and satisfactory to my mind that *Texas once constituted a part of the territory of the United States, the title to which I regard to have been as indisputable as that TO ANY OTHER PORTION OF OUR TERRITORY*. In my judgment the country west of the Sabine, and now called Texas, was most unwisely *ceded away*. It is a part of the great valley of the Mississippi, directly connected by its navigable water with the Mississippi River, and *having once been a part of our Union*, it should never have been *dismembered* from it.”

But Mr. Charles J. Ingersoll, Chairman of the Committee of the House of Representatives on Foreign relations, actually out-Polks Polk in this matter. In his speech in Congress, January 3rd, 1845, he expressed a hope “that Congress would show the world that the United States will have the right, and will maintain it, to replace Texas where it was, from the Treaty of Louisiana, in 1803, to the treaty of Florida, in 1819—*an integral and essential part of this Union*.”

I have no doubt but that Mr. Charles J. Ingersoll knows the meaning of the word “integral;” but I doubt if the spirit of the word from which it is derived is, politically speaking, in his mind or his heart.

And how many notes of admiration, or rather of

amazement, might not be appended to the monstrous passages I have quoted !

But to carry out these assertions of right into entirely practical wrong, the following doctrine is simultaneously with them put forth by Mr. Walker.

In our treaty of 1803, by which we have seen, *Texas* was acquired by us from France, we pledged our faith to France and to *the people of Texas* never to surrender that territory. Such was our pledge to France and to *the people of Texas*, by the treaty of purchase. And if our subsequent treaty of *cession* to Spain (1819) was not unconstitutional and invalid, it was a gross infraction of a previous treaty, and of one of the fundamental conditions by which Texas was acquired.

Here, then, are many grave questions of constitutional power. Could the solemn guarantee to France and to *the people of Texas* be rescinded by a treaty with Spain? Can the government of the United States, by its own mere power, surrender any portion of its territory? Can it expatriate and expel from the Union *its own citizens* who occupy the territory, and change an American citizen into a citizen of Spain or Mexico? These are momentous questions, which it is not necessary now to determine.*

There is no disguise here. It is an absolute avowal, though put in a questionable shape, that the treaty of 1819 with Spain, that well-considered result of sixteen years' negotiation between the countries ("fraudful negotiation," as it is with great *naïveté* called by an American author†) had become altogether inoperative and unbinding on the United States, and that under the unproved and empty pretence, so long vainly attempted to be established, to a boundary other than the one solemnly agreed on, the United States would be justified in claiming, and of course seizing on, the vast region of Texas between the Sabine and the Rio del Norte. Thus taking advantage (admitting

* Mr. Walker's Letter, p. 6.

† "Texas and the Texans." By Henry Stuart Foote. Philadelphia, 1841.

for argument sake the monstrous reasoning) of their own "unconstitutional" act, and "gross infraction of a previous treaty," for the spoliation of Mexico, the secured successor to all the rights of Spain to the region in question, under the treaty of peace of 1836.

Be it further remarked, that in all the reasoning thus put forward, "Texas" and "the people of Texas," are mentioned as though they had been specifically included in the purchase of Louisiana, whose territory and whose people were alone referred to in the treaty with France of 1803 ; although by the subsequent treaty of 1819 with Spain for the settlement of limits, the River Sabine was established as the western boundary of Louisiana, proving beyond all possibility of cavil that the United States had no rightful claim to one foot of ground in Texas, or to the allegiance or citizenship of any one individual among its inhabitants. One may dispassionately ask, can effrontery and dishonesty go farther than this ? And further, with all due respect, what hope can there be for a country the leading statesmen of which adopt and carry out such a system ?

And whence proceed these lamentable instances of bad faith and bold imposture in the public men of the United States ? These are indeed "grave and momentous questions ;" and the necessity of discussing them is an ill argument for human nature and political liberty. Without stopping now to thread the labyrinth into which these questions lead, I must for the present be satisfied with saying that while legislators and rulers in other countries seek their inspiration from above, those of America look for it from below. A higher order of civilization leads to a loftier ambition. Men who have their rewards in a proud sense of national and individual honour act from

the unseen springs of secret impulse. But those who are governed by the world's opinion—the baser, as well as the better part of it—move in subserviency to the eyes that are fixed on and the fingers that are pointed at them. Lacking the strength of mind and the amount of virtue required to bear the public gaze and to brave the popular dissent, they are moved by those general principles of selfish ignorance which influence the mass of mankind. Want of courage in the public men of America is the main source of their want of honesty.

For the refutation of most of the statements and opinions contained in those passages above cited, I am satisfied to depend on the plain facts of the case. But with reference to one of the individuals so deeply concerned I cannot refrain from bringing forward other and more recent evidence of contradiction, namely, his own openly pronounced addresses to his constituents, and in his place in Congress.

The late Mr. John Quincy Adams had been for many years held up as a great authority in the United States for all matters of diplomatic or legislative fact. Having been, in default of a majority of the popular vote, appointed by Congress to fill the office of President of the United States for one term in the year 1825; and being at the next election altogether rejected by the people, and subsequently foiled in his desire of being named as a Senator from Massachusetts, and of obtaining even the less important office of Governor of the State, he descended from the quiet dignity of retirement, to become a violent and mischievous member of the House of Representatives, for a paltry country district. He was till his death, at upwards of eighty years of age, one of the most active and quarrelsome members of Congress. He mixed

in every petty question, only to mar it. He was identified with nothing great, except the question of abolitionism, and even that he contrived to make little by his acrimonious personalities. To the garrulity of age he united the indiscretion of boyhood. And, in his bitter hatred of General Jackson, he became entangled in a tissue of crimination and recrimination with that veteran in foreign and domestic broils, and several other persons, touching this very Texas question.

When rogues disagree, honest men do *not* always get their own; but truth is very often elucidated by the quarrels of the untruthful. The present enquiry is an eminent instance of that fact.

In a lecture of two hours' duration delivered in 1844 in one of the American towns, Mr. Adams had the infatuation to run a muck against his personal enemies, and at the same time to expose his own official duplicity in a very extraordinary way. He launched forth, on this occasion and others soon after, into a strain of peculiar invective against the memory of General Jackson, on account of his efforts to obtain Texas for the United States; and he laboured hard, though it was in truth an easy task, to prove the futility of all the arguments of the advocates of annexation. Not only, be it observed, those arguments which are founded on questions of international law, constitutional power, or political expediency, but those springing from the claims of former rights to the territory, of which he had been himself a most dogmatical asserter! A few passages from his latest reasonings may be instructive when placed in juxta-position with his former sophistry; for they will give a fair instance of the hollowness of American diplomacy, in this echo from one of its most noisy mouthpieces.

In one of his vituperative speeches on November the 6th, 1844, commenting on the letter (of which I have given an extract) from Mr. Polk of the preceding month of April, and in which the writer went on to state that “the Spanish government had been ready to recognise a line far west of the Sabine, as the true western boundary of Louisiana, as defined by the treaty of 1803 with France,” Mr. Adams says, *and says truly*,—

“In all this, Mr. Polk proclaims nothing but his profound ignorance of the whole subject. There was no boundary of Louisiana defined by the treaty of 1803. The reference was to former possession and other treaties, as you may see by referring to the treaty. France and Spain had never agreed upon the boundary. On the side of France there was *nothing but claim*. On the side of Spain there was claim and possession; Texas itself, and every settlement in it, bore Spanish names, and were under Spanish government.”

On the 23d of January, 1845, in the debate in Congress on the proposed resolutions for the annexation of Texas, Mr. Adams according to the published reports “reverted to the right claimed to annex Texas, by virtue of the treaty of 1803, which it was said gave us that territory. He went into a lengthy argument, and brought up a great many historical reminiscences, to disprove this position. He referred to the fact that in 1802 Mr. Madison, then Secretary of State, was charged by the President (Mr. Jefferson) in the course of the negotiation then pending for the cession of Louisiana, to give Spain a guarantee of all her territory beyond the Mississippi, and that one of the reasons why the subsequent negotiation between G. W. Erving and Pizarro was broken, was because Mr. Erving was not empowered to give the same guarantee, to show what Mr. Jefferson thought of the Louisiana treaty, and the territory we acquired thereby. Mr. Adams read an extract from one

of Mr. Jefferson's letters, to be found in the third volume, page 511, of the biography written by his grandson, in which he (Mr. Jefferson) speaks of the boundary of Louisiana as being in the highlands west of the Mississippi, &c.

“ We have some claim (says Mr. Jefferson) to go to the Rio del Norte, and a better to run as far east as the Rio Perdido. What is the difference in a land claim, asked Mr. Adams, between *some* claim and a better? (Laughter.) Mr. Jefferson said, also, that if we take advantage of the war in which Spain was engaged, we should get Florida, the *good* claim, if we did not get the other.

As to the argument that by the cession of Louisiana, the people of Texas acquired rights which it was not competent for the United States to deprive them of, it was plain that all this was *an after-thought*, a mere *device* conjured up for the occasion.”

In this style does this “venerable” statesman, one of the fathers of the country, not only repudiate and turn into ridicule the conduct of Jefferson, Madison, and Munroe, those former fathers (who together with himself make up the four fathers of the Florida treaty), but he stamps with indelible shame his own efforts to swindle and to bully Spain out of territory which he at length admitted was known by himself and all the others to be hers by right, and which it was actually proposed at one period of the negotiation solemnly to guarantee to her.* And in a published letter to some abolitionists of Bangor, in the State of Maine, July 4, 1843, he says, “Have we not been fifteen years plotting rebellion against our neighbouring republic of Mexico for having abolished slavery throughout her dominions? Have we not aided and abetted one of her provinces in insurrection against her for that cause?”

* Lest Mr. Adams's assertion should not be considered good evidence of this fact, I can refer the reader to Mr. Erving's diplomatic correspondence to confirm it. Am. State Papers, vol. iv.

And have we not invaded openly and sword in hand another of her provinces, and all to effect her dismemberment and to add ten more slave states to the Confederacy?"

Mr. Adams, with all his undoubted talents and acquirements, has been but of questionable advantage to either the youth or the manhood of his country. If, as a schoolmaster, he taught the young idea how to shoot, as a diplomatist, he taught the more matured intelligence how to cheat. In both cases it must be admitted he had apt scholars, for they often hit the mark. But no lessons of high morality or proud integrity have been mixed with his *public* teaching. Even, when from motives of personal hate, he ranged himself at the right side, his influence was as nought. The Texas question did not want his aid. Those who saw its real merits repudiated his testimony in its favour. The law of morals and the morals of law equally rejected him.

“*Semel malus semper præsumitur esse malus.*”

But I will pass over this incorrigible offender to Mr. Charles J. Ingersoll, who, in reply to one of his venomous attacks, thus handled his conduct with regard to Texas:—

TO THE PUBLIC.

Numerous petitions, last session of Congress, referred to the committee of Foreign Affairs, concerning Texas, fixed my attention on that subject.

Since I first considered the subject, several years ago, I have always pronounced the surrender of Texas unlucky, unwise, inexplicable. But neither Mr. Clay's condemnation of it, General Jackson's, nor Mr. Erving's, induced me to censure anyone for it. On the contrary, till Mr. Adams's deliberate and offensive attack

stimulated me to search for proof of his guilt or folly (which I am about to exhibit), I really thought, and said, he was guilty of nothing more than one of his frequent blunders. About to convict him, as he has left me no alternative but to do so, all I ask of the impartial of all parties is to read his outrageous attack, made with ungovernable acrimony, as my justification for the severity of a retort which, less bitter, will, perhaps, be more poignant than the attack. The reaction shall be, mathematically at least, equal to the action.

At the time of my publication, and during all the last session of Congress, nothing came from him on the subject of what he calls *Tex-ass*. He reserved it, he says, for summer study at home; and early last month the autumnal result appeared, in three philippics, spoken and printed at Boston, Bridgewater, and Weymouth, in which General Jackson, Mr. Tyler, Mr. Polk, Mr. Calhoun, Mr. Irving, Mr. A. V. Brown, and myself, are arraigned as conspiring to calumniate him: convicted, sentenced, and executed, as far as hard words, bitter thoughts, and fustian diction go; and his victims are pulverized, ground to impalpable powder, subjected to Waterloo defeat, blown to atoms, imbedded like insects in the amber of his eloquence, grasshoppers stuck in the snouts of beasts. This is his own rhetoric. He says that the viperous breath of slander is shed upon him from my forked tongue. I am "the politician of the Five Points,"* whose rattlesnake malignity against him had an origin congenial to that of the hero of the hermitage.† I am hypocrite, slanderer, sycophant; until at last, rising to the grand climax of vituperation, in a catastrophe which must injure one or the other of us, Mr. Adams indignantly snatches from the village newspapers their rubric of the press, and bravely declares that, whatever I may think of his qualifications for public affairs, he has shown that he does not want those necessary

"To put in every honest hand a whip,
And lash the rascal naked round the world."

Before I defend myself—which is a minor consideration with the world—I shall endeavour to make it acquainted with Mr. Adams's connection with what he calls the *Tex-ass* robbery. His voluminous defence consists in what he deems full proof that we have neither right nor claim to that country. The letter I now publish, from John Quincy Adams, Secretary of State, is addressed by him in that

* The lowest and most disreputable part of the city of New York.

† General Jackson.

capacity to the late George Graham, Commissioner of the General Land Office.

Mr. Adams's letter to Mr. Graham must be introduced by a short explanation. The two brothers, Generals Charles and Henry Lallemand, pining in want, obscurity, and idleness, schemed the erection of a Spanish kingdom in Mexico and Texas, of which Joseph Bonaparte was to be monarch. One or both of them went to Texas on an errand which produced Mr. Secretary Adams's letter of instructions to Mr. Graham, despatched to that country secretly by President Monroe, to prevent any surreptitious occupation of any part of it by French, Spanish, or any other intruders. From the Mississippi to the Sabine, from the Sabine to the Colorado, from the Colorado to the Bravo, from the mouth of that river, on the Gulf of Mexico, to its northern source beyond the Green Mountains, even to Lieutenant Fremont's peak beyond the south pass in Oregon,—all this did Mr. Adams insist upon in June, 1818, as *the United States*, which he gave away in February, 1819, six months after, because, he says, they had no right, made no claim to it, and whoever says so is liar, knave, and fool.

Now the argument of all Mr. Adams's denunciation of General Jackson, of Mr. Tyler, of Mr. Polk, of Mr. Calhoun, of Governor McDuffie, of Mr. Brown, of Mr. Erving, and of me, the whole argument of not less than a volume of print, the result of all his Midsummer Nights' Dreams is, that the United States had no *right* to Texas beyond the Sabine; that they made no *claim* to Texas beyond the Colorado; that they never dreamed of Texas as far as the Bravo; and that, as to the Santa Fe settlements on the north of that river, it would have been the grossest injustice and absurdity to make any pretension to them. Mr. Adams has been in the habit, I have understood, of terming General Jackson a Tennessee barbarian. In his Braintree philippics, the General's double-dealing, imposture, folly, ignorance, profligacy, mendacity,—in one word, his villany,—in this Texas affair, are painted in the blackest colours. He is called Tiberius Cæsar, Louis XI. of France, Ferdinand the Catholic of Spain; robber, thief, hickory hero, and the like; Medusa, with a Gorgon's head; Até, hot from Hell; Alaric, the pest of nations; Attila, the scourge of God, are conjured into Adams's jargon, the whole strain of elaborated allegation, with what he pronounces overwhelming proofs, that, as Texas never did belong to the United States, and never was claimed by them, it was monstrous injustice

to Mexico for General Jackson, by what Mr. Adams calls his *God-defying villany* to rob that country from Mexico; and it is monstrous traduction of Mr. Adams for General Jackson to express *his astonishment* that our *government* gave it up by the Florida treaty. General Jackson is expressly compared by Mr. Adams to a horse thief for doing so; and setting forth the defence of this horse-thief, as Mr. Adams says he heard him make it in Boston, he pronounces it a much better justification for stealing the horse than General Jackson has for what Mr. Adams calls stealing Texas from Mexico. What are we to think then of the statesman, or honest man, or any man, who, after spending a whole summer, with his unquestionably superior advantages and the best opportunities of making good his case, is thus easily convicted, by the records of his own department, by a letter under his own signature, every line of which bears intrinsic evidence of Mr. Monroe's wary patriotism, and of Mr. Adams's peculiar diplomacy? And what shall we say at that sting at a benefactor who warmed him in his bosom, when Mr. Adams writes of Mr. Monroe, that he was *more than indifferent* as to Texas.

I am not now arguing the Texas question. All that I am attempting, at present, is to defend myself from Mr. Adams's outrageous attack, in which many eminent personages are implicated as conspirators with me to rob a neighbouring country of its possessions, and an honourable man of his reputation. And our best offensive defence is to convict him, as this letter of his does.

* *Mr. Ingersoll's Address to the Public, December 7th, 1844.*

I think my readers will be not only obliged to me for giving this *exposé* of the want of integrity, and of even the decencies of consistent fraud, in the highest functionaries of the United States Government; but amused, if not much edified, at this mild specimen of the manner in which the most prominent men of the country carry on their warfare against each other. But the great fact which I

* The author of this letter, Mr. Charles J. Ingersoll, an active member of Congress, must not be confounded with his brother Mr. Joseph Ingersoll, who was a few years back United States' Minister in London, a worthy specimen of an American gentleman, though he was, I believe, (like his immediate successor, Mr. Buchanan, and the present incumbent) originally "a Philadelphia Lawyer."

have been anxious to establish, and I think I have done it effectually, is that neither Jefferson, Madison, Monroe, Adams, nor Clay, had the least belief in the justice of the claims with which for sixteen years they vexed and harassed the Court of Spain, which they abandoned with reluctance, and for the assertion of which by their congenial successors, their own ineffectual and false assumptions were made the pretext.

From this branch of the subject I now return to another, as heavily laden with the bitter fruits of American diplomacy.

CHAPTER X.

ANNEXATION OF TEXAS—(Continued).

Mexican Affairs—War of Independence—War with Texas—Battle of San Jacinto—Overtures for Annexation rejected by the United States—Texas turns to Europe for Aid—President Tyler's Policy—Election of Mr. Polk—Resolution for the Annexation of Texas—Final Consummation of the Work.

THE opposition in the United States to the acquisition of Louisiana in 1804 was very formidable to the government. It was fiercely objected to in the northern portions of the Union as giving extension and stability to slavery, at all times very odious there. And it was, moreover, considered to be in actual violation of the Constitution, which, it was asserted, gave no authority to the Union, as it existed then, for the acquisition of foreign territory.

The measure was, however, carried. Yet while Jefferson defended its policy as wise and necessary, he himself admitted that the letter and spirit of the Constitution were both strained to their utmost, if not stretched too far, to meet the exigency of the case. Defending this measure on the principle of necessity—the *salus populi*, to which all acts of legislation are justly subservient—he proposed an act of indemnity for the past transaction; and even an amendment of the Constitution, for the purpose of admitting the incorporation of Florida with the Union, the anticipated sequel to the purchase of Louisiana.

The prosperity which in a few years accrued to the newly admitted territory—which was soon divided into the three States of Louisiana, Arkansas, and Missouri—silenced all objections and converted all opponents. And the minds and eyes of the people, traversing with a glance the turbid waters of the Mississippi, were quickly and firmly fixed on the immense and fertile plains beyond them, with an admiring and a covetous gaze. Ignorant of the value of these unknown tracts, they had hitherto looked with indifference on the efforts of the government to extort them from Spain. But their great importance being now palpable and understood, a general desire for their possession began to spread throughout the Union.

Hardy adventurers were, little by little, taking possession of the soil under Mexican grants. A few Spaniards and some American buccaneers roamed over the country. A desperado named Long, and another called Lafitte, “the Pirate of the Gulf,” became distinguished among the vagrant population. The former of these men, with perhaps a hundred followers, went so far as to put forward a mock declaration of independence. He lived to see the country shake off the yoke of Spain, and was soon after assassinated in the city of Mexico, to which place he went for the purpose of sharing in the triumph of success.

Mexico commenced in 1821 her war for Independence against Spain; and it was terminated, gloriously for the cause of freedom, in 1836, on the 12th of December of which year a treaty of peace, concluded at Madrid, acknowledged the independence of Mexico, and her right to all the revolted territories in her possession.

But as early as 1825, during the war, and about two years after the recognition of Mexican independence by

the United States, as soon in fact as decency permitted the open avowal of their policy in making that recognition, but in manifest contempt of the national rights and of the protest of Spain, John Quincy Adams, President, and Henry Clay, Secretary of State, tried a first attempt to secure a transfer of Texas, from the rebel province of Mexico, whose title was of course unsound until victory changed the doubtful revolt into a successful revolution. For occupation of territory in war gives no title until the occupation is made permanent by a treaty of peace. Mr. Clay, by letter dated March 25th, 1825, strongly urged Mr. Poinsett, the United States' minister at Mexico, to carry out the views of the President, by persuading the Mexican Government to substitute for the River Sabine, "either the Rio Brassos de Dios, or the Rio Colorado, or the Rio del Norte," as the western boundary of Louisiana.

On the 15th of March, 1827, Mr. Clay renewed his soft-persuasions, through the minister at Mexico, saying, that "the President (still J. Q. Adams) thinks the present might be an auspicious period for urging negotiations to settle the boundary of the two Republics. The boundary we prefer," continued Mr. Clay, "is that, which beginning at the mouth of the Rio del Norte at the sea, should ascend the river, etcetera, to the southern bank of the Arkansas to its source in latitude 40° north; and thence to that parallel of latitude to the South Sea." He adds, that "the government might be disposed to pay a reasonable pecuniary compensation (which he fixed at a million of dollars), and that the treaty might provide for the incorporation of the inhabitants into the Union."

Mexico not being willing to grant the required accommodation, nothing was effected by the quasi-Whig adminis-

tration of Adams and Clay ; and it remained for their democratic successors, President Jackson and his Secretary of State Van Buren, to try their skill in the matter.

Mr. Van Buren accordingly wrote to the then United States' minister at Mexico, August 25th, 1829, as follows : —“ It is the wish of the President that you should, without delay, open a negotiation with the Mexican government for the purchase of so much of the province of Texas as hereinafter described. The territory of which a cession is desired by the United States, is all that part of the province of Texas which lies east of a line beginning at the Gulf of Mexico, in the centre of the desert, or grand prairie, which lies west of the Rio Nueces. The treaty may provide for the incorporation of the inhabitants into the Union.” And the sum of five million dollars was offered as an equivalent.

But Mexico still declining, General Jackson again returned to the charge. Through Mr. Livingston, then Secretary of State, on the 20th of March, 1833, he renewed to the minister at Mexico the former instructions on the subject of the proposed cession.

On the 2nd of July, 1835, Mr. Forsyth, then Secretary of State, repeats those instructions by desire of the persevering general, and expresses “an anxious desire to secure the very desirable alteration in the boundary with Mexico.”

On the 6th of August, 1835, Mr. Forsyth once more instructed the United States' minister at Mexico to “Endeavour to procure the following boundary: beginning at the Gulf of Mexico, proceeding along the eastern bank of the River Bravo del Norte to the 37th parallel of latitude, and thence along that parallel to the Pacific.”

“This noble and glorious proposition of General Jack-

son," as Mr. Walker triumphantly calls it in his letter, received no more favour than the less glorious one by some degrees—of latitude—of Mr. Adams, or than any of the others. And with this last-dated seems to have ended all attempts at the proposed purchase. The United States were thus doubly foiled. They could not persuade the benighted Spaniards that it was their interest to give up for nothing—nor the besotted Mexicans that it was theirs to sell for next to nothing, in comparison with its value—either the whole or part of the magnificent territory, containing 300,000 square miles of the richest and most fertile soil in the world.

Through the whole period of the negotiations the war between Spain, the mother country, and Mexico, the rebel colony, was fiercely raging. The rebellion had had no absolute result. Even as late as July 27th, 1829, the Spanish General Barradas, with an army of 4000 men, had captured the Mexican city of Tampico, which he held until the 20th of September following. Yet, on the 25th of August, 1829, the fate of this important expedition being undecided, and the question of Mexican independence still entirely in doubt, the administration of Jackson and Van Buren proposed, as we have seen, the purchase of Texas from Mexico; the treaty being still in full force by which the United States had confirmed the right of Spain to the much coveted territory, and while the war for its severance from the mother country was fomented, and mainly carried on, by the enterprize and valour of American citizens.

That the war was so encouraged and assisted by the people of the United States, with the ulterior object of obtaining possession of Texas, admits of not the smallest doubt. The premature recognition of Mexican

independence in 1823, the haste with which negotiations for the purchase were commenced by one administration, and the perseverance by which they were followed up by its successor, the inducements of protection and pecuniary aid held out to the Mexicans during their hazardous struggle, are proofs sufficient of the motives which urged the United States, in the apparently generous support which they gave to the revolt. No one who has looked into this question will give them credit for a single action or motive really "noble or glorious." That many deeds of personal bravery were acted by the American settlers in Texas, and by the volunteers who joined them from the States, is true. But it is equally so that the government and the country at large were influenced only by ambitious and selfish views, and by that inordinate thirst for territorial dominion which could be quenched in nothing less expansive than the Pacific Ocean.

It will have been observed that in all the attempts to carry out this object, not one of the Presidents, Secretaries of State, or ministers, talk of the proposed arrangement with Mexico as aught but "a transfer of Texas to the United States," "a settlement of the boundary between the two Republics," an offer of "compensation" to Mexico, "a purchase of a portion of the province of Texas," "an alteration in the boundaries with Mexico."

Not an allusion is made to "*re-annexation*," to "*re-acquisition*," to "*re-possession*," "the restoration of ancient boundaries," or "the recovery of what was once their own;" thus giving the lie by implication to all that had been said before, and by anticipation to the profligate adoption of those phrases, which subsequently formed the staple of the *arguments* put forth by the leading organs of the annexation party in support of their project. The truth

slipped out in Mr. J. Q. Adams's speech in Congress before quoted. All the revived claims, in virtue of the pretended acquisition of rights by the cession of Louisiana, were "plainly an afterthought—a mere device conjured up for the occasion."

And how well did the inventors of this device understand the temper of the people they would delude, and how unscrupulously did they labour to delude them! Knowing the fearful risk to the existence of the Union involved in the acquisition of Texas, these advocates of annexation strove, in defiance of truth and reason, to persuade the ignorant throughout the country that Texas had been once "their own," and that justice demanded that they should "again" obtain it. This is a precisely parallel case to the whole mass of false declamation poured out a few years previously on the question of the north-eastern boundary between Maine and the British North American provinces, by which the people of the United States were roused into spurious enthusiasm, and actually forced into a belief in their right to the territory claimed, which at last became as rooted as their religious faith.

Seeing how the United States behaved to Spain in reference to this Texas question, let us now glance at their conduct as regards Mexico, while tracing the proceedings of the latter State in reference to Texas itself.

During the conflict with the mother country, and as the best means of organising and consolidating the national resistance, the rebel government of Mexico adopted, in the year 1824, a Federal Union similar to that existing in the United States; establishing several independent State Governments. Texas, being incorporated with the province of Coahuila, was recognised as

one of those independent States, and as such admitted into the confederacy.

A succession of domestic revolutions, and a number of Presidents in a short time, were the fruits of, and the obstacles to, the rapid triumph of the new Republic. Military leaders quickly rose and disappeared, the general accusation against them, on the part of their several rivals, being that they had, each and all, been guilty of violations of the Constitution of 1824. A series of tyrannical despotisms all over the country, and an almost paralyzing anarchy, seemed to call imperatively for one bold Dictator, to swallow up all the rest. This fearful desideratum was obtained, in the person of Santa Anna, an intrepid and unscrupulous soldier. He rallied the discontent and desperation of the country into a successful opposition against Bustamente, the President of the Republic in 1833 ; and on the latter being deposed and banished, Santa Anna succeeded to the Presidency, almost immediately issuing a decree, by which all the States' governments were abolished, and the whole power of the government concentrated in himself.

All the separate States of the confederacy submitted, with the exception of the provinces of Zucatea and Texas. The first of these raised a force of 5000 men to oppose the decree. But after a vain resistance and great slaughter they were defeated and reduced to entire submission.

Texas hastened to join issue with the hitherto successful Dictator. She flew to arms ; gallantly opposed the first attack of Mexican invaders on her territory, and after several conflicts with far inferior numbers, defeated General Cos and made him and his division prisoners.

The United States, constant to their policy of fostering every effort that might bring the possession of Texas

nearer to their reach, gave ample assistance to the recusant province, in men, money, and munitions of war. Without this aid the Texans could not have successfully coped with the enterprising and experienced Santa Anna, backed by the undivided force of Mexico, for the war against Spain had now virtually ceased.

Santa Anna in person soon took the place of his defeated General Cos, but only to follow his fate. After some rapid military operations, attended with ferocious cruelty, the worst of which was the butchery, in cold blood, of the Texan Colonel Fannin, Colonel Bowie, the celebrated inventor of the national weapon, the knife that bears his name, and nearly five hundred other prisoners of war, Santa Anna was ingloriously surprised by the Texan force, under Houston the newly-chosen President of the young Republic, and captured with the whole of his army, at the affair called by courtesy the battle of San Jacinto, in the month of April, 1836.

This action was decisive of the war. Some feeble efforts and many empty threats were put forth by Mexico at various periods since that event ; in defiance of the recognition of Texan independence, under the hand of Santa Anna and his chief officers, as the condition of their release from captivity.* But that independence was from that day entirely established, and out of all danger, except that arising from the persevering efforts, insidious and

* The convention signed by Santa Anna and his officers was never ratified by the Mexican Government after Santa Anna's return, a sufficient evidence of bad faith on the part of the defeated despot. This document among other articles contains the following one :—

“ *Fourth.* That the President (Santa Anna), in his official capacity as Chief of the Mexican nation, and the Generals Don Vincete Tilasola, Don Jose Urea, Don Joaquin Ramirez y Sesma, and Don Antonio Gaona, chiefs of armies, do solemnly acknowledge, sanction, and ratify the full, entire, and perfect independence of the Republic of Texas, with such boundaries as hereafter set forth and agreed upon for the same.”

open, of her grasping neighbour the United States of America.

It will be seen from the foregoing sketch that the war of Mexican Independence against Spain continued fifteen years, from 1821 to 1836 ; and that the war of Texan Independence lasted three years from 1833 to 1836 ; and that no treaty of peace was ratified between the two powers (Mexico and Texas), although the war had been virtually at an end since the battle of San Jacinto.*

The United States, from motives sufficiently evident, acknowledged the independence of Mexico in 1823, in about two years after the commencement of the war between that country and Spain. And on the 25th of March, 1825, two years after that recognition, Mr. J. Q. Adams the Whig President, through Mr. Clay his Secretary of State, began the negotiation with Mexico (in full revolt at the time) for the acquisition of Texas, thus endeavouring to establish the principle, that the acknowledgment of Mexican independence by the United States, absolved the latter from all international obligations to Spain, as far as that question was concerned. Such was the doctrine on which the negotiation with Mexico was based. Now, the United States, under the Democratic President Jackson, acknowledged the independence of Texas in 1836, three years after the commencement of her war against Mexico. And we have seen that in 1836 the war was, for every purpose of independence, finished, by the defeat of the

* It must be mentioned that Texas, considering the war as nominally existing, followed the bad example of Mexico, and attempted occasional marauding expeditions across her frontier, wretchedly planned, miserably conducted, and always failing. The most remarkable of these was that attempted in the summer of 1841, known as the Santa Fe expedition. Nothing could exceed the ignorance and incapacity with which this abortive foray was conducted until its final capture by the Mexican forces, according to the accounts published by some of the American and English adventurers engaged in it.

Mexican President, the capture of his army, and the signature of a convention equivalent to a treaty, by himself and his chief officers. If in the former case the United States were justified, as they pretended, in treating with rebellious Mexico (in 1825) for the cession of Texas, assuredly the reasons for treating with independent Texas, for the cession of any part of her territory, or the annexation of the whole of it, were infinitely stronger in 1837.

On the 4th of August in that year (Mr. Van Buren being the Democratic President), the republic of Texas—weak, disorganized, threatened still by Mexico, doubting her own ability to maintain her hard-won independence, aware of the oft-repeated efforts of the United States to obtain the junction of her territories to the great Union—formally proposed the so long-wished-for annexation, through her accredited minister at Washington, General Memucan Hunt.

On the 25th of August, Mr. Forsyth, Secretary of State, in the name of the President, peremptorily declined the proposal.*

The grounds for this immediate rejection of the proposed annexation were strange enough, when considered in connection with all that the United States had been labouring so hard to effect for thirty-four years previously, ever since the acquisition of Louisiana in 1803.

Mr. Forsyth informs General Hunt, in the first place, that "two large additions (Louisiana and Florida) have been made to the domain of the United States since the adoption of the Constitution. In acquiring them this government was not actuated by a mere thirst for sway over a broader space. The circumstance of their being

* The correspondence is contained in the fourteenth volume of the "Register of Debates."

colonial possessions of France and Spain renders those transactions materially different from that which would be presented by the annexation of Texas. The latter is a State with an independent government, acknowledged as such by the United States, and claiming a territory beyond, though bordering on the region ceded by France in the treaty of the 30th April, 1803."

But the second section of Mr. Forsyth's official refusal is still more startling.

He goes on to say, "So long as Texas remains at war while the United States are at peace with her adversary, the proposition of the Texan minister-plenipotentiary necessarily involves the question of war with that adversary. The United States are bound to Mexico by a treaty of amity and commerce, which will be scrupulously observed on their part, as long as it can be reasonably hoped that Mexico will perform her duties and respect our rights under it. The United States might justly be suspected of a disregard of the friendly purposes of the compact if the overtures of General Hunt were to be even reserved for future consideration ; as this would imply a disposition on our part to espouse the quarrel of Texas with Mexico—a disposition wholly at variance with the spirit of the treaty, with the uniform policy and the obvious welfare of the United States."

The history of diplomacy furnishes no instance of greater want of candour, nor the history of States a greater absence of generosity, than is contained in the above paragraph, well known to be not merely the dictation, but the production of Mr. Martin Van Buren.

Well might Texas be indignant and disgusted. After all her efforts to effect a separation from Mexico, for the oft-avowed purpose of meeting the wishes and views of

the United States by a junction of the two countries, after all the sacrifices on the one hand and the encouragement and promises on the other, Texas found herself at the very moment of success, and having overcome all obstacles, heartlessly thrown aside, to sink or swim on the political ocean, without pilot or chart by which to shape her perilous course.

And what were the excuses for the rejection of her offer ?

First, that Texas was at war with Mexico.

And in what position was Mexico while the United States laboured hard for successive years to obtain from her government the annexation of Texas ? Was she not at war with Spain ? And if it were then right and fair to annex to the United States a large portion of Mexico, what possible objection could there be against a Union with Texas—on this ground of war ?

But the war was notoriously at an end—and the excuse was in every sense a mockery.

But secondly, says Mr. Van Buren, by his organ Mr. Forsyth, “the United States was bound to Mexico by a treaty of amity ; and to do anything implying a disregard of the friendly purposes of the compact would be at variance with *the uniform policy* of the United States.”

This was gravely asserted by Mr. Van Buren as President in 1837, the very man who, as Secretary of State in 1829, opened a negotiation with Mexico for the annexation of this very same territory of Texas, while Mexico was at war with Spain, and while a “treaty of amity” existed between the United States and Spain.

One is really puzzled whether to be more amazed at the sophistry or amused by the coolness of this transaction.

The truth of the case was this. Van Buren, cunning and timid, a stickler for appearances, dared not in the face of the world venture on the annexation of Texas *so soon*. The acknowledgment of independence was too recent—its object too obvious. The policy was to delay awhile, till the decencies of public law and the proprieties of comity were to a certain degree satisfied—and then!

Even Mr. Walker, in his peculiarly unintentional candour, admits the fact, while making it an argument for his own case.

“It is true,” says he, “that in 1837, within a few weeks or months succeeding our recognition of the independence of Texas, and before her recognition by any foreign powers, it might have subjected us to unjust imputations, and therefore might have been deemed inexpedient, *at such a time, and under such circumstances*, to reannex Texas by a treaty to this Union.” *Letter*, p. 7.

The Italics are Mr. Walker’s own, and he could have got but small credit for them from Mr. Van Buren.

Had General Jackson been President in 1837 he probably would have been less scrupulous than his wary successor, although he figures also in this long chapter of inconsistencies, in a way to show that notwithstanding his arduous efforts to obtain possession of Texas in 1829, 1833, and 1835, he saw no necessity at all for its occupation in 1820. In a recently published letter of his, to Mr. Monroe, at that time President, General Jackson gives his approval to the Florida treaty and the boundary it gave to Louisiana, declaring his opinion emphatically that “a hostile army would *never* attempt an invasion of the United States from the side of Texas.” Yet it is on military grounds only, and from the bugbear apprehension

of a British invasion, *viâ* Texas, that Jackson afterwards lent his voice to swell the chorus for annexation. But if, in reference to this transaction, Jackson showed some of the waywardness and forgetfulness of old age, Van Buren played the not more dignified part of an amorous coquette, leading on, by every art, the proposal he longed for, and rejecting it when made, from pretended scruples, hoping by protracting consent to make triumph more secure. *Festina lente* is however a deceptive practical axiom,

“ If you will not when you may,
When you will she may say nay,”

has great proverbial wisdom in its moral. There is many a slip 'twixt cup and lip. Delays *are* dangerous; and in this case they proved almost fatal.

Texas—foiled, deceived, and spurned by the government of the United States—turned at once to Europe for the realization of her hopes of independence. Recognised by England, France, and other countries of the old world, the feeling of her growing force and the sense of her interests were awakened in the young Republic; and she went on gradually attaining, but with various fluctuations between old attachments and new connections, an understanding of what was wisest and best for her to do.

The modern history of Texan policy was known in England, through the publications of Mr. Kennedy and others, far better than that of those remote periods—those dark ages of American diplomacy—on which I hope I have succeeded to throw some light. I do not therefore now enter into details of what was done, or into speculations as to how it was done on the part of the British and Texan governments, to strengthen and consolidate their commercial connection. I will confine myself to the

proceedings of the United States, the progress of which was so abruptly checked in the manner described.

Van Buren and Forsyth were the victims of miscalculation—nothing more. They fully imagined that they had time enough before them to carry the affair to a successful termination, and in Mr. Van Buren's own peculiar way. They reckoned with a blind confidence, approaching to fatuity, on Van Buren's being re-elected President for a second term. And had he been so they would assuredly, in fitting time and season, have brought to bear a renewal of the proposal they had once rejected. But the political wheel turned round the wrong way for the completion of their schemes. The election of 1840 ended in Van Buren's entire defeat; and General Harrison was chosen to take his place by a large majority of the States.

Harrison was inaugurated on the 4th of March 1841. Within a month from that day he died. And Mr. John Tyler, the Vice-President, was called on, in accordance with the forms of the Constitution, to fill the Office of Chief magistrate of the Union, for the unexpired remainder of the four years constituting the Presidential term.

The struggles of this "accidental" President between the two parties he had successively betrayed and by which he was successively rejected, will form curious matter for American history. I have now only to touch on that one memorable transaction of his career by means of which he contrived to cause more risk to the future security of his country than by all his previous attempts, which only damaged the stability of the two dominant parties, but left all great national principles unharmed.

On the 22d of April, 1844, Mr. Tyler sent a message to Congress, announcing that he had concluded a treaty with

the Texan Government, for the annexation of that republic to the United States.

The particular manner in which this treaty was negotiated, the way in which Mr. Tyler and his Secretary of State, Mr. Upshur, coaxed the government of Texas to make the proposal, the undignified correspondence commenced by Upshur, and carried on after his melancholy death by Mr. Calhoun, the paltry fabrications about English interference, and the rejection of the treaty by the Senate of the United State have been related and commented on by many good authorities ; and with the exception of a few Tyler newspapers—and there existed none such of any weight or character—these measures met with general reprobation even in the United States. Mr. John Quincy Adams was not, in American phrase, a very *reliable* authority on any subject opposed to his immediate prejudices. But on this occasion he so felicitously and characteristically described the doings of Mr. Tyler, that I will transcribe the passage and adopt it as genuine history.

“ You are aware that John Tyler, the Vice-President of the United States, acting as President, and self-styled President of the United States, during the last session of Congress, laid before the senate for their consideration and action, a paper, purporting to be a treaty for the annexation of the republic of Texas, including several states of the republic of Mexico, assumed by the constitution of Texas as forming part of her territories, *but never having been so*, to these United States. The history of the negotiation of that treaty, if ever written, will unfold a series of transactions surpassing in profligacy anything which ever sullied the annals of this confederation. It was rejected by a majority of more than two-thirds of the senate, and thereby the honour of the country was redeemed by that body. The whole transaction was in flagrant violation of the constitution, and its consummation, had it been effected, would have been itself a dissolution of the existing Union. It was an attempt fraudulently to intrude upon the free states of the Confederation a new swarm of

states, with constitutions stained with human blood, tainted with perpetual hereditary slavery, and repudiating the self-evident truths of the Declaration of Independence, of 4th July, 1776. And to this swarm of God-defying states, this unhallowed league and covenant pledged a right of admission to the senate of two slave-trafficking senators to each state, and into the House of Representatives, and the electoral colleges of President and Vice-President a double representation of all the slaveholders of the intruding states. To have submitted to such a compact of infamy, would have been to sink yourselves into the vilest and most helpless of slaves, nor would you have submitted to it while a drop of republican blood circulated in your veins."

And this passage from Mr. Adams's speech at Bridgewater in Massachusetts introduces a main feature in the moral aspect of the Texas Question, which I have hitherto avoided, as unnecessary to be mooted in the consideration of its merely historical or diplomatic bearings. I allude to the fact so well known, that the curse of slavery was introduced into Texas, and that to perpetuate it was one of the chief objects of the annexation of the country to the United States. But of this by and bye.

On the rejection of the treaty of annexation by the United States Senate, a new and bold device was imagined, namely the admission of Texas into the Union, by concurrent resolutions of the two branches of Congress; and the most active measures were resorted to by Mr. Tyler and the adherents of Mr. Calhoun, to prepare the American people by the most tempting arguments to entertain the question in the newly proposed form. And this was attended with complete success, in as far as the Democratic party was concerned.

Scorned and scoffed at by the whole country, without any influence beyond the circle of mean expectants on whom he had still the power of conferring offices for the

year or less remaining of his own term of service, Mr. Tyler clung to the belief that by pressing forward his plans for the annexation of Texas he might secure his election as President in November, 1844, for which office he had the weakness to get himself nominated by some of his clique. In this hope he utterly failed. He was obliged for very shame's sake to retire almost at once from the contest he had so foolishly tempted, for he soon discovered that he had not the remotest chance of obtaining a single electoral vote out of the 275, on the majority of which the election depended.

But in withdrawing his name he could not unfortunately take back the great mischief with which it had been identified. The proposed annexation of Texas, which even the most rabid of the Democratic party would have spurned sooner than take Tyler along with it, was now seized on as the only effectual principle on which that great party had any certain chance of combatting the claims of Henry Clay, and of the enormous influence of the Whigs, who had unanimously chosen him for their candidate at the convention held for the purpose of such nomination at Baltimore in the month of May, 1844.

“Annexation of Texas” became from that moment the watchword of the Democratic party. Every other object was merged in that; every other rallying-cry drowned in its vociferous utterance. It rang from one end of the country to the other. Raised in the south, it was re-echoed from north, east, and west, until its reverberations centered in the heart of the Union, to be thence sent out again in loud appeals to the most excitable passions of the people at large.

The effects of this movement were astounding. Individuals and mass meetings, clubs, legislative bodies even,

who a few short months before had denounced the proposed measure as fraught with danger to the country, unconstitutional, unwise, inhuman—now suddenly changed their note, and yelped in full cry in favour of the plan, with all its anticipated risk and prognosticated ruin. There was never known such an entire abandonment of opinion, such total abnegation of principle for party's sake.

But the principle being adopted and proclaimed, who was to be fixed on as the leader capable of carrying it into operation? There was the rub.

A Democratic convention assembled for the solution of this difficulty at Baltimore, the scene of the late Whig meeting, and in a few weeks after that had chosen its candidate, with the confident expectation of triumph, a number of Democratic names were put forward as candidates for the nomination. Calhoun, Buchanan, Cass, and various others, with more or less claims to consideration, were on the list, but Martin Van Buren was believed to be the man on whom the choice would fall.

The result entirely falsified this belief. Van Buren had already sealed his fate by one of those compositions which have signalised his political career, and which might justify the displacing the word "Jesuitism" from the American language,* and substituting "Van Burenism" in its stead. He, too, as well as Mr. Polk, had been questioned about Texas. But he had not answered as well—at least for his own purposes. With the recollection of his former coquetry before his eyes he had not the boldness, as Jackson had, to repudiate his former opinion—or the words in which his presumed opinion had been

* See Webster's Dictionary.

couched. He nibbled at the bait held out to him, but he could not take it all, or all at once. He answered in his usual verbose, hesitating style. He blew hot and cold. He was, in fact, too feeble for the crisis, and it ruined him. He was rejected by the convention.

Among the other prominent candidates there was not one with sufficient influence to rally a majority of the votes. Sectional and personal prejudices ran so high as successively to swamp them all. The convention was coming fast to chaos. Every day their proceedings became more and more confused. The Whigs, who watched the affair, were in raptures. The Democrats, who wailed over it, were in despair. Betting became almost stagnant. Henry Clay for the Presidency against the whole field of his competitors was offered at any odds. All were offerers ; there were no takers. When a sudden inspiration fell upon the assembled convention—a gleam of reflected light from the memory of the Whig convention of four years previous—which, rejecting the strong men, Clay and Scott, had unanimously chosen an “available” nullity, General Harrison, as their candidate, and had triumphantly elected him to the Presidential chair. To adopt this example now was easy for the Democrats. No feelings of gratitude, attachment, or respect to individuals stood in their way. To fling aside their best men, all those whose former services gave them claims, was a matter of no difficulty ; and there were plenty of inferior individuals in the ranks from among whom to choose. What they wanted was not a lever of great might to heave the party into power, but a small and steady pivot round which its machinery might revolve. “Polk !” shouted some one by chance. Echo caught the word, unconscious of the name ; and by acclamation Polk was

chosen. Who he was scarcely anybody knew ; but what little was known of him was in his favour. He was a satellite of Andrew Jackson, and there was no disgrace in attending the movements of that star of magnitude. He was of good moral conduct, was not accused of whist playing, and was believed to be no great drinker of wine. He had served for a session as Speaker of Congress, and in that station had heroically borne a gross personal insult from Clay without demanding redress ; and on the Texas question he had gone the whole hog ! This was enough. He was unanimously nominated, and, to his own astonishment and that of the wondering country, in about six months more he was President elect of the United States.

I will not pause here to moralise on the result of this strange and unlooked-for election. I have alluded to it merely as an episode to the great question on which it depended. But two minor points connected with it must be noticed. Mr. Dallas was chosen Vice-President, and the Oregon question was tacked to that of Texas in order to form a united shibboleth for the party. Polk and Dallas were the names invoked : Texas and Oregon the things typified. But the second mentioned in each case were mere accessories of their antecedents. Polk for Texas, and Texas through Polk, became two absolute articles of the American Democratic creed.

Poor Mr. Tyler complained bitterly that Mr. Polk had stolen his thunder ; and that he had not only also purloined his favourite hobby, but ridden on it up to the very portal of the " White House," which he was just then prepared to evacuate. But he still resolved that the annexation of Texas should be, by hook or by crook, the great work of his small administration. And, accordingly, no sooner

was Congress re-assembled in December, 1844, than another Tyler-Texan message was laid before it. And on that hint the House of Representatives spoke. Holding Tyler still cheaper than ever, the Democratic members, nevertheless, fell seriously to work to carry out the scheme of his policy. Long and animated debates took place, on a dozen or more different sets of resolutions, proposed by as many different men, for the immediate annexation. Among these sets one did at last prevail. They were proposed by a Mr. Brown, and they were finally carried by a majority of about twenty members.

From the House these resolutions were carried into the Senate, and referred to the committee on foreign affairs, consisting of five members of that body, who, through their chairman, made a report early in the month of February, decidedly rejecting the resolutions by a majority of four members to one. A debate on receiving this report came on, on the 13th of February, and mixed up with it came the consideration of a bill proposed by Mr. Benton, in lieu of the resolutions sent up from the House of Representatives, rejecting the principle of *immediate* annexation, and calling for the appointment of commissioners to negotiate with the government of Texas suitable terms for the accomplishment of the union, in fitting time and season.

The debates in the Senate on these conflicting propositions were animated and acrimonious. But they ended on the 27th of February in the adoption of a resolution for annexing Texas to the United States, which, having been immediately approved by the House of Representatives, and subsequently receiving the sanction of the President, acquired all the force of a law.

Mr. Tyler, being at the last gasp of his accidental

honours, despatched a messenger in "haste, post haste" to Texas with this news. The following extract from the "Globe" newspaper at Washington, the great organ of democracy and annexation, thus treats this worthy finale of the proceedings :—

MR. TYLER'S HASTE.—We understand that Mr. Tyler mounted one of his relations as an express, to hasten to communicate to Texas that he, as President of the United States, had made his election as to the alternatives contained in the late act of Congress, looking to the admission of Texas into the Union, and that he had chosen that alternative which it is known could not have commanded a majority in the senate, and had rejected that which carried the majority in the house up from *twenty-two* to *fifty-six*.

Mr. Tyler knows well that Congress did not intend to intrust the discretionary power of the act to his hands. He knows well that, if he had appointed the commissioners necessary under one of the alternatives of the act, they would not have been confirmed to carry out his instructions. He has, therefore, seized upon that portion of the legislative enactment, which, if acceded to by Texas, may involve future difficulties in our own Congress, and mar the concord now existing among the friends of the measure, which can alone insure its happy consummation. He has taken the alternative, meant by the law to be conferred on the American President, whose duty it will be to effect the measure, from him, and given it to the Texan executive.

But, apart from all considerations of public policy, what will the country think of the *propriety* and decorum of this attempt to forestall the action of the chief magistrate chosen by the people with an especial eye to this question, and to whom *alone* it is notorious the discretion confided in the act of Congress was intended to apply? It is clear that, as Mr. Tyler began his presidential career in virtue of an accident, that he means to take the benefit of the whole chapter of accidents, to blend himself with results having their origin in the counsels of Generals Jackson and Houston, and which his inauspicious management has so far marred in their progress.

And such is the history of the Texas Question in those essential points which have involved the foreign policy of

the United States. The motives which urged so many of the leading men and so large a portion of the people to persevere *per fas aut nefas*, for so long a period towards the attainment of the project, may briefly be classified under three distinct heads.

First.—The hope of thereby extending and perpetuating the institution of negro slavery in the United States, and of finding in Texas a better market than elsewhere for their slaves.

Second.—The certainty of greatly increasing the value of the public stock of Texas and of the public lands heretofore granted or sold by the Mexican government.

Third.—The immoderate passion for national aggrandisement, common to the inhabitants of all parts of the country.

The first of these motives is of course more prevalent in the Southern or slave states than in the other parts of the Union, but even in the free states of the North and East it had many supporters. Mr. Calhoun, the Secretary of State, openly avowed it in his notorious letter to Mr. King, the United States' Minister at Paris, that most unbecoming document, scarcely worthy of notice in England, but which satisfied many persons in America that Mr. Calhoun was entirely unfit for any post which should unite a sense of diplomatic discretion with broad views of policy.

Nothing could so completely prove the worthlessness of some of the advocates of Texan annexation on this ground, as the meanness with which they strove to evade that

portion of the question, or the hypocrisy with which they argued against their own principle, with the view of deceiving the opponents of slavery. Mr. Walker, quoting another strenuous upholder of this "peculiar institution of the south" and advocate for "re-annexation"—*par nobile fratrum*—favoured the world with some specimens of patriotic and philanthropic reasoning; but I have transferred the extract from his memorable letter to the chapter in this work which treats at large the question of negro slavery.

The second motive of these plotters for annexation was shared by a large body of speculators in land scrip.

The third class of motives for annexation was common to the universal mass of the American people. And were it not for political antipathies on the one hand, and personal enmities on the other, both supported by the zealous apprehensions of the abolition party throughout the Union, the whole country would no doubt have voted with one heart and one voice for this prodigious extension of national territory, and have hailed joyfully the coming events, without giving a thought to the deep shadows in which they were shrouded.

The annexation of Texas met with very strong, and in some instances very violent opposition in the United States, not only on grounds of policy and expediency, but of constitutional principle. But, unfortunately, the question became one of party, and therefore, like all such, was generally argued with the vehemence of factious hatred rather than patriotic zeal. So little respect is paid to individual opinion, and so little confidence placed in public men, that whatever they say carries no conviction with it, out of their own circle of interests and opinions. They are viewed merely in the light of lawyers,

making the best case they can for the party that pays them best.

It was, therefore, in vain that Chancellor Kent, Mr. Gallatin, and other veterans solemnly pronounced the proceedings of Congress, tending to the annexation of Texas, by joint resolutions instead of by treaty, as entirely unconstitutional, and also that no power is conferred by the Constitution of the United States for the admission of a foreign state into the Union.* Materials enough to form many volumes have been furnished on this topic, in the shape of reports, protests, speeches, messages, and essays. Daniel Webster was understood to be the author of a series of resolutions to the same effect, promulgated by an anti-annexation convention held in Boston. But his connection with the proceedings was enough to make them fall still-born. Notoriously the pensioned agent in the United States' Senate, of the wealthy manufacturers and holders of manufacturing stock of that city, his voice was stifled in the cotton, from the profits of which he was paid. And so with the rest. Unless among their own party, the "great men" of the Union are small indeed.

* CHANCELLOR KENT ON ANNEXATION AND THE INVASION OF MEXICO.—Chancellor Kent has given his judgment, both upon the pending war with Mexico, and its primary cause, the annexation by Congress of Texas. In a letter to Hon. Garrett Davis, he says, "I acknowledge your speech of January last on the Annexation of Texas. I have perused it with much satisfaction, and I deem it perfectly conclusive that the annexation of Texas by concurrent resolution of Congress was unwarrantable, and a usurpation of the treaty-making power; in every view violent, unjust, unconstitutional, and most pernicious and unprincipled, and will lead to the ruin of the Union."

Chancellor Kent had previously written a letter to Mr. Davis, on the receipt of a copy of his speech against the Mexican war, made in the House of Representatives, in May, 1846, in which he declared his hearty concurrence in the sentiments expressed by Mr. D. He avowed, in terms of peculiar distinctness and strength, that Mr. Polk had himself begun the war against Mexico, in violation of the constitution, and that an independent Congress would impeach him for it.—[Western Citizen, Paris, Ky.]

No powerful expression of public feeling hostile to annexation took place in the free states. The Boston Convention stands alone. The Whigs elsewhere appeared to have been paralysed by their failure in the struggle for the presidential election a few months previously. They thought it vain to attempt to stem the torrent ; and they placed all their reliance on the members of their party in the United States' Senate, where the decision of the question rested.

And now, in conclusion of my task, I must revert to my starting assertion, that the real merits, objects, and ends of the Texas Question, as far as the United States were concerned, lay in a nut shell. This homely figure of speech I now mean briefly to develope. Having stripped the question of its extraneous coverings it nakedly amounts to this :

Is the balance of political power, and with it the seat of government, to be transferred from the Atlantic states of the Union to those of the West ?

This was the real question, hidden under a mass of verbiage, sophistry, and contradiction, the question never once fairly mooted, or openly argued by the parties concerned. It is too comprehensive, and too vast in its consequences on the future fate of the country, to be embraced by the narrow vision of party men in the United States. It was obscurely hinted at, but never largely discussed. Local interests and personal objects absorbed the keenest intellects engaged. The slave holder of the South, the farmer of the West, the manufacturer and ship owner of the East and North, no doubt entered deeply into the affair. But their depth is but shallowness compared to the fathomless profound in which the great future of this prodigious country is hidden. While they

fritter away their minds in dribblets of legislation, the mighty flood of human progress is moving onward, rapidly but unfelt, and only visible in the quick-recurring phenomena of political events, which, though viewed as mere ordinary accidents, are links in the chain of the world's destiny.

CHAPTER XI.

ARE THE AMERICANS A HAPPY PEOPLE?

Definition of Happiness—Deficiency of the European Elements for it in America—Negative Advantages—Mysteries of Maternity—A Boston Boy—Middle-aged Young Men—Political Unsteadiness—Levity and Conceit—Changing Names—Reasons for it—Confusion in Names of Towns—Patriotic Names of Towns—Extraordinary Wager—A Political Hoax.

THERE is a prevalent opinion in Europe that the Americans are an unhappy people. It has also been stated that “there is less misery and less unhappiness in America, than in any other part of the world.” This latter opinion strongly bears out my own repeated notion of the medium tone predominant in the whole colouring of social and moral existence throughout the country ; and it may require some comment.

Happiness is a state of feeling very difficult to define. It is not, like health, susceptible of a general application to all human beings. It depends in a great measure on temperament, on the capability of enjoyment, on the depth or shallowness of each individual’s philosophy. It is an abstraction, out of the reach of measurement or calculation. When composed of negative advantages, such as the absence of suffering, it must be called only contentment. But all the positive goods of life, health, wealth, domestic affection, and every combination of refinement, will not make happy those who want the buoyancy of spirit and the fulness of heart, that leap and

gush forth, to meet the blessings which Heaven has showered on them.

It is certain that the American people within the bounds of civilization are strikingly deficient in that elasticity of character. Their moral movements seem without a spring. Those of their physical action are analogous. Beginning in early youth, children show little or none of the mischievous vivacity so common in Europe. The games of boyhood are tame in comparison with ours. The attempts at rounders, hockey, or football, are lazy parodies on what we perform—or have performed. English cricket, Scotch golf, or Irish hurling are not played by natives of the United States. I believe some English gentlemen in New York have lately got up cricket matches, in which no doubt a few adventurous Americans may mix ; but I never heard of a Fives Court ; and it was not until the year 1846 that the first racket court (if I am rightly informed) was built in that city. I never saw or heard of a running match, jumping match, or leaping with the pole. There are no packs of hounds to be followed on foot by the country people. Fox-hunting is altogether unknown ; and coursing is equally so, for the excellent reason that there are no animals of the genus *lupus* on the American continent corresponding to those in Europe called hares. The non-existence of these manly sports which make the young people of Europe so gay, and which keep middle-aged people from feeling (although unfortunately they cannot keep them from growing) old, is the main cause of that anxious and care-worn look which gives the Yankee his proverbially melancholy air.

An English professor of gymnastics at Boston once attempted, during my residence there, an exhibition of foot-racing, throwing the sledge, climbing a greased pole,

and catching a soap-tailed pig. It was a total failure, and attracted no attention. The prize on the top of the pole was reached by a boy dragged up by ropes. And even the pig (an American one of course) refused to run. He was, in the words of the newspaper account, "too lazy and comfortable by half;" but the editor added, in characteristic phraseology, "the whole affair was conducted in a very orderly and *gentlemanly* manner."

The Americans are certainly far from being a happy people, as we understand the term. In the northern and Eastern portions of the Union they are from climate a *wintry* people ; but the want of physical energy gives to their amusements the air of southern indolence. The great fun of the boys is "coasting" down hill on the frozen snow, lying flat on little square boxes called "belly-flumps." They rarely pelt each other with snow-balls ; and the young men I may literally say *never* skated in my time of residence, that exercise being confined to mere boys. The girls have no enjoyment in the winter season beyond being driven out in sleighs, the name for the European *traineaux*, wrapped up in cloaks, and shivering with cold. No woman, I verily believe, ever ventured for pleasure on an ice-covered pond in America. Long, bracing walks in the environs of towns or country residences are not practised. But boys and girls alike slide in the streets on their way to or from school ; and the "side-walks" are covered with the inconvenience of this recreation, not less inelegant for young females than dangerous for passers-by. In the south there is still less chance than towards the north of the species of enjoyment I allude to. The enervating heats of summer, and the sickliness of autumn, leave but little vigour for the active pursuits of the temperate months which follow ; while the

insecurity of person and property in the atmosphere of slave-influence maintains a tone of anxious watchfulness that debars the free population from the real advantages of freedom.

But, notwithstanding all this, I do not consider the Americans to be, strictly speaking, an unhappy people. They are so deficient in all strong emotion, whether for weal or woe, that their pleasure cannot become joy, nor their grief amount to suffering. They laugh and weep, are glad or sorry ; but true to the general principle in all things, the community at large, with occasional exceptions springing from religious fanaticism, cannot be said to rise or fall from the ordinary level that precludes all susceptibility of either an elevated or depressing nature. Undoubtedly this middle state of existence is far better for the mass of mankind than the whirl of passionate feelings which keeps both body and mind on the rack ; but ardent individuals, who live on excitement and flourish in excess, have little to look for in America but disappointment, except in the resources of gambling and dissipation. Politics and Trade being the absorbing legitimate pursuits, and politics being on the narrowest scale, no mind has much chance of expanding, even should the ambition for expansion exist, but in the winding and too often devious ways of commercial adventure.

One guarantee against actual unhappiness in the American is the absence of anxiety on the score of his own or his family's well-doing in the world. He is quite free from the gnawing inquietude of the great mass of Englishmen with children to provide for and but scant means for their provision. With every avenue to home occupation choked up, almost the only resource for them are the distant and unhealthy colonies,

at the cruel cost of long separation which parental tenderness fears will be eternal. The Yankee looks on his young brood complacently as it grows quickly into manhood, rough and ready for anything, and with infinite variety of resources and abundant fields for the exercise of industry and talent.

This absence from deep domestic care lessens no doubt the strength of feeling for those beings who are so helpless, for we always love best those who are dependent on us. But it leaves the mind free from agitation, and at liberty to follow those public pursuits which no one trammelled with private cares can properly attend to. It is thus that the Americans, whatever their professions or trades, become almost all politicians. To business they devote their minds ; to politics their affections. They become active thinkers, but without ennobling subjects for thought. They are absorbed in petty questions ; they look grave, but they are not consequently unhappy. Their excitement is intense though without endearment. They do not indulge in the more graceful and more frivolous enjoyments to which the European resorts, in their hours of relaxation, which are rarely "hours of ease." They have nevertheless great pleasure in their gravity, and in mental wrestlings with subjects that leave the heart untouched.

This is not pleasure in the European sense ; nor would it quite satisfy Democritus or his disciples, who hold laughing to be the best business of life. But do the four players at a whist table, or the two antagonists in a game of chess, present a lively picture of enjoyment ? No ; yet the members of the "Portland," like Mr. Morphy and his rivals, have no doubt their thrills of excitement, and are as happy after their fashion as the gayest and fastest dancers in town.

The Americans ought not therefore to be ranked as an unhappy people. They possess one great element of true happiness in a general placidity of temper, although it arises from a negative cause. Whether the flutter of heart and the throbbing of brain, under deeper and fiercer excitements, are more noble and more desirable is a question of temperament not of philosophy, and every individual must answer it from and for himself.

As every European must be struck with the absence of youthful spirit which characterises the population of the United States, so does the progress of population itself appear to the stranger a very mysterious matter. Few give themselves the trouble to search for statistical details of its aggregate increase. The newspapers, which are in every one's hands, abstain, on a point of *delicacy*, from ever announcing the birth of a child ; while marriages and deaths occupy their columns without reserve. The impression, therefore, at first is—at least it was mine—on looking over the daily journals, that the wealthier orders of society, who in Europe are sure to have every addition to their families announced to the public, are in America a very unprolific class. This idea was much strengthened by the extreme rarity of the appearance which indicates an increase of population. Neither the shadow nor substance of such a coming event is shown to the vulgar gaze. No lady allows herself to be publicly seen while she is visibly *enceinte*. A rigid confinement to her house, and even to her “chamber,” is observed for a considerable time preceding her confinement, which thus bears a double signification, while her delivery is of a two-fold nature—from her maternal burden, and from a term of solitary imprisonment.

It has frequently happened to me to miss ladies from

the parties of the circle in which we moved, and on inquiring after them from some mother or sister, to be told they were "in the country," or "visiting," and on meeting them, in probably a year or more, to find them accompanied by a nurse with a fine, fat baby, or they themselves holding some little waddling "responsibility" (to use one of their favourite words for designating children) of whose existence I had never heard.

These children soon go from the nursery to the school-house. If they are boys they run through their boyhood with marvellous rapidity. As soon as they can read they begin to study the public papers. About the same period they are turned loose into the streets, and they struggle into newsrooms, election-wardrooms, places of business, markets, caucuses, etcetera. They walk in political processions, with miniature banners and small music. They enter at once into public life. They, in fact, do almost everything which is unbecoming to their early years, and very little, and that very imperfectly, which would give a grace to them. Their sports, as I have before stated, are mere caricatures of the sports of England, and absolutely painful to one who remembers the animation of the old world, whose greatest blessing is its spirit of long-enduring youth.

A "Boston boy" is a melancholy picture of prematurity. It might be almost said that every man is born middle-aged in that and every other great city of the Union. The principal business of life seems to be to grow old as fast as possible. The boy, the youth, the young man are only anxious to hurry on to the gravity and the care of "the vale of tears." There is a velocity in their movements, as though the hill they mount were a mere mole-hill, and that their downward course commenced

before the youth of other countries had gained a third of the upward path. The toils of life—the destiny of the poorer classes in Europe—form the free choice of the rich man of America, always excepting the indolent Southern planters.

The boys are sent to college at fourteen. They leave it, with their degrees at about seventeen. They are then launched at once into life, either as merchants or attornies' clerks, medical students, or adventurers in the Western States of the Union, or in foreign countries. The interval between their leaving school and commencing their business career offers no occupation to give either gracefulness or strength to body or mind. Athletic games and the bolder field-sports being unknown, nothing being done that we do—I mean, alas! that we used to do—at home, all that is left is chewing, smoking, drinking, driving hired horses in wretched gigs with a cruel velocity, or trotting on jaded and hard-mouthed hacks, at a speed that makes humanity shudder, and with an awkwardness that turns our pity for the one animal into contempt for the other. I doubt if there exists an American gentleman who could take a horse over a three foot rail in England, or an Irish potato trench. Yet they constantly talk of such or such a one being “a good rider.”

Young men made up of such materials as I describe are not young men at all. The weird sisters, who wore beards, were not more counterfeit presentments in one sense than *they* are in another. Their chief ambition is to grow bald or gray. They are thought nothing of till that consummation happens. They think nothing of themselves. They know that till they become rich they have no influence; and there is nothing more absurd than those meetings called “Young Men's Conventions.” They are

a mockery. No act of theirs can be valid, for their title is a false one. The class I treat of feels this. They as soon as possible plunge into the cares of the world. They follow business like drudges, and politics with fierce ardour. They marry. They renounce party-going. They give up all pretension in dress. They cannot force wrinkles and crow's feet on their faces, but they assume and soon acquire a pursed-up, keen, and haggard look. Their air, manners, and conversation are alike contracted. They have no breadth, either of shoulders, information, or ambition. Their physical powers are subdued, and their mental capability cribbed into narrow limits. There is constant activity going on in one small portion of the brain ; all the rest is stagnant. The money-making faculty is alone cultivated. They are incapable of acquiring general knowledge on a broad or liberal scale. All is confined to trade, finance, law, and small, local provincial information. Art, science, literature, are nearly dead letters to them. But the foregoing opinions must be taken like all those given wholesale and on general concerns, with the usual "grain of salt," in this case a very large one.

I have shown how in some respects the Americans possess negative advantages that stand them in the stead of active happiness. But there are also positive privileges which lead to a certain kind of enjoyment which they prize very much. The facility for change in many ways stands foremost among those ; and I have certainly met with no people so prone to exercise that volatile right, in the most serious as well as the lightest sense. Religion and politics are byewords of versatility. A man may be anything, everything, or nothing, as far as sect or party is concerned, with ever-shifting inconstancy. And there

is one particular practice which exemplifies the passion for variety, in a strange and amusing way. I mean the common and legalized habit of changing their names.*

While the turbulent struggles of public life in the United States startle the observer; while election riots and bloody personal encounters shock the European sense of all that is stable and secure; there are small analogous traits in the quieter pursuits of the American mind that stamp it as the most unsteady of all human combinations. Among these, none is more striking and few are so absurd, independent of political or party versatility, as the mania for the changing of names; not merely of surnames—a thing rarely effected in England, and then only as a necessity, attended by the acquisition of property by bequest, inheritance, or marriage—but of Christian names also, changed at will, and on the payment of a small fee; not always from dishonest designs, but often from mere caprice, good or bad taste, or love of variety—from any motive, in short, that might induce an individual elsewhere to change a house, a horse, or a picture.

This very common custom, besides leading to infinite confusion as to personal identity, the verification of facts, and the titles to property among a people so wandering, affords a painful illustration of the little real respect as yet generally prevalent among them for family records or family associations.

In Europe, attachment to a family name is a sacred sentiment. If it has been rendered eminent by an individual, or even reputable by a succession of honest bearers,

* Portions of this chapter have already appeared in a London weekly periodical.

few would change it, even if they could. It may not be euphonious ; yet we are endeared to it for the sake of those by whom it was borne before us. It may not be celebrated ; but we hope to preserve it unsullied. It may have been disgraced ; and, in that case, we resolve to redeem it from the stain. Even when its change for some other brings an increase of worldly wealth, we feel that the donor who has coupled his gift with the hard condition of displacing our own patronymic by his has “ filched from us our good name,” and we think that we pay a high price for our good fortune. In fact, it is only in very rare instances, of some gross individual infamy, that families abandon their cognomen, except in compliance with the condition of some valuable bequest that forces the change upon an heir or a legatee.

But who in the (old) world would ever, under any circumstances, think of changing his Christian name for any other whatever ? Many an Englishman dislikes his familiar appellation, wishes his godfathers and godmothers had had more music in their names, or more forethought for his sensitiveness ; but, however harsh or ignoble his Christian name may be, he is usually satisfied with it, and cherishes it—even as a parent does an ugly child—as a part of himself, and in honour of the old relative who inflicted it on him at the font.

The general subject of the invention or adaptation of surnames in England is amusing, and instructive too. It has been calculated that there are, in existence among us, between twenty and thirty thousand surnames, derived from almost every possible combination of personal qualities, natural objects, occupations and pursuits, localities, and from mere caprice and fancy. But once established, they are handed down from generation to

generation, with respect if not reverence ; occasional changes in orthography taking place to hide their original meanness ; or, as Camden says, “to mollify them ridiculously, lest their bearers should seeme villified by them.” In America, however, these changes are not confined to slight alterations in spelling, but are adopted bodily and by wholesale.

But I have had frequent occasion to remark that there is, comparatively with Europe, little or no sentiment in America, religious, personal, or local. Of the want of the first two, the subject now in question affords ample proof ; for their existence would assuredly prevent the repeated occurrence of this practice.

Levity and conceit are the undoubted chief causes for this perpetual ringing of the changes on names. It would be scarcely possible, in most cases, to trace the custom to any reasonable or respectable motive. The changes themselves are, in the majority of instances, abundantly ludicrous ; but the forwardness with which the commonest persons thrust themselves (by implication) into known and well-considered families, and endeavour to identify themselves with eminent individuals, is equally remarkable.

Here are a few examples from the yearly list published by the legislature of Massachusetts. I should like to have each individual's head subjected to a phrenological examination, to ascertain if it would bear out my notion of the respective characters of those name-changers. The following eight would show, perhaps, a vain-glorious pride dashed with great effrontery :—

James Colbert becomes Colbert Mortimer ;
 Caleb C. Woodman „ Emerson Mortimer ;

Hazan R. Fitz	becomes	Hazan Wellington.
Lyman Cook	„	Lyman Van Buren.
Diodate G. Coon	„	Diodate Calhoun.
John Pickard	„	Daniel Webster.
Noyes Coker	„	Edward Byron.
John Lawrence	„	George Washington.

Every one will understand the motives of such a choice—if choice was to be made—of names so gilded with historic and literary fame as those of Mortimer, Wellington, Washington, and Byron. But many, many Englishmen are not aware that there are, or have recently been, in existence American political celebrities called Van Buren, Webster, and Calhoun.

The bump of patriotism must be lamentably deficient in those who abandon the peculiarly national prenomen for any other : as Jonathan Kimball Rogers, who takes that of John K. Rogers, and Jonathan Kendal that of Henry Kendall.

This is like giving up Yankee Doodle for Hail, Columbia ! the former air smacking of vulgarity, and the other having a fine flavour.*

The romantic and lackadaisical developments must be strong in the following young ladies ; several of them having abandoned their good old English name—not, be it observed, for the sake of a husband—but evidently under the inspiration of the last sixpenny novel ; and, from

Sarah Bobbins,	becoming	Adelaide Austin.
Euney Fellows	„	Caroline Follows.
Ruth Wedge	„	Sophronia Bradford.

* The very ordinary tune, Yankee Doodle, was adopted during the Revolution as the national air, from its having been played by a country fifer as a quick-step during the march of a small detachment of gallant countrymen to the fight of Bunker's Hill—a glorious title to distinction, and far superior to that of the composition which has superseded it among the fashionable society of America.

Sarah Lombard	becoming	Amelia Livingstone.
Mary Carter	„	Aravilla Carter.
Judith Bray	„	Maria Bray.
Betsy Townsend	„	Malvina Townsend.
Sally Prescott	„	Phidelia Prescott.
Alice Hubbard	„	Alvina Calista Hubbard.
Nancy Tarbox	„	Almeda Taber.
Rachael Hawkes	„	Almira Aurelia Hawkes.
Martha Ames } (of Saugus) }	„	Sabrina Ames (of ditto).

Polly Woodcock drops a syllable, and becomes Polly Wood ; and Alice Bottomly, from motives of delicacy, I presume, alters the spelling of her surname to Bothomlee.

But no particular taste for melody can have influenced the spinsters following :

Anna Maria Bean	becomes	Eliza Patch.
Valeria Pew	„	Mary Pew.
Serenetha Goodrich	„	Mary French.
Tryphenia Van Buskirk	„	Frances Coffin.

Miss Clara Frinck cannot be blamed for changing to Clarissa Wilson, or Abby Craw for becoming Abigail Sawtell. Triphena Moore, Derdamia Finney, Othealda Busk, and the Widow Naomi Luddington are unexceptionably elegant and need no change ; yet changed they are to other as fanciful appellations. What could have induced Mrs. Betty Henderson (no second marriage giving cause) to change to Betty Grimes ? Or where was the occult motive that influenced Philander Jacobs to change to Philander Forrest ; Ossian Doolittle to Ossian Ashley ; Jeduthan Calden to Albert Nelson ; or Allan Smith to go to the very end of the alphabet and become Allan Izzard ?

Under sundry unfathomable influences, Horace Fish

and his wife Rhuhemah take the surname of Tremont ; Curtis Squires that of Pomeroy Montague ; William H. Carlton that of Augustus Carlton ; Ingebor Janson that of Ingebor Anderson ; George Hoskiss that of George Puffer. John Jumper shows good taste in becoming simple John Mason.

Daniel Ames merely changes a letter, and is Daniel Emes. Dr. Jacob Quackenbush, finding his name unwieldy, sinks a couple of syllables and the quack at the same time, and is transformed to Jacob Bush, M.D. Nathaniel Hopkins, betaking himself to rural life, I suppose, becomes Sylvanus Hopkins. But I cannot perceive what John Cogswell gains (except additional trouble) by inserting two more very unmusical monosyllables, and becoming John Beare Doane Cogswell. A pure instinct of cockneyism running in the blood must have influenced Isaac Burley Horne to change to Isaac B. Orne, and William Helstone to William Elstone.

I am sorry to perceive that some Irishmen have been infected by the epidemic ; and, while renouncing their country, try to get rid of their national distinctions. For instance, Patrick Hughes changes to William Hughes ; Timothy Leary changes to Theodore Lyman ; Mason McLoughlin becomes Henry Mason ; and six other persons of his name following his bad example, a whole branch of the family tree of the McLoughlins is lopped off.

As a pendant to this antinational picture, a group of five Bulls abandon the honest English patronymic of their common father, John, and degenerately change it to Webster.

A good excuse may exist for the family of Straw, the man of it, as well as his wife and seven children (Cynthia, Sophilia, Elvina, Diana, Sophronia, Phelista, and Orestus),

for becoming so many Nileases ; while another, called Death, petition (through a member named Graves), and are metamorphosed into Mr. and Mrs. and the Misses Dickenson. Masters Ashael G., Jothan P., and Abel S., their sons, also change from Death to Dickenson ; but, strange to say, retain their villanous prenomens and unmeaning initials.

One Mr. Wormwood, with some fun in him, asks to be allowed to change his name for some other ; “ certain,” as he says, “ that no member of taste will oppose his request.”

Another individual, Alexander Hamilton, also petitions for leave to change, on the double ground of the inconvenient length of seven syllables in writing or speaking (a true go-a-head Yankee), and on his inability to “ support the dignity of a name so famous in history !” It must be observed that this smart mechanic did not refer to the Conqueror of Darius, but to the greatest Alexander he had ever heard of, Hamilton, Secretary of the Treasury to Washington ; and I only hope (for the sake of American *amour propre*) that a portion of my readers may know who is meant.

To these instances of ever-shifting alterations, I may add one of a Miss Hogg who became Miss Howard ; of another, a highly-estimable family, the Crowninshields of Marblehead, whose original name was Grunsel ; and still another, the former Tinkers, who are the present Buckinghams. So much for them !

In looking at this scanty number of examples, and reflecting that such arbitrary changes are every year taking place over the whole extent of the Union to a very large amount, we may imagine, apart from the absurdity of the custom, the confusion and the mischief it occasions.

Yet, however strange it appears, to us, it is perhaps more wonderful that, considering the facility of the operation, it is not still oftener practised. A recent American paper tells us of a family in the town of Detroit, whose sons were named, One Stickney, Two Stickney, Three Stickney; and whose daughters were named, First Stickney, Second Stickney, &c. The three elder children of a family near home were named Joseph, And, Another; and it has been supposed that, should any more children have been born, they would have been named Also, Moreover, Nevertheless, and Notwithstanding. The parents of another family actually named their child Finis, supposing it was their last; but they happened afterwards to have a daughter and two sons, whom they called Addenda, Appendix, and Supplement.

Whatever exaggeration there may possibly be in these last-quoted instances, there is certainly, in New England as well as in the less established parts of the Union, a curious taste for grotesque, though less startling, combination in names. In what degree fathers or godfathers are responsible for this, or whether existing individuals have capriciously altered their children's Christian and surnames in the present generation, I cannot determine. It is equally puzzling to account, on either hypothesis, for such names as strike the eye on the shop-signs or door-plates, or in the newspapers of New York, Philadelphia, Boston, and elsewhere. For instance: Apollo Munn, Quincy Tufts, Orlando Tomkins, Bea Tiffany, Polycretus Flag, Sylvester Almy, Peleg Sprague, Rufus Choate, Abiza Bigelow, Jabez Tarr, Asaph Bass, Azor Tabor, Hiram Shumway, Ransom Sperry, Nahum Capon, Elihu Amadon, Gigeon Links, Zichri Nash.

Gideon, Hephzibah, Hasiph, Gibeon, Uriah, Seth,

Elnathan, Jeduthan, Virgil, Pliny, Horace, Homer, with Faith, Hope, Charity, and all the other virtues, are common prenomens all over the country. Many of these, while making us smile, recall associations Scriptural and classical, or of our own historic and puritanical absurdities ; while some of the fancy names of America remind us of nothing. Mr. Preserved Fish was a well-known merchant of New York. Shame on his parents for baptizing him in ridicule, and on himself for not having wiped away the mark ! But perhaps the most whimsical of all is that of a young lady of a country town in the state of Massachusetts, Miss Wealthy Titus. Attractive and auspicious compound ! Pray Heaven she will change it, and that without losing a day, like her imperial namesake ! And who knows but that every one of those eccentric appellations here recorded are, by this time (like Uncle Toby's oath), blotted out for ever !

However that may be in regard to individuals or families, the national nomenclature, as far as the names of places are concerned, gives a permanent proof that the Americans are at once a remarkably imitative and unimaginative people. In the immense catalogue of the names of counties, towns, and cities, there is hardly one they can claim as their own invention. They are all of foreign or Indian derivation. The inconceivable repetition of certain names of towns is, without joke, "confusion worse confounded." There are one hundred and eighteen towns and counties in the United States, called Washington. There are five Londons, one New London, and I don't know how many Londonderrys. Six towns called Paris ; three Dresdens, four Viennas, fourteen Berlins, twenty-four Hanovers. There are twenty odd Richmonds, sixteen Bedfords, about a score of Brightons, nine

Chathams, eleven Burlingtons, sixteen Delawares, fourteen Oxfords, as many Somersets, a dozen Cambridges, twenty-five Yorks and New Yorks, and other English names in proportion. There are twelve towns with the prefix of Big, four Great, and sixteen Little. There are nine Harmonys, double as many Concords (but no Melody); thirteen Freedoms, forty-four Libertys (and plenty of slavery). Twenty-one Columbias, seven Columbuses, and seventy-eight Unions. There are one hundred and four towns and counties of the colour Green, twenty-four Browns, twenty-six Oranges, and five Vermilions—all the hues of an autumnal forest; but they shrink from calling any of them Black, though they sometimes would make white appear so, especially in the Repudiating States. Fifteen Goshens, eleven Canaans, thirty Salems, eleven Bethlehems, testify to the respect in which Scriptural names are held; while homage has been done to classic lands in sundry log-hut villages, some of them fast swelling in population and prosperity. "*Ilium fuit*" is belied by the existence of sixteen Troys. There are twelve Romes, and eight Athenses; but only one Romulus—and I have not had the good fortune to meet with any of the Athenians.

Many great writers have been honoured in these national baptisms. There are several Homers, Virgils, Drydens, and Addisons, a couple of Byrons, but not yet (nor likely to be in any sense) a Shakspeare. There are, however, five Avons, three Stratfords, a Romeo, a Juliet; besides, defying classification, four Scipios, six Sheffields, twelve Manchesters. There are one hundred and fifty towns and counties called New somethings, and only six Old anythings. The most desperate effort at invention is to be found in repetitions of Springfields, Bloomfields, and

Greenfields, All the cities of the East are multiplied many times, with the exception of Constantinople, which does not figure in the list at all ; but, in revenge, there is one Constantine. There are very few attempts at giving to Yankee humour a local habitation and a name. But I have discovered the funny title of Jim Henry attached to a soi-disant town in Miller County, State of Missouri ; and I am sorry to perceive the stupid name of Smallpox fastened (not firmly, I hope) on one in Joe Davis County, Illinois.

The comparative popularity of public men may or may not be inferred from the number of times their names may be found on the maps. It is remarkable that there are ninety-one Jacksons, eighty-three Franklins, sixty-nine Jeffersons, thirty-four Lafayettes, fifty-eight Monroes, fifty Maddisons, fifty-nine Parrys, thirty-two Harrisons, twenty-seven Clintons, twenty-one Clays, sixteen Van Burens, fourteen Bentons ; but there are only three Websters.

The indigenious fruits, shrubs, and trees give titles to many of the streets in cities and towns, but to few of the towns themselves. There is one Willow, a few Oaks (out of forty odd varieties of the forest king), and not one Persimmon, nor, as far as I can learn, a Pepperidge, one of the most beautiful of American trees.

A New York newspaper, writing on this subject, suggests the propriety of passing a law prohibiting the use of a name for a town or county that has ever been used before for the same purpose. But immediately recoils, like Fear in the Ode,

“ Even at the sound itself had made.”

And well it might. For if the notion were followed up

new towns might be numbered, as streets often are at present, and some such arithmetical combination might occur as a letter addressed to

MISTER JONATHAN SNOOKINSON,
 Sixty-Fourth Street,
 Forty-First City,
 Nineteenth County,
 State of Confusion.

It is not to be apprehended (the Kansas difficulty notwithstanding) that the Union will actually come to such a pass. Better certainly that it were dissolved altogether, and every one of the twelve hundred and forty-six national stars, that is, thirty-four each for each of the thirty-four States, cut up (like Juliet's moon) into lesser ones—the *stripes* being given to each State according to its deserts, and then,

“Who would escape whipping?”

PRACTICAL JOKING—POLITICAL HOAXING.

Independent of those somewhat elaborate methods of indulging in amusement, by the aid of legislative authority, and at the expense of good taste and good sense, the Americans have real resources for capital fun, in their quaint humour and their love of practical jokes. Thoroughly men of business and of action, the latter seem the most natural methods for giving vent to any exuberance of spirits that words are insufficient to develope. A good many instances of those gaieties might be cited in contrast with the gravities of which I have given specimens; but one or two must suffice, to show how mistaken are the pictures which represent the whole

people as insensible to anything lively or vivacious. The *Phi Beta Kappa* dinners at Cambridge may be referred to as instances of their rare but genuine festive pleasantry,* and many of the election freaks throughout the country are still more evident examples of droll devices and mirthful agitation. Among these, the curious wagers that are laid vary, by their ludicrous conditions, the otherwise too eager gambling for money rushed into on occasion of such events. One of the most original of these was that between two ardent politicians, respectively candidates for the State Senate and for Congress, by name and title Colonel R. J. Burbank and Major Ben Purley Poore; the first a Fremont "Freesoiler," the latter a Fillmore "Know-Nothing," the wager being for a barrel full of apples, the loser undertaking to transport the same in a wheelbarrow from West Newbury to Boston, a distance of about forty miles, the feat depending on the Presidential election, and the greater or lesser amount of votes polled by their respective favourites. As Fremont was the fortunate man and Fillmore the beaten one (both, however, being out-voted by Buchanan), Major Ben Purley Poore, feeling himself bound to pay the penalty of his confidence in the defeat of "freesoil, freemen, and Fremont" (although released from his pledge by his courteous adversary), manfully set out, on the day fixed upon by the conditions, to perform his stipulated engagement, a real debt of honour, with nothing sordid or mercenary either in its principle or practice.

The excitement on this ludicrous occasion was intense throughout the line of country traversed by the loser, to whom, as he advanced on his road, thousands of spectators

* See vol. i. p. 77.

awarded the best compensation for his bad luck and the troublesome redemption of his promise, in shouts of laughter, complimentary addresses, and all sorts of convivial entertainments, in return for the one which he afforded the public. As he "progressed" towards the accomplishment of his journey, and during the two days of its continuance, the telegraph announced his advances hour by hour, the newspapers gave reports of them, the whole population within any reasonable distance of the line of march hurried to the best places for seeing the hero, who conquered the whole country by his good-natured submission to the penalty of his defeat. He was met at Charlestown, a before-mentioned suburb of Boston, by a delegation from the city, his escort of the Boston "Independent Volunteers," headed by the Boston "cornet band." Next came the Major, dressed in a fancy costume, a brown hat, green baize jacket, and blue trowsers; wheeling his barrow, which with its load of apples weighed one hundred and eighty-five pounds. Above it floated the American Eagle, handsomely painted on a banner, and another flag was borne close behind with this inscription, "Major Poore—may the next administration prove as faithful to their pledges as he was to his!" Behind was an open carriage drawn by four horses, and occupied by the two judges. A countless crowd followed the procession through the streets, sending forth loud acclamations as the dust-covered, sweltering, and jaded—but still smiling—Major, harnessed by a strap to his barrow, with blistered hands and shoulders, triumphantly deposited his load in front of the Tremont Hotel, without having dropped a single apple on the whole length of route. Many a hand shook his on that proudest moment of his life; while many a tongue uttered a pitying

transposition of his names, from Ben Purley Poore to Poor Ben Purley!—a change which the legislature would doubtlessly have confirmed in consideration of his memorable and unique exploit, which was celebrated on the spot of its accomplishment by a sumptuous banquet, wine without stint, and humorous speeches without end.

It is pleasant to contemplate a small incident like this in tracing the character of a people. If political feeling, one of the master-passions of the American mind, would more frequently take this turn, and so control the other—the money-making spirit—as to let good humour and jollity predominate, much would be done towards mellowing down the national peculiarities. And the next of the instances which I am about to give shows that these are not confined to individual eccentricity, but that numbers of serious-minded citizens can at times relax into a combination of sustained and well-imagined drollery.

In this pleasant city of Boston (as I must call it for the nonce) dwelt, and I hope they dwell there still, a pair of gentlemen, whose names I forbear to state, because they were not, like the two just mentioned, voluntary subjects of a practical joke, but unsuspecting victims of an innocent conspiracy, whose direct ramifications led only to the perpetration of a hoax. One of these persons was a druggist, called Doctor by courtesy, the other a commercial traveller—no doubt a colonel or captain, like almost every one else—and they were specimens of the excessive rage for politics which, acting on an equal amount of personal vanity, sets certain people half crazy, and prepares them for almost any amount of delusion. Some of their friends and admirers put their heads to work, and concocted a plan for persuading these ready believers that a series of consultations between the

opposite political parties had led to respective resolutions, to nominate them as rival candidates for the approaching Presidential vacancy. It would be too long to enumerate, even if I knew it, the elaborate series of deceits practised in the carrying out of this pleasantry. But I believe that it was acted with infinite skill and great humour, up to its final scene, a regular public meeting in some usual place, with all the concomitants of secretaries, committees, proposers, seconders, and supporters, speeches of marvellous mock gravity and exceeding drollery—in the style of a celebrated burlesque scene enacted every night in a London Tavern: the whole wound up by the opposing orations of the two candidates for the national dignity, which in no way suffered from being thus subjected to such a parody, and in the separate processions formed to escort the illustrious rivals to their respective homes.

To those who may doubt the possibility of any two men, not actually mad, being susceptible of such excessive self-delusion, it may appear that they were after all associate wags, pretending to be deceived, but all the while performing a wholesale hoax on a large body of quizzed confederates. Even so, and admitting it to be the case (though I do not think it was so), it would be only a stronger proof of the depth of humorous originality in the Yankee character, and would forcibly illustrate the admirable portraitures of the people, in the comic sketches given of them in prose and verse by several celebrated Transatlantic authors. And I have thus to the best of my ability answered the question put by myself, "Are the Americans a happy People?" by proving, at least to my own satisfaction, that they are by no means the reverse of it.

CHAPTER XII.

RELIGIOUS SECTS.

Their great Variety and conflicting Opinions—The Voluntary System—No State Church—Religion unconnected with Politics—No Persecution but plenty of Hatred—Fanaticism—Its Excesses—Ranting Preachers—Specimens of them—The Anxious Bench—A great Vocalist out of tune and place—Eminent Preachers—Dr. Channing—Mormonism—Millerism—Camp Meeting—Bursting of the Bubble—Shakersism—Contrasts in Fanaticism—The Sacred Scroll—Angelic Nomenclature.

THE words at the head of this section of the chapter suggest such a multitude of serious, ludicrous, pious, and preposterous associations, that I dare not venture to plunge into the question, but will merely skim its surface, as the swallow dips his wings in that of some unfathomable lake.

The reader may remember that this was the first subject of real importance on which I made a decided mistake in the early days of my American experience. I then learned a lesson; and I have profited by it, so far as to have renounced all notion of examining the conflicting elements which form the concrete idea of Religion in the United States. I am by no means qualified for such a task, either by taste, education, or study. I have ever regarded theological disputation with amazement, and sectarian feuds with contempt. I am not equal to the first, nor disposed for the latter; and I think no writer is competent for either, unless he feels somewhat of the

inspiration of a prophet, or the ardour of a partizan. Nothing short of that can impart due dignity or fitting animation. The tame tractarian or lukewarm controversialist fails to arouse or stimulate the mind ; and if Religion is made common-place, its expounders meet with indifference or scorn. I therefore leave to others to elucidate this theme ; but he who rushes without thorough preparation into the sacred mysteries of Faith, Doctrine, and Doxology, is likely to be as vapoury and incomprehensible as a comet careering into illimitable space.

The most important attribute of religious practice in the United States is the establishment of the voluntary system. Its greatest privilege, the absence of any connection between Church and State. Its best distinction, the total disassociation from political party. It is thus entirely uncontrolled by extraneous embarrassments ; and left free for its exercise upon the human mind, to flourish or decay, rise or fall, expand or shrink, by its own intrinsic action, without curb to restrain or spur to accelerate its movements.

Religion in this aspect is truly sublime ; a great spiritual fact between Man and God, with no earthly impurities to disfigure, and no worldly influences to corrupt it. But so active a principle in such a boundless field must necessarily develop itself in many incongruous forms ; and along with the brightest and purest emanations of faith are mixed the dark and dreary phantoms of fanaticism. Whether it is better to leave religion in that state, or to subject it to the restraint of laws and regulations, I do not presume to say. One thing is I think clear : the evils of unrestricted religious feeling are almost entirely felt in individual cases ; while the conflicts of an

established church with separatists and dissenters carry mischief into the whole body politic, and embitter the fountains which should give refreshment and comfort to all.

The founders of the American Republic thought political government more likely to work well when not encumbered by alliances with any religious system. The Church, therefore, was not endowed with distinct rights or settled revenues, nor dignified with a position as one of the integral portions of the State. In dissevering the political connection with England, they did not wish to identify themselves with any particular form of worship. Among the leading patriots were men of various sects of Christianity, and possibly some who merely followed its precepts without actually believing its tenets.* They found it inexpedient to endanger their unanimity by letting controversial questions arise; and they no doubt thought that the plan which regulated the nations of the old world offered no security for benefit to Religion or advantage to the State.

When England accepted the Reformation, it was absolutely necessary to establish its church as a barrier against the still powerful Church of Rome; and it has

* A question was long since raised, and publicly discussed by at least one lecturer, as to the religious opinions of Washington. It has been stated, on the authority of Jefferson, in his posthumous works, that Washington was not a Christian. A clever English writer, indignant at this assertion, endeavours to refute it by quoting a passage from Washington's celebrated farewell address, which enounces the great truth that "of all the dispositions and habits which lead to political prosperity, religion and morality are indispensable supports. A volume could not trace all their connections with private and public felicity. Reason and experience both forbid us to expect that national morality can prevail in exclusion of religious principle."

It is needless to remark that this particular passage is not sufficient to settle the question raised by Jefferson's assertion. Other grounds for its refutation no doubt exist, and may have been stated elsewhere.

been ever since required, as a breakwater against the surging floods of dissent. But conscience was left free in America to preserve men's duty to God, while the State only enforced that which they owe to society. From this wide latitude of belief it follows, that the principle of toleration, though practically in constant action, is never avowed nor boasted of by any of the religious divisions towards the others. Without tangible power in reference to rival sects, they have only the privilege to hate, but not to persecute. They do not attempt to coerce opinion, nor does political disability in any shape attach to any form of religious belief. The State is thus freed from one prolific source of discord, while society is not seriously damaged by theological divisions that can in no way affect its political interests. And assuredly Christianity in its largest and best sense has not suffered from this independence. In no country of the world is there more religious fervour than in America, and no where a more strict observance of forms. The true religious sentiment, that has its source and life in the hearts of men, is out of the pale of calculation; but the numerical force of observers of church discipline, in all its varieties, is, I have no doubt, greater in the United States than anywhere else.

I have not made this question so far a study as to be able to give extensive tabular views of its statistics. Different portions of the Union show inequalities in the various sects, but the principle of entire liberty of conscience is never anywhere infringed. And in the midst of the most rigid observance of forms and ceremonies, the wildest professions of disbelief exist and flourish.

The immense majority, perhaps nine-tenths of the population, of America, are Protestants of one denomination

or another. I believe an approximation to their respective numbers may be found in the census ; and the points on which they differ from each other are not of vital importance, though sufficient to breed heart-burnings and contentions in abundance. These are however by some considered very advantageous to the spread and preservation of the Faith, from the jealous watchfulness of all, and the prodigious stimulus given to the zeal of the different ministers. Among the many sects of Methodists, Baptists, Presbyterians, Congregationalists (orthodox and unitarian), Evangelical Lutherans, Episcopalians, Universalists, besides Roman Catholics and Quakers, and the numerous minor sects, it may be well supposed that the *odium theologicum* is perpetually in action. And the monstrous displays of proselytizing, which throw the country into ranting and raving tumult, under the form of revivals, awakenings, and other deplorable scandals, bring disgrace and shame upon the very name of the Religion they desecrate. The frightful descriptions of those periodical outbursts require no addition. The burlesque exhibitions of human weakness and hypocrisy mingled together are almost incomprehensible ; and in witnessing their terrific effects on multitudes of people, the marvel is that there can be any limit to the epidemic insanity, and that the whole world does not go mad.

The fanaticism let loose on these occasions baffles controul, and the varied symptoms of the disease are not easily defined. The intolerant dogmas of the Roman Catholics are by no means so repulsive. These may be softened by philosophy, but those of the Puritans defy such influence. *They* are hard, cold, and inflexible. The superstitions of imagination turn into vapoury forms, like morning mists converted into clouds. But those of reason

are frozen as they rise, and they fall down like hail showers on the brain that gave them birth. Religious fanaticism proceeds in some instances from a profound intellect losing itself in the depths of theological enquiry. In inferior minds it is caught by mere association, as a malignant disease. Genius runs to madness from intensity of thought. Fools grow rabid from its shallowness. Yet the symptoms are nearly the same in each, and in recognizing a bigot we never ask how he became one. The perversion of reason is the loss of dignity, and our contempt for the individual levels all distinctions.

The excitable elements of the American mind are made as much a matter of speculation as the waste lands which spread for countless leagues beyond the settled portions of the Union. Thousands of men enter into holy orders of one kind or another, adopt the title of Reverend and some peculiar garb of outward sanctity, and dash into the exercise of their profession, either as followers or founders of sects, outrunning each other in the race which seems to have no fixed starting-place, no limits, and no goal. Where these extraordinary persons come from, under what authority they act, or by what principles they are guided is all matter of mystery ; and it is to it that they in a great measure owe the monstrous influence they acquire and abuse. That there are to be found among the itinerant crowd some virtuous and pious men I have no doubt. That many of them work themselves up to a belief in their extravagant notions I can understand, catching the contagion from their crazy proselytes, as physicians who carry the plague into a lazaretto in their clothes may there imbibe it into their system. But I still believe that the enormous majority of those ranting vulgarians, who mount into pulpits or penetrate into

parlours, scattering threats of damnation and pictures of hell, like incendiaries flinging firebrands into a powder mill, are heartless hypocrites, living on the weakness and wretchedness of their dupes.

I had few opportunities and less inclination to see such persons as those in private life. Having on frequent occasions the gratification of meeting such men as Dr. Channing, Bishops Wainwright, Eastburn, and Fenwick, Dr. Gannet, Dr. Choules, Mr. Pierrepont, Mr. Lothrop, and other duly appointed divines, eminent in their different sects, I could not tolerate those Bashi-bazouks of theology, whose blasphemous maraudings carry confusion into the regular ranks of the Christian clergy. Twice only was I tempted to attend their preachings. The first time it was to hear a famous holder forth, who had changed his profession of an attorney for the sharper and more profitable practice of divinity. He was very good-looking, eloquent, and persuasive. But, warmed by his subject and measuring his growing influence on the audience, chiefly composed of women, many of them young, handsome, and "fashionable," he launched out at last into the broad sea of denunciation, and wound up a sketch of a ball-room "in high life," by declaring that (before he entered the ministry) he had often watched, to see the floor visibly open before his eyes, and the flames of hell rush out to swallow up the dancers!

So much for Kirk! thought I. Now let me listen to Elder Knapp.

So to the church "loaned" to Elder Knapp I repaired—through streets so densely crowded and with such threats of disorder that a troop of cavalry volunteers was on duty—and there, in a high pulpit, and to a nearly suffocated congregation, did this notorious mountebank

declaim for more than an hour, in a strain of mixed fluency, coarseness, irreverence, and revolting drollery, which was at once disgusting, painful, and laughable in a most extraordinary degree. One of the choicest bits of his oratory was the description of a reprobate gradually sinking into the "miry clay" of sin, bit by bit, inch by inch, from the feet to the ankles, knees, and hips, up to the arm-pits—over the shoulders, to the chin, feature by feature to the crown of the head, until the living burial was complete, all with a graphic brutality of effect that told in a quite inconceivable way, on the sobbing, groaning, gasping listeners, whose bonnets swayed backwards and forwards from side to side, and whose hands were clasped, opened out, upraised or slapped together, as might have been done by maniacs in bedlam.

After a pause, copious draughts of water, and profuse wipings of his face with a coloured handkerchief (silk, or cotton, or both), he resumed his address, lecture, or sermon, when he saw that his audience had recovered from its effervescent state. This man had certainly the talent of knowing mankind—the gentler portion of it perhaps best. He was a poet, too, up to

"Every mood of the lyre,"

a living illustration of Collins's ode. He certainly spoke in prose, but he inverted the position of Molière's hero, by acting poetry without knowing it.

He now began with a most comical leer and a jocular air, to teach his hearers the folly of pride and to give an illustration of its humiliation. This moral was conveyed through the medium of a story of which the hero and heroine were a certain Colonel "off in the far West" and his wife. These it appeared were a very proud though

not an irreverent pair. They approved of Elder Knapp's doctrines, acknowledged themselves of his congregation, lent him a large barn for his preachings, but would on no account consent to disgrace themselves by walking, through the only way which led to it—a building known as the "Pork House," where the slaughtered animals hung up in large numbers, preparatory to the process of salting—long resisting all the persuasions of the Reverend Elder to renounce their obstinate objection. The sketch given by the preacher of this stiff-necked Colonel and his equally unmanageable helpmate, the way in which they rejected his imploring appeals that they would humble themselves by going through the degrading passage to the temporary place of prayer, the various emphatic intonations with which he pronounced their dogged determination, not to go "through the *pork-house*,"—"No indeed, they would *not* go through the pork-house"—"they wouldn't go *through* the pork-house"—"others might, but *they* wouldn't go through the pork-house"—"they *wouldn't* go through the pork-house"—was irresistibly ludicrous. Some smiled, many tittered, but the majority of the audience laughed outright. In the words of the French reports of debates in the *Chambre des Députés*, in the good old times of Constitutional government, there was *hilarité générale dans la chambre*; and when the climax came of the gradual yielding of the recusant Colonel and his wife, before the triumphant efforts of the Elder to soften their obdurate hearts, and they actually *did* walk arm-and-arm through the obnoxious pork-house to attend the service, I expected every moment a burst of boisterous applause.

Elder Knapp must have been a strolling player in the ordinary sense of the term, even before he entered on the

career in which I witnessed his performance. He did his part well ; and there happened to be present another individual better able than I was to appreciate the admirable acting of this very low comedian.

During the opening portions of the service, when every pew was choke full, and the aisles thronged with standing listeners, I had observed the beadle, (or whatever the officiating officer was called) making way down the centre from the door to the pulpit, and with his head turned back from time to time, evidently introducing some individual of stature so short as not to be recognized among the crowd. But arrived at the foot of the pulpit (in a pew close to which I had been courteously granted a seat), I discovered that the stranger so pioneered was Mr. Braham, who was at that period astonishing and delighting the Boston public by his unrivalled vocal performances, particularly in sacred music. A place was made for him beside some females on a bench just before the pulpit ; and the gentleman whose pew I sat in asked me in a whisper if the great singer was going to give us an anthem after the sermon ? I told him very truly that I did not know. But the notion was quickly settled in the negative, when the sermon was over, and Elder Knapp came leisurely down from the pulpit, with a serious face once more, and stopped short in front of Mr. Braham, who had just risen from his hard and uneasy seat, and was preparing to go with the retiring crowd. But the Elder accosted him in a soothing and benignant tone, asking him, quite audibly to the persons around,

“ How do you feel, brother ? ”

“ Very well, thank you ; but rather warm,” was the reply. And after a moment's pause, the colloquy went on.

“I hope the evening’s exercises have been agreeable to you.”

“Oh, very—but the seat was none of the softest.”

“I guess it warn’t. How did you feel about the sermon?”

“Well, I was sorry I couldn’t see your face.”

“Brother, my words were more noticeable—How did you like them?”

“Very much; I thought all that gag* about the pork-house capital. Good evening!”

“Have you nawthin’ to say to me, brother?”

“Well, nothing particular. Good evening!”

“Nawthin’ particklar! why, how’s that? Don’t you desire to commune?”

“To commune? O, that’s the way you call it—no, thank you—not here, certainly.”

“Then what on airth brought you here, brother?”

“Why, to hear you preach to be sure. Good evening!”

“Don’t you feel anxious?”

“Anxious! about what? not a bit.”

“Then why did you take your seat on the anxious bench?”

“What the deuce is that? I don’t know what you mean. Do let me pass, I shall be smothered here. Good evening!”

And so, turning his persecutor in flank by a dexterous movement, the puzzled vocalist escaped into the crowded aisle and was immediately lost to the astonished Elder. Those who had the pleasure of knowing Mr. Braham may imagine the kindly and amiable expression of his face and

* The word *gag* in theatrical parlance means humorous matter interpolated into the dialogue by the actor.

his easy and composed manner during this closing scene of Elder Knapp's burlesque, and his humourous way in relating how he had accidentally occupied the "anxious bench," a rough form invariably appropriated to self-accusing sinners, who sought in the confessional relief for their over-burdened consciences.

The two specimens I have given of unlicensed religious irregulars—I know not whether they were infra- or supra-lapsarians—sufficiently account for my not farther pursuing my observations in the same direction. I heard some excellent preachers among the Episcopalian divines and the Unitarian ministers. The most noted among them, Dr. Channing, I first saw in the pulpit. His mild and pleasing features, his calm yet energetic delivery, his voice, which surprised me by its fulness and depth of tone comparatively with his feeble frame, were all very impressive; and the sermon he delivered was remarkable, from its being an eloquent and laboured argument to prove that the attributes of God, though called in Scriptural phrase the King of Kings, were more in accordance with those of the President of a Republic than of a Monarch, in the human sense of the term.

In private society Dr. Channing was the type of earnest suavity, if I may venture to describe his manners and conversation by one phrase.

The extravagant tenets and profligate practice of Mormonism grew into celebrity about the period of my arrival in America, and the murder of the Prophet Joe Smith attracted more particular attention to them, and brought his successor Brigham Young and his brother "Saints" into the notoriety which persecution always confers on its victims. The enormous iniquities of this erratic sect have been over and over exposed of late years by

close observers and by its own disgusted dupes. But one other extensive, yet only ephemeral, infatuation which ran its meteor course in a few months, has scarcely had, I believe, a chronicler sufficiently serious and reliable to have given so accurate an account of it, as would be likely to take hold in the public mind of Europe.

It is by no means my intention to attempt any detailed account of MILLERISM, though I had both opportunity and curiosity for witnessing some of its wildest orgies. It must suffice to mention that the author of this great delusion, a minister of some denomination or other, living in the State of New York, most probably half fool half fanatic, had published a prophecy stating that the World (as has been so often predicted before and since his time) was to come to an end on a certain given day—but I even now forget the year.

The effect of this announcement would have been marvellous, had it not formed only one in the oft-recurring cases, where the ardent and uneasy fancies of American nature rush like whirlwinds through the national mind, and happily drop into a total calm with the prompt transition that proverbially follows a storm. Thousands of the people in the Northern and Eastern States adopted the belief in this prophecy, joined in large associations preparatory to the coming day of doom, sold property of all kinds and disbursed the proceeds with the recklessness of idiots flinging money into the sea. The only general object seemed to be that each individual should retain sufficient funds for bare support until the final hour, which was calculated with the precision of an eclipse, and that each should be provided with a dress of light material suited to the season, which was summer, and in this floating garment, technically called an "Ascension Robe,"

they should all at their common rendezvous stand prepared for the *moment suprême*, and at the given signal, whatever that might be, all in one great gathering take their bodily flight to Heaven !

I attended more than one of the meetings of these poor people in the city of Boston ; and one more particularly in the country near Salem, that pretty and most English-looking town, where a scattered encampment was formed of the "Millerites," and where scenes of incredible absurdity were enacted in the open air, in tents of various sizes, one of them, a real monster-marquee, being sufficient to contain 5000 persons, a parodical illustration of charity covering a multitude of sins. Whole troops of "clergymen," so called, were there, on platforms elevated so as to allow of their being seen and heard by the crowd, or distributed in the smaller tents, which were of the most irregular construction, and pitched about the great common at random. Everywhere there was singing of hymns in horrid discord, prayers in all gradations of sound, low murmurings, deep howlings, and loud yellings ; groups in close converse, single figures in trances, extasies, and convulsions ; contortions of feature and limb, attitudes the most grotesque and unreserved, countenances of fierce energy and imbecile exhaustion ; all the varieties in short in which the degradation of man's nature could be exposed. There was much in this exhibition to excite, and some things to amuse the sane observer. But taken all in all it was "a sorry sight," and I left the place, after some hours of wandering and wondering, with an impression of deep melancholy it was not easy to shake off.

I often turned my thoughts back on that scene, and speculated as to what was the effect produced on this

mass of mental distortion when the great bubble burst and "Father Miller," as he was called, confessed that he had made a miscalculation; and the terrible last day passed over as uneventful as the one which preceded or that which followed it. Did that perturbed torrent of fanaticism quietly subside into rational thought, and those inflamed enthusiasts return into paths of useful industry? If so, and making allowance for some irretrievably consigned to the asylums and hospitals, these very Millerites, having just escaped from the verge of insanity, and touched, without breaking through, the "thin partitions" which divide the bounds between wit and madness, may after all be now absorbed in the duller and less excitable millions, and actually form the necessary leaven for mixing with the mass, and raising up the national mind to the pitch required to carry forward its great destinies.

Here the inquiry must pause, and here I part with the immediate subject it embraces; only disclaiming the wish of giving a distorted notion of religion in America, in putting forward these extreme instances of its uncontrolled excess. And to complete the sketch which other hands may work up into a picture, I must make mention, in passing, of the society or sect which forms the antithesis to both Mormonism and Millerism in the quiet extravagance of its belief and practice, and gives it a place at the other end of the line, which connects the various classes of religious fanaticism,

SHAKERISM, although the word is not legitimately adopted into the language by any good authority, is the generally received designation applied to the belief and practices of the singular sect of Christians, called Shakers, from the strange agitations and movements of their religious dances, but who call themselves the Millennial

Church, or United Society of Believers. A great deal has been from time to time written about them ; but so quiet, industrious, and unobtrusive has been their obscure existence, that they have for late years seemed to be in a great measure forgotten, except in the immediate neighbourhood of their several establishments. It is now above a century since the Shakers took their rise in Lancashire, and near eighty years since their first settlement in America was fixed at Lebanon in Columbia county in the State of New York, under the guidance of their celebrated founder, Mother Anne Lee. They have now no less than three "locations" in that state,—four in Massachusetts, one in Connecticut, two in New Hampshire, two in Maine, four in Ohio, and two in Kentucky ; eight establishments in all, containing an aggregate number of between six and seven thousand souls. When it is considered that the society is entirely independent of, and opposed to, the laws which regulate the increase of population, that strict celibacy is the foundation of their order, and that it is opposed to their principles to send out missionaries for the propagation of even their opinions, or recruiting in any way their numbers, their gradual accession of members is certainly a remarkable testimony in favour of the morality and industry which reign among them. Their system thus forms a most decided contrast to that of Mormonism, whose fundamental principle is the peopling of the world, and whose hopes of happiness hereafter are based on the amount of the progeny they leave behind them on earth. The economic system of the Shakers is also widely distinct from that of Communism or Socialism. And the simplicity of their lives, their inoffensive conduct, and whole moral organization, would meet with something

more than mere respect, if it were not that their extravagant superstition sinks them far below the scale of beings guided by sound views of life and rational principles of belief.

Their principal practical published work is entitled "A Summary View of the Rise and Progress of the Society," printed in Albany in 1823. And certainly they not only clearly explain their theological doctrines on scriptural grounds, but they do speak out with startling perspicuity, in developing their objections against the divine command to increase and multiply, or at least against the ordinary feelings which have secured a willing obedience to it in mankind in general, from the creation to the time that is. For the way in which they argue out their theory for the due modifying the commandment, and the somewhat inconsistent explanation of the fall of Adam by the seduction of Eve, I must refer the curious to the book itself, which is however to be by no means recommended for "general circulation," though doubtless written in a spirit of ignorant yet argumentative simplicity.* But even the struggle against man's nature and God's law, which is the *primum mobile* of Shakerism, would scarcely be classified with religious fanaticism, were it not connected with the assumption of divine inspiration, and the power of prophecy by its members.

To put forth these claims upon what they must believe substantial grounds, they published another volume in the year 1843, with a title which they could not have believed to be as blasphemous as it must appear to all rational minds. It is called "A Holy, Sacred, and Divine Roll

* A much less objectionable and somewhat insidious abridgment of this work (inasmuch as it omits without disavowing all the grossly revolting passages) appeared at New York in 1851, called "A Brief Exposition of the Principles and Regulations of the United Society of Believers, called SHAKERS."

and Book (I omit some of the words) revealed in the United Society at New Lebanon." This, with an appendix subsequently published, contains such a mass of incomprehensible absurdity, as to throw very far into the shade any of the modern (or indeed ancient) impostures, which have lately been got up (or revived), perhaps in rivalry with these conscientious delusions of Shakerism.

The four angels who proclaimed the revelations in question to Brother Philemon Stewart, who signs himself "inspired writer," and about seventy others, male and female, declared their names to be ASSAN DE LA JAH, MICHAEL VAN CE VA'NE, GA'BRY VEN DO VAS'TER REEN, and VEN DEN DE PA'ROL JEW' LE JAH. "These," say these angels, "are our names in our own tongues; and although we know that the words of this book will be considered by many as being produced in the wildest of enthusiasm, madness, blasphemy, and fanaticism, yet we do declare unto all flesh that this roll and book contains," &c.—which it requires all the faith of a Shaker to believe, and the stolidity of a Stoic not to laugh at.

The publication of this enormous nonsense must, one would suppose, have struck a death blow to the United Society; but the spirit of vitality and permanency within it, having withstood the rude trials of nearly a century, it may still outlive, and possibly flourish on, this last suicidal attempt on its own existence.

CHAPTER XIII.

SPECULATIVE PHILOSOPHY.

Mental excitability of the Americans—Their Speculative Ardour—Phrenology—Mesmerism—Neurology—Dr. Joseph R. Buchanan—His Lectures—Phrenology in Action—Reading Character from Handwriting—The same result from mere Contact with the Paper—Remarkable Instance of this Faculty—Discredit attached to Mesmerism—Spirit Rappings.

THE amazing mental excitability of the Americans, which leads to the excesses of religious fervour exemplified in the last Chapter, is also exhibited in offshoots from every branch of scientific and metaphysical inquiry. To push every such speculation farther than it has reached elsewhere, to surpass the philosophers of England, and establish for themselves a more extended fame, if not as discoverers, at least as improvers, are powerful impulses. They lead to admirable results in the mechanical arts, almost all the inventions in European machinery being simplified or otherwise improved on their adoption in the United States. But the same principle applied to purely scientific operations is less successful, as mere manual ingenuity alone is not able to cope with mental power, and they become still less manifest when they lead to the ambitious grappling with those deep studies of the brain, which the profound and practised intellects of the Old World pursue with continuous and untiring energy.

Among subjects of this nature, phrenology has many votaries and some professors ; and the admirable lectures of George Combe attracted crowds of listeners, and created numerous practitioners, but it was not fairly dealt with by scientific men. Mesmerism also had rapid and wide-spread success, but having unfortunately fallen into far inferior hands, and being caught up by insufficient *amateurs*, without knowledge or talent to develop its wonderful mysteries, it fell quickly into disrepute, and was almost entirely scoffed or slandered down, by sarcastic or unprincipled criticism ; while established professional monopolists set their faces of course against what appeared so doubtful, and which was certainly to them so dangerous a novelty.

It was left to one individual to partially turn the tide of opposition against phrenology into rational inquiry, and for a while at least to allow the unprejudiced to see and judge for themselves as to the nature of the science under a new title, and the lengths to which its practice is susceptible of being carried.

During one of the winters of my residence in America Dr. Jos. R. Buchanan of Louisville, Kentucky, arrived in Boston, and delivered a series of lectures on the science of Neurology, of which he claimed to be the discoverer. Greatly pleased with his manners, which were unassuming and self-sustaining, and forcibly impressed from some experiments in my own family, with the truth of his theory, I entered cordially into acquaintanceship with him. It was not in my power to follow his course of lectures with the attention required for the mastery of so comprehensive a system of mental and physiological study. But I made one at some of his private *soirées*, and conversed frequently with him, always receiving a

large measure of instruction. And when Dr. Buchanan left Boston to return to his home in the West, I hoped, rather than expected, that he would come back as he intended, the following winter, to see the results of the knowledge he had imparted to a few staunch believers, including some physicians, the greater part of the Faculty, however, having set their faces altogether against him. But he was not a man to be daunted by discouragement. He took an enlarged view of his subject and the opposition it was sure to provoke. He returned according to his promise; and he soon organized a regular class consisting of about fifty persons, whose subscriptions formed a fund sufficient to satisfy the pecuniary objects of Dr. Buchanan. He was evidently impelled to his new career by motives far superior to that of mere gain. He had all the subdued energy of a rational enthusiast. Convinced of the truth of his system, he seemed determined to carry it out to the utmost limits of his capacity; and his conduct was calm, steady, and resolute. Whether his theory was sound or unsound his practice was unexceptionable. I did not find it convenient to attend any of the public lectures during his second visit to Boston; but I was acquainted with several ladies and gentlemen who did so, and who expressed great satisfaction at the manner in which they were conducted. I could not trace, during his two sojourns of several months each in Boston, the slightest instance of those disreputable tricks of quackery to which other professors of the doubtful sciences too frequently have recourse, to attract a forced attention on the part of an incredulous public or a hostile profession.

Dr. Buchanan was certainly treated with some illiberality by the "American Academy of Medicine," a rather

too extensive title adopted for a society formed of some of the physicians of Boston. Its members, in their zeal for established principles and against innovation failed to discriminate between the quacks, who had previously astonished and at times disgusted the public, and the gentleman, scholar, and man of science, who now claimed courtesy and a fair trial for his experiments. There was something far too respectable in his bearing and practice to lead to any risk of gross or insulting opposition on the part of the learned doctors to whom he appealed. But they met his advances with every negative proof of reprobation. They instituted a committee of mock inquiry ; and when he had two or three times appeared before it, unprepared to produce rapid results on a subject requiring long and serious examination, they cut it short, professing themselves satisfied that his theory was unreal and his experiments unconvincing, before he had done more than just broken ground, for the erection of that structure of mingled reasoning and fact, which, had sufficient time been allowed to him, he was sure to raise.

His efforts were thenceforward confined to the promulgation of his theory within a small circle of unbiassed persons, whose professional profits could not be injured, and who had no selfish prejudices to be shocked by a fair inquiry. The public curiosity soon subsided, as it always does in America, after the first rush of novelty was over. Dr. Buchanan, suited by his conduct, his acquirements, and his manners, to mix with the best society, was never seen in the "fashionable" circles of the so-called "emporium of literature." His wife, a gentlewoman of good connections, her father having been a judge in her native state, was altogether unnoticed except by a very

few chance acquaintances. In short the neglect of such amiable individuals, while every mark of attention was lavished upon all the "distinguished" newcomers in the least degree notorious for wealth or political trickery, was one in many proofs of the want of respect for unpretending worth which is too common in the United States.

It is not my intention to insert here any particulars relative to the science of Neurology, I being totally incompetent to do justice to such a subject, and Dr. Buchanan's writings being, I believe, well known in England. The philosophy of mind and the mystery of its operations through the agency of the brain have long claimed the attention of the most powerful intellects. System after system has been invented, practised, and superseded by others. Phrenology has become the admitted foundation from which all investigations into the relation of matter and mind must take their rise. The discoveries of Doctor Buchanan, consist in enlarging the limits of phrenology, so as to render it applicable to more extended purposes, and in showing the mode in which it could be applied to objects of utility. Dr. Buchanan possessed even then his entire confidence in the result of his experimental investigation of the functions of the brain, and stated that he had ascertained much more in relation to the subject than any of his predecessors in physiological or pathological science.

"I am prepared," he says, in one of the pamphlets which he has frequently published since then, "to teach the true physiology of the brain, and to give the function of its smallest organs with a precision which it would once have been deemed chimerical to expect. Yet every proposition which I advance shall be accompanied on the spot by experimental demonstration, as palpable and satisfactory even as those of chemistry."

“It is in my power to excite, in a few moments, any portion of the brain either large or small; to put that portion into full and vigorous action, as an efficient portion of the character of the person upon whom I operate; and then, at will, suspend its action, and excite the action of its antagonist organ, or of any other organ, or group of organs that I choose to bring into play.”

To condense the learned and technical descriptions of this discovery, it may be briefly designated “Phrenology in action.” Turning that science to practical account, it utilizes the discoveries of Gall and Spurzheim. By simply touching the developments on the skull their corresponding organs in the brain are excited, and the individual is played on by the Professor as one might play on an instrument. The wonders of phreno-magnetism are performed without any recourse to mesmerism. Persons in the natural state, without any previous preparation or external influence, are made to exhibit effects that were heretofore supposed impossible, except to those in the mesmerised state. And faculties are discovered to exist and to be demonstrable, in individuals noway changed from their ordinary and every-day appearance and manners, that give to them more the aid and powers of inspiration, than of anything previously considered as the common attributes of humanity.

In how far these experiments may harmonize with or differ from those of electro-biology, I am unable, from want of personal observation, to say; and the publications by Dr. Buchanan, and the numerous notices of his experiments in newspapers and periodical works devoted to science, must be referred to, by those who may be interested by this mention of him and his pursuits. There is only one demonstrable branch of the subject which I mean to dwell on, which being entirely

free from all scientific or medical agency, can be comprehended by every inquirer, and is susceptible of experimental proof by any and every one.

I allude to the faculty possessed by some individuals of a highly *impressible* temperament (which term as applied by Dr. Buchanan to physical excitability is tantamount to the French word *impressionnable* applied to moral sentiment), of reading the character of individuals from the mere contact with a written document, but without a sight of the handwriting.

The power of judging of character from seeing handwriting alone, without any previous knowledge of the individual, is common to many persons in a moderate degree.

Shelley, in his posthumous *Essays and Letters*, has thus touched on the question of handwriting in this connexion in his description of Tasso's cell at Ferrara :—

“The handwriting of Ariosto is a small, firm, and pointed character, expressing, as I should say, a strong and keen, but circumscribed energy of mind. That of Tasso is large, free, and flowing, except that there is a checked expression in the midst of its flow, which brings the letters into a smaller compass than one expected from the beginning of the word. It is the symbol of an intense and earnest mind, exceeding at times its own depth, and admonished to return by the chilness of the waters of oblivion striking upon its adventurous feet.”

Indeed few persons look on a handwriting for the first time without forming a slight and passing notion of some of the most leading characteristics of the writer. We say such a handwriting is bold or cramped, elegant or vulgar, and so on ; and we naturally attach to the person the idea arising from his penmanship. But beyond that few can judge with accuracy ; and even in so con-

tracted an opinion as that, many errors are made. But Dr. Buchanan possessed in the most extraordinary degree I ever knew the faculty of reading character from such indications. I have heard him in the presence of several persons well acquainted with the individuals whose writing was exhibited to him, deliver opinions as to their pursuits in life, age, habits of thought, manners, and peculiarities, moral and intellectual, of an accuracy startling, and almost always minutely correct.

I need scarcely say that on those occasions it was quite certain that Dr. Buchanan was entirely unacquainted personally with the individuals thus analysed, and never before had specimens of their handwriting submitted to him. They were of various descriptions of persons, friends, and relatives in Europe, where Dr. Buchanan had never been, and some of them men in public life, English and foreign, whose writing he had never seen before. To be certain of that, Dr. Buchanan's assertion would have been as convincing to me as any amount of testimony; but, for the satisfaction of those who were not so well acquainted with him, every possible precaution was taken. He lays claim to no peculiar qualifications, mental or physical, for such power beyond great application and repeated experiments. He says that his skill is based upon simple mathematical principles, and that it may be easily acquired. He maintains that all the muscular movements of the body sympathize with, and are produced by cerebral action, and that he has ascertained that every manual motion giving a peculiar formation to written characters, must proceed from the nature of certain organs in the brain, and the degree of relative activity; all the influences in short which create mental characteristics. Fully impressed with this conviction, Dr. Buchanan, on

seeing a specimen of handwriting, immediately forms a notion (and I can vouch for his frequent most surprising accuracy) of the size, shape, and phrenological developments of the individual's head. Having these before him in imagination, he proceeds to give his opinions as to the character of the writer, taking, from many minor and minute traits in the writing, notions of his age and pursuits in life.

This, however, forms no portion of the study of Neurology. I have mentioned it incidentally with reference to the branch of that science, which exhibits impressible persons as endowed with the marvellous faculty of reading character from the mere contact without handwriting, which they do not look at at all, with still greater depth, and infinitely more delicacy of perception, than is evinced by Dr. Buchanan, who has the chirography before his eyes.

Four or five persons so organized have on as many occasions given me proofs, in the presence of various others, that this power is very general, and not confined to individuals of one sex, or to any peculiarity of physical temperament.

Assisted by Dr. Buchanan, I took notes on the spot of several of those experiments. I always chose among my letters those from individuals publicly known to well-informed Americans, such as composed Dr. Buchanan's class, of whom some were present on each occasion.

I will subjoin the notes of one of the experiments, being sufficient as a specimen of the whole. The general accuracy of the character thus given will be obvious to every one acquainted with the person it concerns. I tried on the occasion I allude to, three letters, which I placed successively in the hands of a young lady, highly sensi-

tive, and of most pleasing and modest manners. She was previously unknown to me or my family. She never looked at the handwriting of the letters, which she pressed between her palms. I suppress the observations on two of those, not by any means from their being failures, for they were quite the contrary—but the following is a verbatim copy of the words she uttered during the quarter of an hour occupied in the examination of the one I choose to record. The letter being placed in her hands, after a short pause, she spoke as follows, Dr. Buchanan correctly writing down her words, which I have copied from his manuscript still in my possession.

“I have a fancy I should like this person, kind-hearted, generous, not deficient in mirthfulness. I feel happy—and hopeful—I think the person could see the bright side of things where there was a bright side to be seen. He must have a good deal of inward peace. May have a quick perception of the ludicrous—don't think he would make ill-natured remarks. Might make good-natured remarks which might wound—would give and take a joke. I think he might be lively—not sluggish—quick in movement—would be so near his friends in heart that he would not feel they were at a distance from him. I should think he might be critical—would see a little defect quickly with a searching eye. I don't think he would be severe on the person, though he might be in his criticism. Has a great deal of warmth, and much deeper feeling than he has credit for. Has not much patience. Would be, I think, a quick-tempered person, and one who would not patiently bear an insult. Rather sensitive on the point of honour. Might have much indignation at any baseness. Great deal of sincerity. After a burst of

indignation might laugh at himself, and think he had used more warmth than was necessary. I don't see finished drawings, but fancy he could sketch."

Here it was intimated to the speaker that it was a lady whose character she was describing. She continued :—

"I am not surprised to hear it is a lady—I feel such a genial influence. She might be an older person but a younger spirit than Dr. Buchanan (who was about thirty years of age). A good deal of serious and deep thought. Might relieve a fit of sadness by writing. Can write verses, but would write prose better. She has descriptive powers. I don't think she has been without her struggles and trials. Has a good deal of hope and ideality. When unhappy flies to ideality and finds relief. Is it a person who has written a good deal? Beautiful scenes pass before me, as when reading beautiful descriptions. One scene with a waterfall seems very pleasant to me. Has she lost any near friends? I don't think she forgets them. She clings more dearly to those who are left. Has she travelled? I cannot tell whether she has, or if it was imagination.

"A great many only know the outside of her character. It has great depth and much to respect. I feel a great interest in her. I don't think she says much of her griefs, but feels them. It seems to me that she may feel at times as if she is in a very elevated condition without being so. I think she bears her trials well. It is only when you know her intimately that you know what deep grief she has felt. Her mirthfulness and cheerful spirit are great blessings to her great elasticity of mind. She laughs. There's a good deal of power of endurance, and a good deal of restraint and great sensibility. What gives a charm to her writing is that she feels what she writes.

Would enter into character quickly. Wouldn't make people feel awkward in awkward situations. Would make every one feel at ease. Doesn't she hate affectation? I can imagine her with affected persons putting on coarse and rough ways—her feeling of disgust would drive her to the other extreme. Would have a great feeling for true delicacy and timidity, and set such a person at ease, and draw them out. Has a good hearty love of nature. Knows how to admire—gets warm when admiration is excited—has considerable versatility. I should think she was very susceptible of pleasant influences. Would not yield to unpleasant ones—creates an atmosphere where unpleasant influences cannot penetrate. If she says 'I won't,' hard to make it 'I will.' Gentle, but firm—more gentle by nature than she always shows. How I should like to be with her on the rocks at Jerusalem, the sun going down and the moon coming up! She is the right kind of person to take it all in. How she would have looked at the person who said, 'It is pretty, isn't it?' She'd enjoy a thunder-tempest. Doesn't she love children! She is honest and hearty—not worldly wise. I don't think she'd care for persons of the world, yet for the few she'd love."

Here the young lady, who had been greatly excited, flushed and animated, became suddenly exhausted; and Dr. Buchanan took the letter from between her hands. Great was the astonishment of all present, and particularly of the young lady herself—and not trifling was the disappointment and vexation of some of the American listeners, when I opened the sheet of paper and read the name of the writer, the clever and impulsive Mrs. Trollope.

However science may classify and distinguish the several phenomena of mental philosophy, ordinary observers too often confound them together. Phrenology,

Neurology, and Mesmerism, are only parts and parcel in the vulgar view, of the system which includes table-turning, spirit-rapping, and all the rest of the family of occult and mysterious facts or fictions, as the case may be. Not one of those subjects has suffered so much on this account as Mesmerism. It partakes so much of the mixed principles of reality and imagination, it speaks in such united tones to the reason and the fancy, its curative qualities are so blended with its shadowy marvels, delirium with *clairvoyance*, and manifest truth with positive imposture, that it required some powerful mind, some weighty intellect combined with a serious, impressive, and persuasive manner, to bring before the world in a new generation this sublime discovery, and relieve it from the meretricious trickeries of Mesmer himself, and the wretched puerilities of many of his followers. Even in England it fell into incompetent hands. Quacks and dupes made it odious or ridiculous in practice; and not even the admirable work of Mr. Chauncy Townshend,* which unites all the charms of style with depth of research, acuteness of observation, and the courageous utterance of truth, could sufficiently countervail against the want of a practical expounder of his written revelations. In America it fared still worse. The book just mentioned and several others on the subject, of great merit, but none of them equal to it, had a certain circulation. But the people are too impatient and too much occupied with too many other things, to give sufficient attention to the silent study of any subject, however striking. They require philosophy to be put into action. They must have lectures and experiments, to speak

* "Facts in Mesmerism, with Reasons for a dispassionate inquiry into it." By the Rev. Mr. Chauncy Hare Townshend.

plainly and briefly to their senses; and unless the practical agent is endowed with such qualities as I have before enumerated, the theory he would illustrate has no chance of becoming an established article of the public faith. And so it was that mesmerism fell quickly into disrepute and was utterly neglected, while the popular mind caught up with eagerness, and followed with intense avidity, the next in succession of those manifestations—marvellous, at any rate, whatever may be their cause or their consequences—which have become conspicuous in the present century; and table-turning, not to speak it profanely, turned the tables on all that went before.

I cannot say whether this newly discovered or recently revived phenomenon, whichever it may be, became popularly noticed in the first instance, in Europe or America; or if the observations which led to its notoriety were not simultaneous in both hemispheres. That however is only of consequence, inasmuch as an American origin would have been *primá facie* evidence of imposture, to the European sceptic; while, in the other case, the American people would, in this, like everything else, have pushed experiment and belief to an extravagant stretch, to outdo any marvellous development first witnessed in the Old World. But that table-turning is a fact, extensive as humanity itself, witnessed, practised, and believed in by millions, cannot now be gainsayed. To explain it with any degree of satisfaction to plain, sound minds, equally opposed to baseless theories, or the flippant *ipse dixit* of any one “philosopher,” is a task to be yet performed. Yet thousands upon thousands are every day satisfied to pin their faith upon some such oracular decision. It does not even require the sanction of a name to satisfy the ignorant million or the educated mass. A breath of

denial, if it comes authoritatively and in sympathy with a general prejudice, suffices to calm a whole "multitudinous sea" of uncertainty. And people in general are so glad to get rid of a troublesome inquiry or a startling innovation, that they are delighted to invest with super-human influence the most shallow charlatan who pretends to settle a question by a stroke of his pen. But a numerous and very powerful class of observers and inquirers are not to be thus dealt with. They are not those who only think they are thinking, but those who do really think. Those who will investigate before they decide; and who, even should they decide wrongly, are far superior to those who blindly adopt the oftentimes erroneous decisions of others.

Another class, still more numerous, observe, examine, and reflect, but find it impossible to make up their minds absolutely, on matters so incomprehensible and so little susceptible of rational and positive proof. These (like those political hangers-on on chance, who are ironically called by too grave a name) are really and in sober seriousness waiters on Providence—beings who, while "fools rush in" and self-made judges irreverently pronounce *ex cathedrâ* sentence on the inscrutable acts of Heaven, stand patiently by, watching the progress of events they can neither fathom nor control.

The greatest of those combined marvels is assuredly the "manifestation," which commenced about ten years ago, in the State of New York, familiarly denominated "Spirit rappings," an ignoble title, which from the very first threw an air of grotesque vulgarity on the mystery it was meant to designate. The supposed communications from spirits in another state of existence to persons with whom, in life, they had been connected by ties of affection

or friendship, form a subject too solemn for light treatment, and too startling for unhesitating belief. There are, nevertheless, millions who either scoff at the bare idea, or who devoutly adopt it as true. It need not be told that Europe contains numerous adepts, but in the United States they are not to be counted. They are not, like the usual large associations, a defined and established sect, with a specific title, and rallying-signs of brotherhood, bound by common ties or forms. Yet they do positively present an almost innumerable body of believers, professing the highest principles of morality, and maintaining, in what they consider to be a new revelation, the strictest attachment to the Religion of Christ. It is by no means the low and ignorant, such as Mormons or Millerites, that constitute this host of believers, divided into thousands of "circles," with untold *media* of many distinct attributes. Men of high attainments, unblemished character, and considerable talent are to be found among them, with numbers of intelligent, sincere, and disinterested people, and no doubt large accessions of the simple, credulous, and weak-minded, as ready to believe in a mystery from the force of example, as to deny a truth at the dictation of a sceptic. This kind of persons counts for nothing in a question such as this. But throwing such entirely aside, there are multitudes of whom statistics can take no note, to command the attention of the world at large.

Such a movement as this ought scarcely to be ignored. If deserving of notice at all, it is at least worth inquiry; and the method of inquiry should be worthy of the matter. By what means it should be entered on, by what rules regulated, or by whom conducted, are questions difficult to answer, in connexion with a subject which has no concentrated focus nor responsible condition to which inquiry

could be applied. Most wild and illogical attempts have been made to stifle the matter altogether as a mere cheat, and various imaginary explanations given, one more utterly futile than the other, of the numerous category of "Sights and Sounds," which have long become familiar as associated with this mystery. The author of a work, with the title just quoted,* was, I believe, the first to bring the question fairly before the British public, and he has treated it in a manner strictly popular, and both instructive and amusing. This gentleman, an Englishman, travelling in America four or five years back, during the very height of the excitement caused by the Rochester "rappings," was led to give his attention to what was considered "the mystery of the day ;" and his volume presents a most lively picture of it in a very rational light. Mr. Spicer says, with truth and candour,—

"A matter which seems fraught with powerful interest to the estimable and intelligent cannot easily be put aside with scorn. I must own it appeared to me, in common probably with all British novices, in its early aspect, idle and puerile, a scientific bubble waiting puncture. In the meantime, however, manifestations multiplied. It soon became easy, next pleasant, to listen;—and, inasmuch as it is considerably safer to affirm what a mystery is *not* than what it *is*—let it suffice to say, that I have seen, heard, and learned enough, to force me irresistibly—even against my will—to the conclusion that the mystery in question has its origin in no mechanical skill—in no human intelligence, however shrewd and penetrative—in no hitherto recognized law of physics—in no material organism whatever."

Having myself witnessed many instances of the exercises of the initiated—not in America, but in England—amongst educated, honourable, and trustworthy persons of

* "Sights and Sounds: the Mystery of the Day ; comprising an entire History of the American ' Spirit ' Manifestations." By Henry Spicer, Esq., London.

both sexes—I am quite prepared to add my testimony, that however there might have been *delusion*, *collusion* was impossible; and that, although the “rappings” always seemed to come from beneath the table, everything else was most assuredly above board. What to think of it, I know not. What to say of it, still less. Had my experience been in America, perhaps I should have formed a more decided opinion. As it is, I dismiss the subject, with a few concluding remarks :

1st. If “spirit rapping” be a trick, the knowledge of it by many thousand persons scattered all over the earth, without the possibility of acquaintanceship or communication, is nothing short of inspiration.

2nd. It is equally miraculous that the secret has never been betrayed and never discovered.

3rd. If it were really a trick put in action by machinery, or other material organism, it would always succeed. Professed conjurors never fail. Therefore occasional failure is the best proof of constant truthfulness. Let others explain if they can the cause of the occasional failures, and they may come at the secret of the frequent success.

4th. Men of high intellect and strict integrity have faith in, and are guided by, the indications derived from “Spirit rapping.” That is no guarantee against folly on their part, but it is against fraud; and it is certain that their practices with the spirits in no ways impair their pursuits in the flesh.

CHAPTER XIV.

EDUCATION—LITERATURE—THE DRAMA.

Public Instruction in America—Wisely Regulated and not Overdone—Mr. Horace Mann's Reports on Public Schools—Scholarship necessarily restricted in the United States in comparison with England—General Education of the People—Its Results, and Limits of its Influence—After-education in Political and Commercial Life—"Young America"—Estimation of Scholarship—Writers unduly extolled—Recent Progress of Literature—Mr. Ward's "Views of England"—An American Notion of John Bull—Poverty of the American Drama—Miss Cushman. English Actors in America—Anecdote of Mr. Braham—American Italian Opera.

WHETHER regarded with reference to the system on which it is founded, or the plan on which it is carried out, education is decidedly the strongest point in the social condition of America. The State which, whether wisely or the contrary, rejected an alliance with the Church in any shape, has completely identified itself with public instruction in all its forms. The federal government is not charged with its management, which has been assumed and is maintained entirely as the prerogative of each separate state of the Union. Had the control of such an extensive institution been given to the general government, it must have been accompanied by some power of local taxation, adverse to the fundamental axioms of the federal partnership; and by the system adopted, a total separation is formed between secular and religious teaching, the Church and the schools performing their duties entirely distinct from, and not clashing with each other.

And although immense importance is justly attached to the general education of the people, and a remarkable degree of emulation kept up between the different states in the maintenance of the great principle, its pursuit is not followed to unwise lengths ; in other words, the people are not over-educated. The several states have adopted different educational schemes ; but they all seem to work in the right spirit, and are all entitled to a great measure of public respect and admiration on this score.

Statistical tables must be referred to for data on which to judge of the large and liberal view which has presided over this great question of national education, and numerous publications may be consulted, rich in details of its theory and practical working. The admirable reports of Mr. Horace Mann, Secretary to the Massachusetts Board of Education, form so many text-books on the management of public schools ; and there is not one of the many establishments throughout the country, starting from that basis and ascending to the universities, that has not put forth its *quota* of most useful information.

It is really no idle boast, but absolute and honourable fact, when we are told that the principle which lies at the foundation of the educational system of the Union is that all the children of the state shall be educated by the state ; that the theory of the government being founded on the intelligence of the people, a wise education is necessary to its existence ; and that the great question for national consideration is the best mode of disseminating intelligence and virtue among the people. On that one text, " Educate the people," a long series of practical essays have been exhibited, and

the great duty it inculcates is, beyond doubt, most worthily, if not with entire perfection, performed, in schools, colleges, and universities.

But there are due bounds to the extent of education, as well as limits to the advantages it can bestow. Instruction in America is on a far more limited scale than that devoted to the superior classes in England, while the education afforded to the lower grades of the people puts to shame the insufficient teaching hitherto so grudgingly afforded to the English poor. The requisite instruction for the millions of American citizens is confined to a sound plain system. Whole years of early life are not wholly devoted to the drudgery of acquiring the dead languages, whose influence would be almost entirely lost in the rough ways of transatlantic life. Children go to school in early years, and leave the universities generally about the age at which an English youth matriculates. The United States contain many good scholars, and the universities possess Professors in all branches of high attainments. But it would be inconsistent with the whole existing state of things to expect a body of deep and solid learning such as is maintained in Great Britain. Even there learning is not followed without the strong inducements of adequate reward for time, trouble, and devotion to study. The endowments for university success, in the shape of scholarships, fellowships, and the higher dignities, rich church livings, well-paid cathedral offices, the Bench of Bishops, and the House of Lords, those brilliant prizes for the aspiring and industrious European student, have no existence in America; nor is there a class of wealthy men nursed in hereditary love of scholastic distinction, and emulous of that gained by members of their families in gene-

rations gone by, and the fruits of which have descended to themselves.

But to balance this comparative deficiency in the higher walks of intellectual culture, let this one fact be marked. Almost all native-born Americans are able at least to read, write, and cipher, while the great majority have received much more than the mere rudiments of education comprised in those primary acquirements. The great mass of the exceptions, whether children or adults, is to be found among the European immigrants, who bring with them the ignorance that is inseparable from the political systems they left behind them.

A severe censor might perhaps with justice observe, that this wide-spread system of education has scarcely produced such corresponding results as its founders and supporters expected, and now look for in vain. Too much however must not be exacted from any human institution, nor from Human Nature itself. The purpose of those early establishments, the common schools, the colleges and universities, is to teach the elements of knowledge, but they cannot make men wise. They impart the means of understanding the difference between right and wrong, but they cannot abolish vice or consolidate virtue. That must be left for a more advanced teaching, and a more extensive acquaintance with the world. And it is just at that turning point in the road of life that American precept and example are both found wanting; that the political system as exemplified by the highest authorities is such as I have shown it to be; and that a commercial career develops analogous defects, which may be more evidently pointed out before this volume comes to a close. The youth of all nations is beyond measure the most interesting portion of the population; and though

it is certainly very little so in America, compared with that of European countries, it is yet impossible to look on the millions of the junior adults, just taking their places in the throng, without lamenting the fate that awaits those among them, whose previous reading may have given them some lofty aspirations, and exalted notions of mankind, which their quick-coming experience must so soon demolish and belie.

But hurrying from this picture, and taking a more advanced view of "Young America," as it works out its way through life, I may here briefly touch upon a subject the most congenial to my own individual tastes, and to the pursuits which after a very long cessation I have resumed,—that of—

LITERATURE—AND ITS PROFESSORS IN AMERICA.

A mistaken notion exists among certain enemies to republican institutions, that scholarship and a love of the arts is a total bar to advancement in the United States, and that prejudices against those higher acquirements are so strong, as to exclude their possessors from all chance of success in public life.

This is gross exaggeration. More value is certainly placed by the people at large on those acquisitions which they can appreciate, than on others of which they are ignorant, and the utility of which they doubt. A mere reputation for classical or scientific knowledge is a feeble recommendation for places in the government, or official appointments abroad. But such tastes or pursuits are no obstacles if coupled with business talents, facility in public speaking, or active habits of life. There are

many instances in support of this assertion. Hugh Legaré, who died in Boston in 1843, filled the offices of Attorney-General of the United States, and Secretary of State *ad interim*. He was an excellent scholar, and an elegant though a pedantic writer. Edward Everett and George Bancroft, both of them Ministers at the Court of St. James's ; Alexander Everett and Washington Irving, who held the same post in Spain ; Fenimore Cooper formerly Consul at Marseilles ; Howard Payne, at Tangiers ; Wheaton, at Berlin ; Lothrop Motley, Secretary of Legation at St. Petersburg ; Paulding, Secretary of the Navy ; Watson Webb, *chargé d'affaires* at Vienna, and several others, all owing their places to their reputation as writers of books, or in newspapers, entirely with the approval of the people composing their several political parties, and the concurrence of their opponents, except in an occasional instance of flagrant partisanship.

It is true that men of letters, as a class, are an obscure and uninfluential portion of the population. But the people are nevertheless proud of them to a certain extent. They like to have them puffed in the papers far even beyond their merit. They are pleased to be told that American authors of small comparative talent are equal to the greatest geniuses of English literature ; and this is often and often told them by contemporary critics.

In a sketch, in Graham's "Philadelphia Magazine," of Mr. Bryant, editor of the "New York Evening Post," whose pleasing verses are familiar to many readers in England, I find the following passage : "William Cullen Bryant is a great poet, not so to be regarded by us, his countrymen only, but by the world, and in all future ages ! If every human soul be, as some contend, a portion of the eternal and unseen, how large a portion of the divine essence

exists in men like Shakspeare, Spencer, Milton, Byron, Wordsworth, and Bryant."

Unless I greatly mistake the character of the amiable and cultivated gentleman thus absurdly eulogised, he did not feel obliged to the writer who placed him in so false a position.

Here is another specimen from the "Boston Post;" but I know not how likely the object of the puff would be to repudiate it: "The Scripture Piece, by Willis" (the lively and sparkling magazine and newspaper writer), "which we have copied from the last number of the 'New York Mirror,' is worthy of *any* pen past or present."

But the climax of these and the like exaggerations is perhaps furnished in the following notice of a lady, whom I regret to say I never elsewhere saw or heard a mention of, any more than of the work, whether it was in prose or verse, on which it seems her fame is founded:—

Mrs. Brooks was one of the most remarkable women that ever lived. To great attainments in literature, she joined a powerful and original genius, and a character of singular energy and individuality. Both in England and the United States, she has been considered, by all who have read her writings thoughtfully, as unmatched among poets of her sex.

That a mind of so much power and brilliancy should have departed, that one of the lights of our literature should have been quenched, we consider an occasion for the most sincere regret. But the image of that mind, stamped on her productions, will not depart. The light that illumines the records of her genius will not be quenched. Her memory will never return to the dust; her mind, even on earth, will have no grave and no tomb. Silently and surely her genius will work its way into the great public heart of the country, and her fame grow with time. And we cannot conceive of the period when an American, in reviewing the causes which have conduced to place his country in a proud intellectual position, and assisted in giving to it the immortality which springs from literature,

shall cease to regard with peculiar gratitude and admiration the name of the authoress of "Zophiel."

It must be however understood, that this absurd bombast is not the outpouring of a generous enthusiasm ; for the vast majority of the individuals so lauded are left unnoticed in the towns and villages where they reside and scribble. No one seeks them out, offers them assistance, or thrusts honours on them. If, however, from any particular cause of private friendship, one of these deserving persons receives a government appointment, the public voice blows a far louder trumpet blast before the new *employé* than he has any just title to.

But there are no gradations in the regard, or rather let me call it, the curiosity, which pays homage to men of merit. Those who receive any notice at all, must be the very first in their line. A high *célebrité* is sure of a triumph wherever he goes. But many are undervalued and wholly overlooked, because they have not the reputation of the first order of intellect, or of some marked eccentricity of character. The Americans are incapable of marking degrees of merit in art, science, or literature. They cannot discriminate on relative claims. Some of their clever men rot in obscurity from the public want of this appreciating power. If one of them happen to gain a European name, a fulsome adulation is for a short time lavished on him. But the crisis is soon over. There is no constancy in the public opinion, for it is not based on judgment or affection. It is lightly formed and hastily changed. No one can maintain a hold upon the popular mind who is not a political partisan and the slave of his party. Were I so disposed I could here point out one, at least, of those remarkable instances which are notorious in the United States. But it would not be becoming in

me, who have known and mixed with many of the writers in that country, to throw any disrepute in Europe, on men who are known there and esteemed for their literary claims alone, their political "proclivities" (their own favourite word) being uncared for, whatever be their present or their former party, or however ready they might be for another change. From feelings of the same nature I should decline, even were I confident of possessing the necessary ability, to offer any judgment on the relative merits or defects of existing authors. Criticism of that kind would be disfiguring to a work like this, which, in dealing with topics of political or social organization, is by no means intended to trench on the repose of a single student, by intrusion of either praise or blame, to which he might after all be equally indifferent.

It is now nearly twenty years since I first landed in the United States, having then, as I thought, given up for ever the pursuit of literature as a profession. In taking it up again, I certainly have to thank that country for the motive, and for the inspiration, such as it is, and instead of passing strictures or lavishing eulogy with rather old-fashioned notions on the many men who have acquired celebrity since those days, I prefer leaving this renewed effort of my own to their consideration and indulgence. Even they, in the full tide of their success, with youth, hope, and ambition to urge them on, know the difficulty of composing any book however imperfect. They will therefore at any rate feel some sympathy with the workman, let them think as they may of the work.

In the great start which American literature has made within the last dozen years, various books have appeared on subjects of high interest to the world at large—theology, jurisprudence, history, poetry, besides travels

to various parts of the earth, and novels on many subjects. These all address themselves to the attention of all nations. Writers on England, such as Cooper, Colman, Willis, Irving, Lester, Mintern, and others, have been extensively read, and differently appreciated among us. But the subject seems to have been nearly worn out, as far as it might have been thought worthy of attention in America, probably from a tolerably extensive idea entertained there of the decline and fast-approaching fall of the British Empire. One work, however, has lately come under my eye, which treats of the question somewhat at large; and a few specimens of it may be given here, as samples of the way in which some American writers, who are so sensitive on the score of English works on America, pay back the great trouble and friendly feeling with which the latter have been produced, in the hope that the lessons of European experience, learned under monarchical auspices, might be productive of advantage to the great republic.

The work in question is called "English Items: or Microscopic Views of England and Englishmen;" and its author, Mr. Matt. F. Ward, is stated by the American reviewers (in reference to a former work) to be "an intelligent and accomplished writer, a man of talent and cultivation, with an active mind and keen powers of observation and description." Being, as he unaffectedly describes himself, "an unknown individual from Arkansas" (which by the way is always pronounced in America, Arkansaw), "accustomed to attack rampant bears at home, the cavortings* of the British lion seemed much less terrible to him than to some of his more civilized countrymen,

* Probably meaning *curvettings*.

who had never seen angry beasts out of cages." He proceeds at once in his process, which he announces as quite a novel one, to tame this pampered and angry animal—a good deal, I presume, in the fashion of Mr. Rarey, whose book he had probably studied—"by seizing him (the lion) fearlessly by the throat, and at once strangling him into involuntary silence." Yet Mr. Ward assures his readers he "is not a harsh man by nature;" although he admits he "would take keen delight" in seeing such recreant Americans as "affect the society of transient Englishmen," and "who become the flunkeys of flunkeys and toadyize toadies, so tortured that their sufferings might prove a warning to all, sufficiently destitute of manhood to follow the example." Page 13.

From this avowal of humane severity to his own compatriots, we need not be surprized at the friendly castigation he gives to the countrymen of that poor half-strangled British lion. But to fully understand its nature and extent, I must refer the reader to the volume itself. It abounds in passages that might be studied with very good effect, points out errors in our social system, faults in our manners, and blemishes in our character, and gives advice that we should "avail of," as Mr. Ward would (like any other American) say with the true fearless tone of superiority, which carries a certain force with it, not however calculated on the principle of "weight for age." He accounts for the Englishman's objecting to the haste with which Americans dispose of their dinner, by stating that he, the Englishman, "being himself endowed with the voracity of a shark, the gizzard of an ostrich, and the dilating powers of the Anaconda, he imagines that every one must, from necessity, gorge his food as he does himself." But the matter upon which Englishmen seem

to Mr. Ward most unreasonable is, that in their assumed character of "moral regulators of American domestic economy," they presume to disapprove of the practice of spitting. "In what does it concern John Bull," exclaims he, "if each western farmer and southern planter should be pleased to fill with tobacco-juice a pool that would float a whole hogshead of the weed? He might not approve of it, he might even be disgusted by it, but I would have him taught better manners than to sneer at it. When he is convinced that we have attained such a position in the world as to enable us to spit with impunity, he may still attack the habit, but will no longer attempt to ridicule it. If spitting be, as the English would fain have it, a nationality, let us boldly spit it into respectability. I believe it is often inconvenient to him who indulges in it; but for the life of me I cannot discover anything about it so especially offensive. A spittoon is certainly rather an unsightly sort of an article, but I have no recollection of ever being seriously affected by witnessing the ejection of the amber-coloured juice, by the most inveterate devotee of the weed. I contend that it is superlatively disgusting to the English merely because it is an American habit. Hating us with an intensity that helpless rage can only know, it is their chiefest delight to cavil at us. And finding nothing more serious to object to, our earlier traducers seized upon this, and each hireling caterer to the morbid feeling against America in England attempts a facetious improvement on the stereotyped jokes of his predecessors. But," continues Mr. Ward in a really heroic vein, "if we in America *must* spit, let us spit out courageously before the whole world. I beseech again, let us spit fearlessly and profusely. Spitting on ordinary occasions may be regarded by a portion of my

countrymen as a luxury ; it becomes a duty in the presence of an Englishman. Let us spit around him—above him—and beneath him—everywhere but on him” (as an experienced traveller in steam-boats and railway carriages I wish that exception was generally observed), “that he may become perfectly familiar with the habit in all of its phases.”

After all this it will be admitted that spitting is indeed an exhausting subject as well as habit ; and I believe, had I read Mr. Ward's lecture before my “diatribe” was printed in Volume I., I should have cancelled it, and have suppressed those censures against tobacco, which seem however a common ingredient in all English writings on America, from Mrs. Trollope's book at Cincinnati to Lord Carlisle's lecture at Leeds.

There may be individual Britishers so sensitive as not to be pleased with Mr. Ward when he tells them that “an Englishman knows no excitement so intense or joy so thrilling as a smoking plate of ox-tail soup ;” that “he pities those who cannot gobble food like an ostrich ;” and “that the gizzard of a cassowary is the pet object of his ambition”—but Mr. Ward fails to mention how John Bull would like it dressed—and after enumerating several other rather gross delights peculiar to that same old gentleman, he winds up a chapter as I do my extracts, by stating that “all the nobler impulses of man are yielding to those animal propensities, which must soon render Englishmen beasts in all but form alone.”

This precious volume, printed at New York, was probably meant as a luxury of American domestic literature. But it would be very unkind of the author to confine its circulation to his own country, instead of extending it to that for whose latitude it is specially

suited ; and for the people who, though too far gone to be improved, would assuredly be infinitely amused by a London edition of it, although the author assures his countrymen that “the only way to affect the understanding of the English is to punch their heads ;” and that “mutual enmity is the only feeling that can ever be entertained with sincerity between the two people.”

I am not aware of any other recent works in this vein published in America. As to the newspapers of the Union, from which some choice morsels of anti-English abuse might be culled, it would be out of the question to enter into an analysis of them in the space now left to me, doing anything like justice to the versatility of talent, the varieties of style, or the immense extent of information they contain. The perpetual shiftings of political opinion and the unreserved treatment of all private and personal questions, give to those newspapers a great degree of irregular and almost undefinable interest, the best testimony to which, despite their manifold faults and glaring inconsistencies, is their enormous circulation and large profits.

Dramatic writing, as far as I could observe or learn, is by far the weakest part of national literature in America. There are many causes for this deficiency. The main one is obviously the great quantity of the material exported from England, not raw, but admirably manufactured, and which, owing in great part its origin to France, and passing through the hands of skilful translators and adapters in London, gives to New York, Boston, Philadelphia, and the other cities of the Union, pictures of the feelings, manners, and interior life of the two greatest peoples of Europe. In subjects drawn from the same sources the writers of America could not successfully compete with those of the

Old World. They might show as much talent, but their ignorance or very superficial knowledge of the same scenes of thought and action, entirely incapacitates them. Life in America itself is not sufficiently varied ; there is too much sameness of pursuit and too few inequalities of condition to afford sufficient examples of such individual character as are adapted for effective representation on the stage. Some farcical type may be and is often chosen, of well-known peculiarity, and as far as the sketch goes it is not unfrequently amusing. But as it is almost always a regular Down-east Yankee, and as no native writer or actor would venture to depict the slightest shade of the unfavourable side of national character, these snuffing, grotesque and over-generous heroes afford no great enjoyment, and give as imperfect a notion of what the "real thing" is, as an exaggerated Jack Tar at a minor London theatre.

These I think are among the leading causes for the poverty in national American comedy. Several authors have tried tragedy ; and as the whole field of "all creation" was before them where to choose, it is strange that a literature so rich in romance has produced next to nothing in serious dramatic writing. This can be by no means for want of encouragement from the public. All the principal theatres of the Union are crowded whenever Mr. Forrest appears in "Metamora," an Indian chief, or another character, a Thracian gladiator, the principal parts in two melo-dramatic plays called tragedies, and to which that popular actor imparts a great interest by a style at once powerful and pathetic, well suited to his American audiences, though I believe it failed to produce the same effect in England, before more classical critics and in the plays of Shakspeare or our great early writers.

Other American tragedians of considerable merit have appeared in England with success. Among them Davenport and Wallack, the nephew of Mr. James Wallack, long so great a favourite with London audiences, and for some years past manager of a theatre in New York. But the one individual who has gained a really great and decided reputation in England is Miss Charlotte Cushman, who has given a celebrity to American histrionic talent that no other performer of either sex has approached. This lady is a rare, indeed I believe an unique instance of female dramatic genius in the United States working its own way to fame and fortune, unaided by even the national pride which might well have chosen such an object for its patronage. Miss Cushman played for years in her native town of Boston, and in almost all the principal theatres of the Union, without attracting any particular notice, either on the stage or in society, though her talent was evident and her private conduct such as to command the highest respect. She might however have gone on to this day, toiling in her arduous profession, fighting her battle with the world, for the sake of her family and her own support, neglected and undervalued, had it not been that some European admirers of her talent, who were also staunch friends on the score of her estimable domestic qualities, strongly urged her to try her fortune in England, the only place where the first could find a fair field, and the latter be sure of their just appreciation. Miss Cushman's immediate and immense success, from the first night of her appearance in London, is known to every one. The freshness and vigour of her acting placed her at once in the foremost rank among living actresses of the English drama, and she has for years held her ground. America, true to the instinct of imitation which I have all through these volumes pointed

out, received the now celebrated *artiste* on her return with such applause as celebrity coming from England is sure to command. On her periodical visits to Yankee land she is certain of the reward best worth receiving there, a large accession of dollars, besides a superabundance of praise proportionate to the early infliction of dull discouragement. Miss Cushman is I believe permanently settled, with the various members of her family, in England, and always hailed with genuine enthusiasm, on her now too rare appearance before a British audience.

One of the truest pleasures to a lover of dramatic performances in America was the continual succession of arrivals of some among the best of English actors and actresses, besides those great ornaments of operatic art which Italy sends over so abundantly. During my time in Boston, and on occasions of my visits to others of the Atlantic cities, to Washington and in Canada, I had frequent opportunities of seeing the chief favourites of London, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Kean, Mr. and Miss Vandenhoff, Mr. and Mrs. Keeley, Buckstone, Macready, Bertie, known under the *nom de guerre* of Ranger, and who was, as I was informed, a native of New York, Ryder, and several others of less established repute.* They always found a tolerable company ready to act with them. Among the regularly established members of those companies were Finn, an admirable low comedian, lost by the burning of a steam-boat; Field, exceedingly good in genteel comedy; Placide, almost a rival to our inimitable Farren; Chippendale, Murdoch, Burton and others.

* Among these was Butler, an energetic actor of no mean talent, whom I was gratified to see several times in a play of my own, which he had revived in England, but which had incurred an awkward and unmentionable fate several years before, when Edmund Kean so unfortunately broke down in the principal character at Drury Lane.

Braham acted in some English operas, but age was working unfavourable changes on his personal appearance for the stage, while in the concert room or in private society his amazing “make up,” and great elasticity of mind and manner, seemed to set Time at total defiance. The way in which he bore his great reverses of fortune was surprising to those who had known him, as I had, during his career of high prosperity, in his handsome villa at Brompton, before his losses forced him to cross the Atlantic, to give the Americans about their first notion of what a great English singer, and a thorough *artiste*, really was. I have already mentioned a slight anecdote connected with a mistake made as to Mr. Braham’s religious intentions. I cannot resist relating another in connexion with his personal appearance, so much less advanced than his actual age at the time.

At a *soirée*, of which Mr. Braham’s singing was the main attraction, a very old and well-known “Merchant Prince” of the Republic, who however had no higher title than Colonel, begged me to introduce him to the eminent performer, whose fine execution of “The Death of Nelson” was receiving the usual meed of applause and compliments from the company. The old Colonel, with much suavity, and with eyesight probably dimmed by fifty odd years of commercial study in Eastern climates, shook hands with his comparatively boyish-looking contemporary—for certainly any passing observer might have taken Mr. Braham as he then stood for about forty—thanked him for the treat he had afforded, and remarked that he came of a musical family.

Mr. Braham, who probably thought that the Colonel inverted the fact, and that the remarkable musical talents of all his children were rather inherited from him—only smiled.

The Colonel next observed, "I well recollect your name, sir, having had the pleasure of hearing, on my first visit to England, half a century ago, a public singer who, I presume, must have been your grandfather."

"My *grandfather!* my grandfather!" echoed Mr. Braham, with a slight laugh.

"Well, possibly I may go too far back—your father? No?" (as Braham shook his head) "or some other relation? the name I cannot forget, for you, sir, have made it too famous—and I certainly recognize the family voice. I can scarcely remember the date, but I think it must have been—"

"For Heaven's sake, my dear Mr. Grattan, rescue me"—exclaimed Braham—"your venerable friend here takes me for my own grandfather—or my father at least. Pray introduce me to that beautiful woman."

And I did so incontinently—and she *was* indeed a beautiful woman—and heartily did she join in Mr. Braham's hilarity at the genealogical mistake, which was at once so droll and so flattering to him.

Braham was by no means a man likely to have his head turned by popular applause. But some of his fellow-countrymen were rather spoiled by Yankee demonstrations, before they had time to understand their evanescent nature. One celebrated tragedian was so far carried away in his admiration of the Trans-Atlantic paradise and people, that he intended to renounce England altogether; and before leaving Boston, after several of his serious performances in the theatre, he played a little farewell farce in a private room, he being himself the sole actor, and the audience composed of the *élite* of the fashionable society, to whom he sent invitations. The agreeable object of the *réunion* was to give some readings from

Shakspeare ; and it would have turned out very well, no doubt, if done in a quiet and unassuming way. But as the company arrived, they were ushered in by a regular staff of stewards or managers, composed of young lawyers or doctors, and walked up in regular succession to pay the homage of a bow or a curtsy to the host, who sat on a slightly elevated platform, and received with admirable gravity the obeisances of his guests, as they passed before his chair. It was not as broad a piece of mock-heroic as the *levée* of the false Duke in "The Honeymoon," but it was quite sufficient to make one celebrated Señora burst out laughing as she made her *révérence*, and to cause great indignation in her Hidalgo husband, who followed close, and was furious when he perceived the nature of the expected ceremony.

But this was a trifling matter in comparison with Mr. Macready's closing scenes in America, on his return from Europe, I believe for an intended settlement ; when, in consequence of his quarrel and correspondence with Forrest, the real tragedy was enacted at New York, in which several of the rioters were shot down in the streets, the expulsion of the English tragedian from the Park Theatre being followed by his flight, disguised as a trooper, before the infuriated mob, and his seeking refuge in Boston, whence he took his final leave of the New world—delighted to find shelter under the old British flag, and disenchanted of the visions which whilom prompted him to renounce it for the stars and stripes, his being one of the first giving him no exemption from the latter.

The progress of musical taste in the United States has of late years been prodigious, and analogous to all the impulses by which the country shoves itself "a-head."

Looking back on the rather disparaging tone in which I have written—as I felt—in reference to that subject in early passages of this book, I am glad to insert here a very recent article on the performances in the new Opera House in New York, taken from a paper of that city, and I shall merely add that the account, no doubt accurate, contained in it, would very much surprise me, if anything, however extravagant, on any subject whatever in America could now produce that effect.

ITALIAN OPERA BY DAYLIGHT.—During the past two Saturday mornings the Academy of Music in this city has witnessed a spectacle which has never been paralleled in the world. We refer to the immense crowd of crinoline that has been gathered there to hear the opera by daylight. The two *matinées* have been attended by as many as 8000 persons, nearly all women and children. The almost total banishment of the sombre masculine attire, and the gay dresses of the ladies, the buzz of their voices, and the music of their laughter, their tremendous struggles to get in and their no less extraordinary efforts to get out, made up a scene of delicious novelty. The *matinée* is a great thing; it is curious, refreshing, and amusing in the highest degree. We do not believe that such an audience as that which assembled at the Academy on last Saturday could be collected in any other capital. In Paris they have occasionally morning concerts; recently in London the experiment of operatic *matinées* has been tried, but without making any very great impression upon the public. The concerts at the Crystal Palace have drawn large audiences; but the people went as much to see the building as to hear the music; and although *matinées* of all sorts are fashionable in England, yet never was John Bull astonished by such a display of the feminine part of his family as that which the Academy day performances has shown to Jonathan. True, the most extraordinary efforts have been made to augment the attractions of the daylight Opera. Yet after all it is really hard to account altogether for its extraordinary success. It grows, however, chiefly, we apprehend, from the peculiar organization of society here, and the marked attention that is paid to the musical education of our children. As has already been remarked, when the opera was first introduced here by Malibran there were only a few families that were sufficiently cultivated to appreciate

such a luxury as the music of the great composers expressed by one of the greatest of artists. Then music was not taught in the free schools; then there were but two first-class private academies for the polishing up and finishing off of young ladies. Now there are forty or fifty, each one of which employs several professors of different branches of the musical art. The proficiency of American ladies in music is known all over the world. Nearly all of them play well, many of them are charming singers, and they are generally first-rate critics—learned equally in laces and cadenzas, ribands and roulades, *fichas* and *florituras*. All are passionately fond of the opera; and, many of them being unable to instil into the minds of their masculine parents, guardians, husbands, or tender weaknesses, a degree of art enthusiasm equal to that with which their lovely bosoms burn, they hail the *matinée* with delight, regard Ullman as a benefactor of his species, and give him the next place in their affections after the youth who leads the German* and the fashionable clergyman with the interesting bronchitis. They can go to the *matinée* in morning costume—that saves money and time; they can go alone or with children, thus obviating the necessity of disturbing the post-prandial slumbers of the *paterfamilias*; they can fill up the terrible interval between lunch and dinner, when all the men are down town, and they can have their opera and return in good season for the duties connected with the household. Then, the prices are much less, and the expense of a carriage, which is almost a necessity for an evening performance, is saved. The younger branches of the family can receive at the *matinée* instruction and amusement at the same time. The fair daughters of Brooklyn, Jersey city, and other suburban localities, are even more enthusiastic than their metropolitan sisters, the luxury of an operatic performance being an unusual treat to them.”—*New York Herald*.

* Meaning the German *Cotillon*.

CHAPTER XV.

HENRY CLAY.

His Political Honesty—His Views of Slavery—Chosen Presidential Candidate—
Defeated at the Election—Triumph of the Democrats.

HENRY CLAY was unquestionably the individual, of all those I met with in the United States, who approached the nearest to the character of "greatness"—the epithet so lavishly and so ludicrously applied to public men in that country. He stood out far before the rest, in an attitude of independent talent, and also of easy consciousness of superiority. His manner charmed and subdued all comers. He evidently knew his power and relied on it, without the necessity of forcing his claims to distinction. There was no assumption of dignity, no haughtiness, no effort. He did not speak a word, nor look one look, for effect. The ordinary manœuvring of eminent men, to gain a position and to maintain it, was foreign to his habits of thought or action. These seemed to move in spontaneous unison. Decision of mind was stamped on every phrase he uttered. Careless, yet commanding and controlling, he neither took you by storm, nor conquered you by sap. He gained you, as if by magic. You subsided, as it were, into the sphere of his attraction, like Göthe's fisherman sinking into the water-nymph's embrace—the flood received and closed over you without a ripple, and you were lulled into almost unconscious subjection.

The power of Henry Clay in thus gaining the attachment of others, was perhaps without a parallel ; and it was assuredly owing to nothing artificial. Nor was it the consequence of those external gifts of nature whose influence appeals to the eye rather than the understanding or the heart. Clay was ill-favoured, in the usual acceptation of the term. His features were common-place, and by no means prepossessing. His mouth was unusually wide and straight cut across his face. His upper lip was long. His bald, high forehead, scanty hair combed down at sides and back, and eyes, light coloured and of no very marked expression, formed a combination singular, but possessing no element of personal beauty. He was tall and thin ; not actually graceful in his movements ; but they betrayed, in his rather slovenly bearing, a self-satisfied composure, which had a nameless fascination for observers who prefer nature to constraint.

Clay's manners were not highly polished. His voice was pleasing, his accent not too deeply tinctured with the Western burr, and it was quite free from the nasal twang of Yankeeism. But he could not be mistaken for anything but an American, born, bred, and fashioned in the very heart of the country, of which he was in person and character a most striking illustration. He was, in fact, the best embodiment of the national type. Physically brave, morally resolute, of mighty talent, and generous heart, he stood foremost in the phalanx of American worthies, took the first place by right, and kept it by courage. The inelegant pursuits of his early life, as "the mill-boy of the Slashes" (his familiar *sobriquet*), the druggist's assistant, the lawyer's clerk, and the West-country attorney, formed a rough foundation for his after celebrity ; and he was of a nature too proudly

simple to place on it layers of forced and inharmonious refinement. He was neither vulgarized by youthful pursuits, nor spoiled by the conceits of civilization. His mind was too original to take its impressions from external signs. He was instinctively well-bred, and might have formed for himself a code of conduct, while he would have scorned a manual of etiquette. His copious conversation was free from all conventional trick. He talked without guile. He was straightforward and plain-spoken. You knew the man and his opinions at once. In carrying out his objects discretion never ran into overstrained reserve ; and the greatest purposes of his private or political life were followed with a candid energy, which inspired confidence even when it failed to bring conviction.

In Clay's whole career everything was large and noble. No reptile littleness could live in the atmosphere he created. The mean subterfuges of public affairs were foreign to his manly method. In debate, in council, even in his very despotism, as the driver rather than the leader of his party, there was something that defied obstruction—an arrogant simplicity, that embodied, as it were, the first principles of political science in all their primitive force. Washington commanded reverence ; Franklin inspired respect ; Jefferson, Webster, Calhoun extorted wonder, but Henry Clay, take him for all in all, was the noblest specimen of a purely American statesman. Washington, Franklin, Jefferson were but revolted colonists, with minds formed on the institutions of monarchical England. Webster and Calhoun were republicans—born and bred. So was Clay, like those his two great rivals. But as he was far their superior in life, he has not left his like—not even his likeness behind him.

When I first met this eminent man in Washington in the spring of 1840, he was in his sixty-third year. He was then still in his prime as a great public character, as senator, orator, and candidate for the office of President ; besides being the life and soul of society, mixing familiarly with the circles he adorned, and throwing a charm over the amenities of private life. I brought him a letter of introduction, and he received me in his bedroom, in the boarding-house where he lived and "messed," with the families of Mr. Henderson of Georgia, a brother senator, and Mr. Saltonstall, a representative in Congress for one of the districts of Massachusetts. In this first interview with Mr. Clay, in his small and scantily furnished chamber, I occupying the only spare chair, and he carelessly sitting on the bedside after full two hours' talk, on subjects of serious importance at that moment to the United States and England, I felt that I had been in close intercourse with one of the world's celebrities, and assuredly one of the most fascinating of mankind. Daily during my stay at that period I met Mr. Clay, either in his own house—so to call the residence shared with his equally hospitable friends—or at the many parties which were given just then. There were no topics of public interest respecting which he did not afford me great and valuable information. The North-Eastern boundary dispute, of which I have already said so much, was at that time (previous to Lord Ashburton's mission) very prominent ; and the subject was pushed to a very dangerous length, by the virulent speeches of inferior men, such as Caleb Cushing, and others, with whom hatred of England was the uppermost feeling.

I took an early opportunity of pointing out to Mr. Clay the desirability of his speaking on the question in the

Senate, and sending on his authority from the Capitol hill some words of conciliation to the excited country. The next day he spoke ; I unfortunately was not aware of his intention, but he sent to me that same evening to my hotel a corrected copy of the proof sheets of his speech, which embodied everything that any reasonable British subject could expect such a man in such a position to put forth. I was much gratified and very grateful for this. It completely crushed for the time the paltry efforts of the mischief-makers, and prepared the public mind for the overtures of the British Government, which ended in the treaty of 1842.

The subject of slavery frequently made part of my conversation with Mr. Clay. The most remarkable point which I can recollect was his deliberate statement that by infallible results of his favourite scheme of colonization in Liberia on the Western shores of Africa, and the inevitable laws of population, the final emancipation of the negroes in the United States would be accomplished in—one hundred and fifty years ! This appeared to me so out of all bounds of reasonable calculation, that I only remarked I did not think it would satisfy, not merely the Abolitionists of America, but even the anti-slavery philanthropists of Europe ; and I touched no more with him on the subject.

It must be remembered that Mr. Clay was a slaveholder, born in a slave state, and all his life in an atmosphere of slave-owning prejudices. Many of his votes in Congress had been of great service to the slavery cause, and he was an owner of slaves to the day of his death. Yet he never concealed his abstract disapproval of the abomination he practically upheld ; and, as far back as the year 1827, he had anticipated the opinions

so strongly expressed to me, in a speech which contained the following passage :—

If I could be instrumental in eradicating this deepest stain on the character of our country, if I could be only instrumental in ridding of this foul blot that revered State that gave me birth, or that not less beloved State that kindly adopted me as her son, I would not exchange the proud satisfaction which I should enjoy, for the honour of all the triumphs ever decreed to the most successful conqueror.*

In this Henry Clay was less consistent than Calhoun, on the great subject in question. But it must be admitted he had many faults ; and I am not composing a funeral oration—all praise, nor a biography—all apology. But for every fault he had a hundred enemies, for every failing as many detractors. If his great talents excited hatred, his very imperfections caused him to be loved. A whole host of envious libellers perpetually assailed him. He liked whist, and played it well. For this he was called a “ gambler ” and a “ *blackleg*.” He had been concerned in some duels ; he fought two, and in the period of my acquaintance with him, was ready and very near to fight another. For this, the habit of his country and his time, done in accordance with that code of honour which was binding on his most distinguished contemporaries in America and throughout Europe, he was called a “ murderer.” I have seen extracts paraded from speeches or letters of Jackson, Webster, Jefferson, Randolph, Harrison, all depreciating, and some abusive of the great subject of their jealous or envious hostility. But he weathered the storms of political and personal

* Speech in the House of Representatives at Washington, January 20, 1827. Mr. Clay was born in Virginia, in a district of country familiarly called *The Slashes* ; but he removed early to Kentucky.

enmity, and carried everything before him in his own party—the old Whigs of that day—when in the year 1844, his claims threw all minor aspirants into the shade, and he was fixed on by the Baltimore convention on the 1st of May in that year, as the Whig candidate to try the question with all comers.

Happening to be in Baltimore on that occasion, I can look back on the exciting scene of the week that day begun, when no less than three Political Conventions took place for the choice of three Presidential Candidates; when Clay's nomination was a triumph, Polk's a surprise, and Tyler's a joke. The Whig procession through the streets to the place of celebration on the 2nd of May, was by far the finest thing of the kind that had taken place since the Boston meeting at Bunker's Hill, in 1840, to confirm the nomination of General Harrison. At this Baltimore gathering there were more important men and better speakers. But of all the Whigs in the pageant, the only painful exhibition was the figure of Daniel Webster, gloomy, downcast, and a forced participator for party's sake in a demonstration he must have loathed on personal accounts, for he had only then tardily withdrawn from Mr. Tyler's cabinet, with his political character tarnished and all his great *prestige* destroyed.

Enthusiastic self-delusion mounted to its highest, which was nearly its usual pitch on such occasions. Not a doubt was felt among the partizans of Henry Clay throughout the Union of his certain success over the insignificant and scarcely known antagonist James K. Polk, set up against him by the Democrats. Opposition by such a supposed nullity was considered a mockery—only not quite so absurd as that of the nomination of Tyler by

his little set of adherents ; his name being almost immediately withdrawn, and the great contest, disencumbered of his candidature. Birney, the choice of the Abolition party, counted as nothing.

Mr. Clay was at Washington, occupying a house in one of the suburbs, receiving the homage of his numerous overjoyed friends, for there was not a deputation or an individual who hastened to congratulate him—so prematurely—who did not in some measure feel identified with the fancied success of their idol. I confess that I myself, though a mere outsider, a looker on, could not help participating in the hopes which promised to Henry Clay the reward of his long life of public service, the object of his heart's ambition. After seeing the two rival demonstrations, poor in comparison with that of the Whigs, and enjoying a week of the overflowing hospitality of the Baltimoreans of all parties, I repaired to Washington for one day, to call on Mr. Clay and see him in the most prominent and exciting position he had as yet occupied. I found him in the midst of his friends and admirers, looking radiant, and in the highest elation. He appeared in altogether a new aspect. He had on all previous occasions been like a great general engaged in some mighty battle. Now he stood like a conqueror, benignantly beaming on his followers, and with a smile of compassion for his beaten foe.

This was the last time I ever saw Henry Clay ; and it has always been pleasing, I might say consoling, to recal him to my memory as he then stood, so cordial, and most truly dignified in bearing and in words. For some months his progress through wide districts of the Union, chiefly in the south and west, was a succession of fêtes and celebrations. Had he died on one of these occasions

he would have required no other apotheosis. It would have been perhaps as well for his political fame and his personal happiness that he had.

The rest is melancholy enough. No sooner had the real machinery of party malignity been set in motion than the tactics of unscrupulous detraction and hatred were widely displayed. The national genius for vituperation was let loose, and the whole country disgraced, as it too often is. The flood-gates of scurrility were opened, and a torrent was poured forth to blacken and degrade the reputation of the individual who did more than any other man living then—I need not say or since—to mould into elevation the unplastic materials of the popular mind. These hostile efforts were successful. Clay was defeated at the election. No means were left untried. Frauds were largely practised beyond doubt. At one side certainly—probably at both—in Louisiana, Pennsylvania, and Georgia, and many prosecutions and convictions took place. In the city of New York, it is beyond reasonable doubt that numbers of Irish, under false claims of naturalization, cast votes to which they had no legal right; and the want of a registry law, which exists in Massachusetts, was not at that time (nor am I sure there has been one since) established in the great Empire State, the elections in which decided on this occasion the fate of Henry Clay.

Independent of the personal interest I took in this election on his account alone—for I had no sort of predilection for either of the rival parties—it was my duty to obtain the best information I could as to the probable result. I had several peculiarly authentic sources for doing so, and from almost the very first week after the struggle began, in direct opposition with the reports sent by every mail to

England by the many monied authorities of the Whig party, I foresaw and was able to predict every one of the results in the various states of the Union, fluctuating as they were upon the whole, but up to the latest days of the contest unfavourable to the Whigs, and what I regretted for his sake, not theirs, to the chances of Clay.

A rather remarkable instance of the miscalculation with which all the political parties in America allow their hopes and interests to deceive them, and which would argue a great deficiency in true business-like sagacity, was furnished on the all-important subject of the election for the State of New York, on this occasion. It was, if not the very latest, at any rate almost the last, from which returns had been publicly announced. These were up to that time so close as between the two great parties, that the thirty-six Electoral Votes of New York State would be decisive of the contest. The various counties in that large state cover an immense surface, and the distances being great, and the communications not very good, delays, disappointments, and accidents, kept back the official returns, while those of the rival parties frequently contradicted each other, causing great confusion, excitement, and uncertainty. This had continued for some days, and Boston presented in a much more than ordinary degree the picture which I had frequently witnessed before.

The Democrats were doubtful. The Whigs rampant with confidence. Every possible demonstration of it was given by them in public and private. Dinner parties abounded just then, and I certainly never saw them so well sustained, and so animated, as during that brief but stirring crisis.

I was a frequent guest at those entertainments, for though

suspected by my Whig acquaintances of rather leaning to liberalism in my general views, I never in any way mixed myself up with the politics of the country, and I was often allowed to partake of their hospitalities, which were rarely extended to any but persons of their own *couleur*. On the 7th day of November, in this rather memorable year 1844, I made one of twenty who were handsomely entertained by a gentleman who had been Governor of the State, the rest of the *convives* being selected from the leading men of the Whig party then in Boston, and all waiting impatiently from hour to hour, for the last report which was to be decisive of the New York vote. Conversation was flowing as freely as the Ex-Governor's wine, every one seemed joyous, not a frown nor a wrinkle (from care) disfigured one brow—each guest was communicating to his neighbour his own particular views of congressional policy, or the places he would accept or ask for under the new administration. I have no doubt that several missions abroad, and offices at home, were filled up by anticipation that evening, when, (as some physician of old might have said) the hallucination having passed its anabasis, and reached its acme, a sound of martial music came floating across the common, and into the windows which opened in upon our symposium. The quick ears of the expectant party caught the well-known and accustomed strains of triumph. A voice exclaimed that the brass band was coming to give a joyous serenade to the Governor and his guests. Several rushed to the windows; some out upon the door-steps; and all looked across the common. Beyond it in the distance, torches were now seen looming; and by their light, a straggling, but rather long procession, with banners floating, while shouts rose up and rent the air.

Strange was the infatuation of those sanguine-minded Whigs! They believed and declared that it was a sudden gathering of their own adherents; and I have no doubt a scene of general congratulation and affectionate embracing would have taken place, had not one of the party who had impatiently ran across the common, as hastily returned, with just breath enough to proclaim the cruel truth, that it was the hated Democrats, the loathed Locofocos, who had got up this hurried procession, on the arrival of a courier with the news that the decisive vote of the New York counties was full 5000 majority for Polk!

This really was a shock. Every heart sank at the announcement. Every tongue was silent. I felt that I was out of place in such a scene of thorough sadness. So I slipped away unobserved, sincerely regretting the change that was passing over my late vivacious and always good-tempered companions, and grieved outright when I thought of Henry Clay.

I think it worth while to record the numerical result of this election of 1844. The States which cast their votes for Clay were—

	Votes.
Massachusetts	12
Rhode Island	4
Connecticut	6
Vermont	6
New Jersey	7
Delaware	3
Maryland	8
North Carolina	11
Tennessee	13
Kentucky	12
Ohio	23
Total	105

For Polk :—

	Votes.
Maine	9
New Hampshire	6
New York	36
Pennsylvania	26
Virginia	17
South Carolina	9
Georgia	10
Alabama	9
Mississippi	6
Louisiana	6
Indiana	12
Illinois	9
Missouri	7
Michigan	5
Arkansas	3
Total	170

The official Popular Vote (by which the Electoral Colleges were chosen) showed for CLAY, 1,297,912 ; for Polk, 1,336,196 ; for Birney (the Abolitionist), 62,127. By which it appears that Polk's *popular* majority was only 38,284 votes, and it must be remarked that Clay, though defeated, received more votes by upwards of 20,000, than General Harrison in 1840.

The consequences of this election were most disastrous to the Whig party, Henry Clay's ascendancy being gone for ever, and no other member of it possessing the power to stem the tide of Democratic influence. Some visionary hopes were entertained of it being possible to bring him forward again as a candidate for the Presidential office. But they were soon abandoned, and in 1848, a man far inferior, General Zachary Taylor, on the strength of some gallant actions fought in the

Mexican War, was chosen by the Whigs as their candidate. This was the last lucky move for the soon-to-be extinguished party. They elected their man, who, dying within a year, was succeeded by Millard Filmore in right of his office as Vice-President of the Union. At the termination of his "accidental" service, Franklin Pierce, the Democratic candidate, another Mexican General (of volunteers), beat the Whig nominee, General Scott, by an unprecedented majority of 254 electoral votes to 42. And Henry Clay, having lived to see the great party, of which he had been the main support and the glorious ornament, shattered to fragments, died at Washington on the 29th of June, 1852, in the seventy-sixth year of his age.

There were two important aspects in the life and character of Mr. Clay in which I never had an opportunity of personally observing him. The first, his career, as an eloquent advocate unsurpassed in that branch of his profession, though by no means considered on a par with Webster and others as a profound lawyer. The second, his domestic relations with a numerous family, to whom he was greatly endeared, by ties of affection which death too often severed, for I believe he had the misfortune to survive six daughters, and three out of as many sons, the latter of whom fell in that war with Mexico of which his father was one of the most constant and energetic opponents; sharing this great affliction in common with Mr. Webster, whose youngest son, a youth of much promise, also perished in that unjust, if it cannot be called that inglorious contest.

CHAPTER XVI.

SLAVERY.

Importance of the question—Long avoided by the People at large—The Abolition Party—Tribute to its generous Enthusiasm—English Abolitionists—Abettors of Slavery in the Northern and Western Free States—Dangers of Emancipation—Its present Impracticability—Main Evils of Slavery—Susceptible of Improvement—Plans for Emancipation, by John Mc Donough and Cassius Clay—Congressional Enactments—Ordinance of 1787—Missouri Compromise in 1820—Wilmot Proviso, 1846—Misery of the Free Blacks in the Slave States—Their Situation in the Free States—O'Connell's Denunciation of Slavery and its Abettors among the Irish—Fugitive Slave Law of 1850—Repeal of the Missouri Compromise in 1854—Triumph of the Slaveholding Power—Possible change before 1860—Arguments in favour of Slavery—The Ancient and Modern Slave—The Kansas struggle—Aggressive Policy of Southern States—Slave Trade with Africa.

THE most momentous question affecting the existence of the United States is universally admitted to be that of Negro Slavery. Not merely as a question of morals, but more imminent still as endangering a collision with some European State, and as it affects the newly acquired Western territories and the island of Cuba. It is at present the subject of primary interest, both home and foreign. It is becoming year after year a more prominent topic of debate in Congress and discussion everywhere. It has led in Kansas to incipient civil war. Yet it does not, after all, seem to rouse the attention of the country at large in a degree equivalent to its magnitude. It is not that the Americans do not (in their own phraseology) realize the truth. But so deeply is the whole White

population at once impressed with and oppressed by it, that until the memorable debates ending in the Compromise Acts of 1850 they fled from it, and would if possible have banished it from their minds, as some men shun every allusion to the inevitable doom of all.

Slavery is an evil which America dares not even now, notwithstanding its perilous development in Kansas, look boldly in the face. She considers it irremediable ; a destiny born with her ; an inheritance forced on her ; a disease of her nature. She feels that she must perish under it ; and fears that the application of any experimental remedy would but hasten the catastrophe. The prevailing wish of the people seems to be to lie down despairingly, and let this huge cancer eat into the vitals of the State. Under the influence of this feeling the notorious rule of Congress was passed in 1838, prohibiting the reading of petitions to the House of Representatives in favour of abolition—thus sacrificing an important popular right from a morbid fear of the subject, and proving the baneful influence of negro slavery on the best privileges of freedom. The large affirmative vote which carried this “rule” was composed of slave-holders, and of members from the free States who supported them on this question. A third party, more generous than the last-mentioned, and bolder than either, not only hate slavery, but work for liberty ; denouncing the crime of holding human beings in bondage, and at all hazards demanding its immediate cessation. These are the Abolitionists, whose numerical strength in Congress is insignificant, but whose moral influence is everywhere immense.

I doubt if this vast question has ever been fairly treated. There is something so shocking in the naked fact of slavery, and the cruelties inseparable from it are so abhor-

rent to humanity, that the chief labourers for its removal are hurried by their ardour beyond a reasonable energy. Urged too far by zeal they are often deaf to the claims of justice, and the warnings of prudence. They hold no measures with the iniquity they combat. They neither give nor take quarter. It is this intense seriousness of purpose that secures for the abolitionists so much of our respect, and makes their efforts so powerful. It is in vain that slave-holders and their abettors assert that the violence of the abolitionists has retarded the partial emancipation which had otherwise taken place before now. Admitting this to be true—and I believe it to be so in reference to Maryland, Delaware, and Virginia—it is no less certain that the impulse given by abolitionist zeal to the feelings of mankind is striking at the strongholds of slavery in States much more remote, which would have been little affected for a long time to come by the gradual process of manumission which those might have adopted, for convenience, not for conscience, sake.

John Randolph, an eccentric enthusiast, sincere in his abhorrence of slavery, introduced resolutions into the Virginia Legislature, in 1822, for the emancipation of the negroes. They were lost, and not renewed. Other Virginians who supported them were influenced by the cogent reason that tobacco could be cultivated on easier terms by free labour than by the costly system of slavery. The violent denunciations of the abolitionists in the North did certainly produce a corresponding obstinacy in the slaveholding mind, and many who would have listened to reasoning humbly urged, turned restive and revolted against the form of argument which branded the institution as a crime and its upholders as criminals.

But a much stronger motive to resistance influenced

the Virginian planters, as it did in a more direct degree those of Louisiana, when the enormously increasing demand for cotton in England caused a proportionate rise in the value of slave labour and of slaves. Although cotton was not grown in Virginia, Maryland, or Delaware, slaves were "raised" there as an article of commerce, for exportation to where the increasing produce of the raw material superinduced a frightful consumption of the beings engaged in its culture, necessitating a supply from States where population unfortunately progressed. Slaves rapidly rose in value five or six fold. Breeding them became a trade far more lucrative than agriculture. To encourage their growth, attend to their feeding, and keep them in health were important duties in the interest of their owners. They were well clothed and well cared for. And these simple facts fully dispose of the vaunted benevolence of those, who boast of their country having made the slave trade with Africa piracy—because they do silently and more cheaply at home what they had no further inducement to do with profit abroad.

But neither Virginia nor Maryland, in entertaining projects for giving freedom to their slaves, admitted slavery to be a criminal institution. The question was debated on pecuniary grounds alone; while the abolitionists of the North took it up as one of morals, religion, and duty. They have thus put it straight to the heart of the Christian world. The right and the expedient are with them convertible terms. And while their indiscretion assails the bulwarks of slavery, their self-sacrificing ardour partially redeems the country from the selfishness of every other public movement.

Notwithstanding this tribute to the abolitionist party, I am far from thinking that they have a triumph near at

hand. There is still time enough to examine the question, and to inquire what has been and what is likely to be done. In attempting to do this with candour and moderation, it must be first of all admitted that the existence of slavery in the United States is not to be entirely attributed to the cupidity of the present race of men, or their fathers.

When the country shook off the yoke of England it might certainly have wiped away the stain left on it during its dependence. Slavery having been introduced by England at an epoch when the true principles of liberty were but imperfectly understood, it was continued even at the period of the Declaration of Independence, because it was not uncongenial to the notions then prevailing of the rights of man. Among the signers of that immortal document there were upwards of twenty slave-holders, and they easily persuaded Jefferson to omit from the "Declaration" the clause he had inserted in the first draught of it, imputing the existence of slavery in Virginia to George the Third, as one of the crimes which proved him to be a tyrant unfit to rule over a free people. The founders of American freedom struggled and triumphed, not for mankind in general but for themselves. *Pro aris et focis* was their watchword—a thrilling, but, after all, a selfish rallying cry. The great human family had none of their sympathy. It was left for a still later day to instil the genuine love of liberty into the public mind of England. The time has not even yet arrived for America to feel it thoroughly.

Had the world at large been alive to the enormity of Negro slavery at the period of the Revolution, the sagacity of Washington, the benevolence of Franklin, the shrewdness of Jefferson could not have resisted the impulse. All

these great men were slave-holders, without shame or remorse.* The public conscience in either hemisphere still slumbered. The culpability was of the age, not of individuals.

England was the first among the nations to awake to the true sense of the question. The light broke suddenly upon her. She started at its glare; but boldly confronting it she took the right path, and persevered in her course till the goal was won. But let us for a moment reflect on the many obstacles which beset the abolitionists of Great Britain. Let us consider how many virtuous men, steeped in the prejudice of habit, stood out against Clarkson, Wilberforce, and their fellows; and with clear consciences maintained the propriety and the policy of slavery, quoted scripture, treated emancipation as a mischievous chimera, and denounced its supporters as fools and fanatics.

If we allow our minds thus to revert for a while to the state of majorities in and out of Parliament little more than a quarter of a century back, we may be tolerant to the American slaveholders of the present day. The first and best excuse for them is that they are unconscious of their guilt. Born and bred in the system, they form a part of it, and it forms a part of them. They believe, as our fathers believed, that slavery is in accordance with God's Providence, the negro's destiny, and their own rights. They are convinced of the inferiority of the race, not merely in intellect and sentiment, but in moral feeling. They deny their susceptibility to the misery

* Even Franklin writes to his mother as follows, in reference to his two slaves :

" I have hired out the man to the person who takes care of my Dutch printing-office, who agrees to keep him in victuals and clothes, and to pay me a dollar a-week for his work. The wife behaves exceedingly well, but we conclude to sell them both the first good opportunity, for we do not like negro servants."

Such, and no dislike of slavery, was the impulse of the great philosopher. We must not be too harsh against him, or his contemporaries.

which bondage inflicts on the white man. They treat with scorn the sympathy professed for the slaves by a small minority in the free States ; and they triumphantly point to the overwhelming masses of their fellow citizens, by whom that devoted band of philanthropists is denounced and has been persecuted.

For my own part, I hold as utterly harmless in this great iniquity the southern slave-holders, in comparison with their abettors in the North and West. Inasmuch as ignorance, custom, and their best life-interests are joined in a conspiracy against their reason and conscience, I consider them in a measure blameless ; while I view with scorn those who, influenced by selfishness alone, strive to perpetuate the crime, and encourage the instruments by whom its profits are worked out.

It cannot be denied that immediate manumission to the three or four millions of southern slaves would be in a pecuniary sense entire ruin to their masters. There is no source from which the owners could receive compensation for this loss. Deprived of the services of their slaves, they would have no means to cultivate their estates. The land and the labourers are co-existent parts of the property. If separated, both would be lost to the nominal owner of a part. The slaveholder's only capital is his gang of slaves. Deprived suddenly of the right to their services, his land would lie idle. And so must they, for he would have no means of paying them wages. He would be at once beggared, and they assuredly would not work for a former tyrant and a present pauper. He could find no one to buy his estate. Those only who would be likely to do so, his own neighbours, would be in the same predicament with himself. Strangers, with money and industry, neither of which is possessed by the

southern proprietor, would not be willing to run the risk of a purchase which they knew not how to turn to profit. The northern merchant or manufacturer who traffics in cotton would be unable to cultivate it ; and for a considerable time at least no such purchasers could be expected for the plantations which would become as so much waste and desert land. In the great revulsion consequent upon immediate emancipation a general insolvency must necessarily follow ; and with it would come despair and desperation on the part of the white population, and frightful anarchy on that of the black.

What floods of suffering might overflow the land may not be calculated. Its duration, its results, its remedies, are themes for the imagination to work on, but reason shrinks from so severe a task. The brute ignorance of the negro slaves would make their instant liberation a fearful experiment. What they would do it is in vain to conjecture. What they might do it is appalling to contemplate. Nothing is to be expected from their sagacity or their forbearance. There can be no hope founded on their natural good temper and good feeling. The existence of such qualities in servitude is no guarantee for their continuance in freedom. The servile kindness of nature which distinguishes the negro slave is developed by dependence, and may be the consequence of it. The trained spaniel which fawns on a master would be a far different animal if turned wild into the woods. The emancipated slave would have a terrible account of wrong to settle with his late enslaver. And it may be here observed that but small analogy exists between the state of the American slaves and those of the British West Indian islands of days gone by. The American masters, without being intrinsically worse men, are

cruel when compared to what the English Creoles were. The latter formed a portion of a great empire where a generous philosophy prevailed, and where even those who argued abstractedly against Emancipation were, in their own despite, affected by the sentiments of the country at large. Good treatment of the colonial serfs by their masters was latterly an enforced necessity ; for the eyes of the mother country were on them, and Christian precepts were inculcated by the irresistible dictum of fashion. No well-bred Englishman could dare to be a harsh master ; and the vulgar were sure, with rare exceptions, to follow in the track of the refined. The Negroes had consequently few fierce enmities to encourage, and not many scores of ill-treatment to avenge. Enfranchisement was long an admitted principle. It was retarded from avowed expediency rather than assumed right. The Negroes were prepared for it, less by the apprenticeship system, which had not time enough to exert much influence, than by the relaxing hold of the owners, who saw the approaching change long before their slaves expected it, and whose indulgence, prompted by policy, or perhaps by fear, was attributed by the ignorant objects it benefited to those better feelings which excited their gratitude and affection. Emancipation therefore was to them a holiday. They hailed it as a religious solemnity. They celebrated it as a festival of justice and virtue. They admitted their former masters to partake of what was felt to be a mutual blessing ; and the best equality of their new condition was the escape from an irksome state of things, oppressive to both parties.

What a contrast is presented to this picture by the relative position of master and slave in the southern

states of North America. Masters naturally harsh, slaves unnecessarily debased. Nothing done to soothe the one or satisfy the other. The whip and the fetters in actual use, the club and the knife in perspective. Cruelty for the present, revenge for the future. Brutal enslavement or bloody freedom. The mind sickens at what is, and shudders at what is to be—what seems, at least, inevitable, unless Heaven opens at once the eyes and the hearts of the oppressors, and shows them their danger and their duty. What that duty is in its full extent who may presume to dictate, or who even venture to suggest ?

It must at any rate, I think, be admitted, that the suggestions, if made at all, should be put forward with temperate consideration, when offered by foreigners ; and that the dictation of remedies from such sources should be avoided altogether. The question is too practical, too real, too vital to America, to give any chance of its being decided there as one of mere morals. As one of political safety or of personal interest, it belongs to Americans alone ; and as such they most certainly will allow no interference with it.

In the imperfect state of human nature, the material interests of nations are not regulated by motives of mere conscience. When man becomes regenerated, and “peace and good will” is on earth, such influences may have sway. Let those who believe in the realization of that dream act up to their belief, and strive to better the existing evil by appeals to virtue and mercy. For my part, I honour their impulses, but I do not partake their hopes. But I am still less confident in the efficacy of threats of violence and vengeance, hurled from the platform of a London conclave, against the distant plains of

Carolina, or the Valley of the Mississippi. I have said enough to show, that I not only excuse, but sympathize, with the abolition energy which has roused the world's indignation in this great cause. But to utilize the enthusiasm of philanthropists should now be the work of statesmen. To attempt impracticable things is worse than doing nothing ; and I believe immediate, aye or proximate, emancipation to be utterly impracticable. What may be by degrees effected towards its consummation it would be idle to enlarge on. I will rather confine myself to the recapitulation of some of the main evils of the existing system, all of which require, and are I believe susceptible of, change.

- 1st. The breeding of slaves for sale like cattle, and the consequent encouragement to their rapid increase.
- 2nd. Their total ignorance, and comparative want of useful instruction, religious or secular.
- 3rd. The barbarous and brutalizing floggings.
- 4th. The separation of families.
- 5th. The abandonment of the free blacks by their former masters, from whom they have purchased their liberty, and by the white population in general, making them objects of contempt and loathing to the unemancipated.
- 6th. The domestic slave trade, between breeder and dealer, and between state and state, openly legalized in America, while the same trade is pronounced by Law to be piracy if carried on in Africa or on the high seas.

The magnitude of the question at issue deters me from extending my remarks upon it, lest I might fall into a line

of reasoning which others are more able to follow. The subject is almost inexhaustible, and is likely to carry any writer too far, and alas! most uselessly, away. Declamation and argument have been exhausted. The fact itself is there in glaring evidence, blazing like a pillar of light upon the sky, and showing all earth the way to the iniquity, if not the means for its extinction. I shall therefore now confine myself to tracing a few particulars, and pointing out some documents in connection with them, which may refresh the memory of some, and perhaps give information not before possessed by other readers of this imperfect sketch.

“According to the official decennial enumerations of the United States, the following appear to be the number of slaves:—In 1790, 697,897; in 1800, 893,041; in 1810, 1,191,364; in 1820, 1,538,064; in 1830, 2,009,031; in 1840, 2,487,355; and in 1850, 3,204,089. So that upwards of *one-seventh* of the entire population of the United States are slaves. In the last ten years (1840—1850) 42,369 or 10·96 per cent. has been the increase in slave population.”

Three remarkable documents connected with slavery are frequently referred to in America, as marking certain epochs and important enactments in its congressional history. These are the “ordinance” passed by the Continental Congress, on the 13th of January, 1787; the “Missouri Restriction Bill,” in 1819, and the “Missouri Compromise,” in 1820, (which may be considered under the head of the one and the same transaction); and “the Wilmot Proviso,” in August, 1846.

The following is the clause restricting slavery in the territory north-west the Ohio, embodied in the ordinance of 1787, on the motion of Nathan Dame, a delegate from the State of Massachusetts.

“There shall be neither slavery nor involuntary servitude in the

said territory, otherwise than in the punishment of crimes, whereof the party shall have been duly convicted; provided always, that any person escaping into the same, from whom labour or service is lawfully claimed in any one of the original States, such fugitive may be lawfully claimed, and conveyed to the person claiming his or her labour or service as aforesaid."

After the adoption of the Federal Constitution, the question of the restriction of slavery in any new state applying for admission into the Union did not arise in congress until the 13th February, 1819, when a bill was introduced into the House of Representatives, "for authorising the people of the territory of Missouri to form a constitution and state government, and for the admission of the same into the Union." An amendment was immediately moved in a committee of the whole house, by a member from the State of New York, to limit the existence of slavery in the New State, by declaring all free who should be born in the territory after its admission into the Union as *a State*, and providing for the gradual emancipation of those then held in bondage. A debate of two days, in which Henry Clay, then speaker of the House, took a prominent part in opposition to the amendment, ended in the amendment being carried by a majority of twelve, the votes being for it 79, against it 67. The final question on "ordering the bill to be engrossed for a third reading," was decided in the affirmative, by 97 votes against 56.

The House and the country were quite taken by surprise by these results. The Senate came to the rescue. The obnoxious amendments were there struck out of the bill, on February 22. On the 2nd of March the House refused to concur with the Senate by a majority of *two* (78 to 76). So the bill was lost by disagreement between the two Houses.

The next congress however passed a bill in the following year, 1820, to admit Missouri into the Union, with the celebrated "Compromise" section, restricting slavery in all territory of the United States, (except the state of Missouri) north of latitude $36^{\circ} 30'$. The House adopted the compromise on the 2nd March, 1820, the votes being 90 against 87.

During the session of 1819 just referred to, a bill to establish the territory of Arkansas was passed. A restriction as to slavery, the same as that introduced into the Missouri bill, was proposed, but defeated by the casting vote of the Speaker, Henry Clay, the numbers being 88 against 88.

The people of Alabama territory were authorized to form a state constitution during the same session, 1819, no opposition being made to the bill, which contained no restrictions as to slavery; the members most objecting to its establishment feeling that surrounded by slave-holding states, as Alabama was, the intercourse between the slaves and free blacks could not be prevented, and a servile war would be the almost inevitable result. This triumphant march of slaveholding was extended and consolidated by every successive struggle, the last being the annexation of Texas in 1845; until the commencement of the war against Mexico in 1846, when, a bill being introduced into congress on August the 8th of that year, for placing 3,000,000 of dollars in the hands of the President, Tyler, to carry on negotiations with Mexico, Mr. Wilmot, one of the members for the state of Pennsylvania, moved and carried the following *Proviso*:—

"*Provided*, That, as an express and fundamental condition to the acquisition of any territory from the republic of Mexico by the United States, by virtue of any treaty which may be negotiated between

them, and to the use by the Executive of the moneys herein appropriated, neither slavery nor involuntary servitude shall ever exist in any part of said territory, except for crime, whereof the party shall first be duly convicted."

The agitation into which this successful check against the further spread of slavery threw the Union was very great. The infamy of re-establishing slavery in Texas, a portion of the country which owed its best title to fame from having abolished it, did seem for awhile to bring conviction to the American mind. It could not of course touch the slaveowner's conscience. The conquest of Mexico, the acquisition of vast portions of its territory, the peopling of California and the wonders of wealth accruing from it, all opened a vast field for the progress of civilization, of which this chapter treats of only the worst and perhaps the most difficult parts. Returning to the consideration of the question as far as it involves material interest alone, I will put on record the following striking passage from a letter addressed to the slaveholders of the State of Kentucky, by Mr. Cassius M. Clay, a relative of Henry Clay, and a man who has become celebrated by his conversion to the doctrine of Abolitionism, and by the courage with which he has met and overcome repeated personal dangers in proclaiming the creed he has adopted.

"The competition of unrequited service, slave labour, dooms the labouring white millions of these States to poverty; poverty gives them over to ignorance; and ignorance and poverty are the fast high-roads to crime and suffering. Among the more fortunate property holders, religion and morality are staggering and dying. Idleness, extravagance, unthriftiness, and want of energy, precipitate slaveholders into frequent and unheard-of bankruptcies, such as are unknown in free States and well ordered Monarchies.

"The spirit of uncontrolled command vitiates our temperaments,

and destroys that evenness of temper, and equanimity of soul, which are the sheet anchors of happiness and safety in a world of unattainable desire and inexorable evil. Population is sparse, and without numbers there is neither competition nor division of labour, and of necessity, all mechanic arts languish among us. Agriculture drags along its slow pace with slovenly, ignorant, reckless labour. Science, literature, and art are strangers here; poets, historians, artists, and mechanists, the lovers of the ideal, the great, the beautiful, the true, and the useful: the untiring searchers into the hidden treasures of unwilling nature, making the winds, the waters, the palpable and the impalpable essences of things tributary to man; creating gratification for the body, and giving new susceptibility and expansion to the soul, they flourish where thought and action are untrammelled; ever daring must be the spirit of genius; its omnipotence belongs only to the free.

“A loose and inadequate respect for the rights of property of necessity follows in the wake of slavery.—Duelling, bloodshed and Lynch law leave but little security to person. A general demoralization has corrupted the first minds in the nation; its hot contagion has spread among the whole people; licentiousness, crime, and bitter hate infest us at home; repudiation and the forcible propagandism of slavery, are arraying against us the world in arms. I appeal to history, to reason, to nature, and to conscience, which neither time, nor space, nor fear, nor hate, nor hope of reward, nor crime, nor pride, nor selfishness, can utterly silence. Are not these things true? A minute comparison of the free and slave states, so often and ably made, I forbear; I leave this unwilling and bitter proof to each man’s observation and reflection.—There is, however, one consideration which I would urge upon all, because it excludes all ‘fanaticism and enthusiasm.’ Kentucky will be richer in dollars and cents by emancipation, and slaveholders will be wealthier by the change.

“I assert, from my own knowledge, that lands of the same quality in the free, are from 100 to 150 per cent. higher in value than in the slave states—in some cases, probably six hundred per cent. higher! Lands six miles from Cincinnati, in Ohio, I am credibly informed, are worth sixty dollars per acre, whilst in Kentucky, at the same distance from that city, and of the same quality, they are worth only ten dollars per acre! Now the slaveholders of the state are, with rare exceptions, the landholders of the state; they therefore absolutely increase their fortunes by liberating their slaves even

without compensation. Thus, if I own 1000 acres of land in Fayette, it is worth 50,000 dollars; say I own twelve slaves worth 5,000 dollars, the probable ratio between land and slaves; if my land rise to the value of the free state standard, which it must do, my estate becomes worth (losing the value of the slaves, 5,000 dols.) 95,000 dollars.

“If it rises to 150 dollars per acre, three times its present value, as I most sincerely believe it would do in twenty years after emancipation, the man owning 1000 acres of land, not worth fifty-six dollars per acre, would be worth under the free system, 145,000 dollars. Now this assertion is fully proven by facts open to all. Kentucky was settled by wealthy emigrants—Ohio by labourers. Kentucky is the senior of Ohio by nearly one-half the existence of the latter. Kentucky is the superior of Ohio in soil, climate, minerals, and timber, to say nothing of the beauty of her surface—and yet Ohio's taxes for 1843 amounted to 2,361,482 dols. 81 cts., whilst Kentucky's tax is only 343,617 dols. 66 cts. Thus showing Ohio's superior productive energy over Kentucky. Ohio has 20 electoral votes to our 13, and outstrips us in about the same ratio in all things else. A comparison of the older free and slave states will show a more favourable balance-sheet to the free labour states; whilst the slave states have greatly the advantage in climate and soil, to say nothing of the vastly greater extent of the territory of the slave states.”

Another very remarkable, and still more practical, appeal to the self-interest of slave-owners is to be found in a published statement by Mr. John McDonogh, a wealthy citizen of New Orleans, which details at great length the system by which he successfully enabled his slaves to work out their own deliverance, by purchasing their freedom. This was effected by dint of hard extra labour, carried on with astonishing perseverance and industry for no less a period than fifteen years or more. But the length of time thus required according to Mr. McDonogh's estimate, for the bit by bit enfranchisement obtained at so dear a price of continual labour, seems to have prevented any extended adoption of the

plan. It has been tried, but as often I believe abandoned, by several of the Louisiana planters ; and the failure is there invariably attributed to the indifference for freedom, and by implication the contentment in thralldom, of the poor negroes. This plan of Mr. McDonogh, so successfully carried out, offers a curious and instructive instance of calculation on his part, of energetic industry on that of his slaves, and of mutual confidence and honest fulfilment of their contract on both. Mr. McDonogh's plan of sending his liberated slaves at once out of the country, and shipping them off directly to Liberia, has the immense advantage of removing them from the ignominy sure to attend on their remaining in a slave state under the masquerade pretext of Freedom. The monstrous treatment by the slaveholders of the deluded wretches to whom they give or sell a patent of mock liberty is almost the worst feature of their conduct. The Spartan exposure of drunkenness in their helots was an innocent trick compared to the treacherous encouragement of vice and misery given by the Americans to the victims, whom in making free they defraud of the comparative bliss of bondage.

Even in the Free States the position of the free blacks is a shameless violation of their rights as men and citizens. I may mention a few points in connection with that branch of the subject, and in relation to the State of Massachusetts, the head-quarters of the Abolition Movement, and the place where the Negro has the best chance of fair play and good treatment.

Within three years of the establishment of the Federal Constitution, Massachusetts abolished slavery within its territory, and the example was quickly followed by those other States which are known as Free.

The amount of population in the State of Massachusetts,

according to the census of 1850, was 994,499, of which number about 8000 were coloured persons.

In the eye of the law there is not any difference in Massachusetts between a free white and a free coloured man, except as regards serving in the militia, from which coloured men are prohibited by an Act of Congress ; and in respect to naturalization—the Act of Congress of April, 1802, confirming the description of aliens capable of being naturalized, to “free white persons.” It may however become an important question, and a difficult one to answer, to what extent persons of mixed blood are excluded, and what shades and degrees of mixture of colour disqualify an alien from participation in the benefits of the Act of Naturalization.

An Act of the Legislature of Massachusetts of February 25th, 1843, repealed so much of the 75th and 76th chapters of the “Revised Statutes,” as caused restrictions upon intermarriage between the white and coloured races. Another bill, but which it became unnecessary to pass into a law, the object being attained without a legislative enactment, provided against the regulations previously subsisting, which forced coloured persons to occupy places in railroad carriages of inferior accommodations to those appropriated to white persons. So that negroes may now travel from one end of Massachusetts to the other, or on the longer voyage of life itself, side by side with whatever white person may choose their companionship.

But a far more important Act (of March 24th, 1843) prohibited under pain of fine or imprisonment, any judge or justice within the commonwealth from taking cognizance of any case under the Act of Congress, of February 12th, 1793, entitled “An Act respecting fugitives from justice, and persons escaping from the service of their masters ;”

and also prohibited any sheriff or constable from arresting or detaining in any gaol, or other public building belonging to the commonwealth, any person claimed as a fugitive slave.

These were undoubted proofs of a growing disposition in the State favourable to coloured persons, whose moral condition has consequently much improved there of late years. They are, nevertheless, subjected to many restrictions, from the still violent prejudices subsisting against them, among all classes of the population not of the Abolitionist party. They have the right to vote at elections, but they never attempt to set up a candidate from among themselves for the most trifling post. They are, like other citizens, liable to serve on juries; but they are never called on to fulfil this duty, which is tantamount to a prohibition against exercising it. They are never appointed to any of the offices of the State, though, if elected, there is no legal restriction against their admission to any. And altogether, the badge they bear is one, if not of actual servitude, at least of degradation. And such is the picture of their position in all the Free States of the Union.

I will, in reference to this subject, reproduce in the Appendix a document of remarkable power both as to moral truth, logical reasoning, and eloquent invective. The publication having been hitherto confined to the columns of the Irish newspapers of the day, it has been no doubt but little read in England, and still less in America. In the hope of aiding in its circulation, and preserving it in a somewhat more durable form, I am happy to give it a place in this work; but no eulogy of mine could give additional weight to so admirable a production. It is not only from the pen and the brain of

a great thinker, but from the heart of one who, at any rate on this subject, felt honestly and truly. A few of the points touched on differ somewhat from my own views already expressed. But I will further request the observation of the reader to the fact, that even O'CONNELL, bold, ambitious, and energetic as he was, did not venture to dictate a remedy against the enormous wrong which he branded with such reprobation.

This splendid manifesto embodies almost all the principal arguments against the existence of negro slavery. To urge reasons against its extension would, at the present date, be superfluous. The debates in the United States Congress and the convulsion in the public mind, consequent on the adoption of the Fugitive Slave Bill, dated September 20th, 1850, and the struggle going on in Kansas at the present day, prove indisputably that the everlasting duration of the institution of slavery is the object and purpose of a large majority of the people of America.

The passage of a law in Congress in 1854, called the Kansas and Nebraska Act, which contained a clause repealing the Missouri Compromise Act, was one of the most flagrant violations of right that the history of legislative abuse can furnish. Triumphantly carried by the slave-holding interests, and basely acquiesced in by the Free States at the north and west, it seems at once to stamp the retrograde views of the country at large, and to forbid any sanguine hope of real reaction against further encroachments by the south. It was decidedly a test question of principles, and it set the seal for the time upon the charter of slave-holding dominion. All the canting professions of pretended lovers of freedom avail nothing against their submission to the out-spoken

approvers of slavery. If resistance was ever to be made it was on that vital question. How the free soil and abolition interests mean to recover their lost position I do not know. Split into party divisions under new names, Republicans, Americans, and what not, they can show no effectual front against the compact phalanx of proslavery, which has at least the candour to say what it thinks and the courage to do what it desires. The last presidential election (in 1856) carried Buchanan triumphantly to power. Under the auspices of his victory, slavery and filibusterism seemed to have everything their own way. But already, within two years, a heavy cloud is passing between them and the sun of their success; and nothing is more likely than that the national passion for change, acting on the present President's want of firmness, may cause Walker and his fellow adventurers to be prosecuted as brigands, and place Fremont, or some still more decided free-soiler, in 1860, in the Presidential chair.

In the meantime, it may be only fair to state some of the leading arguments in favour of slavery, put forward with ingenuity, and pertinaciously maintained by its supporters. Some of them are so plausible that in any discussion of the subject they require notice. There is no question whatever in which a subtle controversialist may not make the worse appear the better reason. If an exception exists this is not it, and probably the impartial enquirer may be for a while embarrassed, when he is reminded that certain products of the earth, given by Providence for the good of man, can only be cultivated in the climates adapted to their growth, by a race of beings so constituted as to prove them to be the destined instruments for this great purpose; that these beings whose origin was in another and distant land, are evidently

doomed by God to this particular labour for the general good of mankind ; and as, in their ignorance and slothfulness, they do not know the means, and even if they did they would be unwilling to exercise them, for carrying out this great object of their existence, it became the right of a superior race, not only to force their labour, but to possess their persons as property, to be bought, used and sold, like any other species of chattel. It is added, as a justification of this latter argument, that in their native country they are far worse off than when removed to other lands, that it is a blessing to be released from the brutality of the savage chieftains of Africa, and placed in the Christian care of civilized masters in another hemisphere, where the climate and the work they are put to are in unison with their physical conformation and early experience. Mind, feeling, sentiment, memory, hope, are all excluded as mere metaphysical subtleties with which an African negro has nothing whatever to do, and consequently foreign to the question, and a *non sequitur* in the argument.

But those who may choose to reply to this pleading can do so curtly by denying altogether the premises on which it is based. They may admit their conviction as I do mine, that the negro race is inferior to the white, but maintain that it is still a portion of humanity, and as such entitled to the common privileges of our nature, which are, according to the constitution of the United States, "freedom, equality, and the enjoyment of liberty."

But I will nevertheless continue to give the reasonings of the slaveholders as a matter of justice to them, and because I think their unfortunate condition entitles them to all possible forbearance and fair play.

It is an admitted fact that the establishment of slavery

in the United States was the work of the mother country, and owing to the cupidity of English merchants ; and that attempts were made by some of the American colonists to prevent the importation of slaves, but were always opposed by the home government. There is good reason to believe that at the period of the establishment of the Republic, there was some disposition to do away with the institution of slavery, but that it was overruled from motives before adverted to. Mr. Jefferson looking forward to an ultimate emancipation, said, "I think a change is already perceptible since the origin of the present revolution. The spirit of the master is abating, that of the slave rising from the dust, his condition mollifying, the way, I hope, preparing, under the auspices of Heaven, for a total emancipation, and that this is disposed in the order of events to be with the consent of the masters rather than by their extirpation." But the great stimulus given to the culture of cotton by the scientific discoveries of Whitney (the inventor of the saw-gin) and others, very soon altered the whole aspect of this question. The cotton-growing States saw in the increased value of their negroes a long perspective of wealth and prosperity, and slavery became more than ever firmly rooted in the southern part of the Union. It was, however, even then considered by some of the leading men as an evil, and but few, if any of them, countenanced the doctrine of late so zealously maintained, that slavery is not only an institution to be tolerated, but that its existence is an actual benefit to the human race. History and Scripture are appealed to in support of these pretensions. But certain southern statesmen, following in the wake of Mr. Calhoun and General McDuffie, and going even further than ancient authorities, have declared the domestic institution of slavery to be indispensable to a

commonwealth founded on principles of equality, and that no examples can be cited of a prosperous democracy having existed without it; it being essential to the well-being of all that the servile labour of the State should be performed by a separate class. The cruel treatment of their slaves by the ancients is often pleaded by American masters in extenuation of their own harshness. But there is only one point of direct analogy between them—the moral wrong of holding men in bondage. For the slaves of the Romans were men taken in war, or their descendants, men who went to battle with the knowledge of their fate before them, if defeated, and with the chance of reprisals in kind upon their foes. The modern slave is a poor, helpless creature, either born of a kidnapped father, sold as he may have been for the meanest purposes of trade, and with no chance of retaliation, but in his “great revenge,” which he watches for, and may one day attain. The supporters of slavery as a domestic institution maintain that in providing society with an abundant supply of physical labour taken from an inferior race, they secure to the higher the benefit of entire equality amongst themselves, and of an unrestrained progress towards social and intellectual improvement. They consider it mere sentimentalism to shrink from rendering this inferior race subservient to their purposes, and insist that its subjugation emancipates the higher, white race, and opens to it a wider field for the attainment of civilization and liberty than could be reached under any other system; while at the same time it secures the best interests of the negro, the latter having been proved deficient in the power of self-government, and only capable of flourishing when under the control of higher intelligences. The abstract rights of man to liberty may be urged, they say,

as a general principle, yet if it can be shown that the freedom of a particular class is injurious to society, and a boon moreover which that class is incapable of appreciating, and not qualified to enjoy, and that the sacrifice of the abstract rights of an inferior set of men confers upon the more valuable portion of society benefits which would otherwise be unattainable, then it must be conceded that the principle is one of expediency and justice both. So much for abstract philosophic reasoning.

But the chief incentive to the exertions of the slavery-extensionists of to-day is not the desire of carrying into effect vague and disputable ideas of social progress, but the political necessity of keeping up in the United States Congress the balance of power, hitherto existing between North and South. The vast accessions of free territory, by the formation of new States in the north-west, have caused great alarm to the people of the South. The two sections are not now equally balanced in Congress, and the slow increase of population in the Southern States, the want of immigration from Europe, consequent upon the existence of slavery in those parts of the Union, as well as the unwholesomeness of the climate, have made it a great object to the South to carry that institution into more attractive and more salubrious regions. Hence the repeal of the Missouri Compromise in 1854, effected ostensibly on the ground of that measure having been originally unconstitutional, but really with a view to the migration northwards and westwards of slave-holders with their slaves, and being closely followed by the desperate attempt at converting the territory of Kansas into a slave State. The region of country west of the Mississippi and north of Mason and Dixon's line, is assuredly not favourable to negro extension, the climate being tem-

perate, the soil suitable to agricultural pursuits, and the country in general eminently inviting to white settlers. Yet the pressing want of congressional equality by the accession of two senators in Congress to the Southern side of the House, urged the slave-owners to try their chance, and to endeavour, by all means, fair or foul, to force a constitution admitting slavery upon the inhabitants of the territory. The unscrupulous manner in which the attempt was made, as well as the success which at one time seemed likely to attend it, supported as it was by the great mass of the Democratic party throughout the Union, and also by the federal government under the presidency of Mr. Pierce, are familiar to all persons conversant with modern American affairs. The details of the war made upon the free-state settlers of Kansas, and the assaults upon freedom of speech and action perpetrated by the Southern invaders were set forth with great force and effect in several of the Congressional speeches during the session of 1855—56, the chief of which was that delivered by Mr. Sumner, one of the senators from the State of Massachusetts, on the 19th and 20th of May, 1856, and which resulted in the dastardly assault upon his person in the Senate Chamber by Mr. Brooks, one of the representatives in Congress from South Carolina. But the most important, and in all likelihood the most impartial, evidence upon the subject is that afforded by the Report of the Committee of the House of Representatives, appointed to investigate the election frauds practised in Kansas, and which were presented to the House on the 1st July, 1856.

That report clearly establishes that an organized invasion of Kansas was carried on from the Southern States, more especially from Missouri, with the avowed object of introducing slavery into the territory, and that,

as a consequence of the repeal of the Missouri compromise, and of all restrictions against slavery, the "resolves" of squatter meetings were substituted for the legitimate action of Congress, and the whole field of controversy on this subject was, after a lapse of thirty-five years of peaceful settlement, revived.

The report sums up the matter in the following words :—

" This unlawful interference (of invaders from Missouri) has been continued in every important event in the history of the territory ; *every election* has been controlled, not by the actual settlers, but by citizens of Missouri ; and, as a consequence, every officer in the territory, from constables to legislators, except those appointed by the President, owe their position to non-resident voters. None have been elected by the settlers, and your committee have been unable to find that any political power whatever, however unimportant, has been exercised by the people of the territory."

All this is very flagrant, but it must be admitted that the proceedings against Kansas did not meet with universal approval in the South. Many moderate men there condemned the whole policy of violence and fraud by which they were marked, doubting also from the first the success of the movement. The great preponderance of free-state settlers already established in the territory was a serious obstacle to be overcome. Yet it is not to be wondered at that the sympathies of the South generally were strongly enlisted in favour of the plan. They had much to gain and nothing to risk, beyond loss of moral influence and *prestige*, in case of failure. The object was the maintenance of their political equality with the North—a matter of paramount importance, and which undoubtedly lies at the foundation of the whole scheme of Southern policy of the present day. The support

which the latter has obtained from a large part of the people of the North arises from another powerful political feeling—the desire of keeping together the Democratic party, the existence of which depends upon the continuance of union between its members in both sections of the country. This good understanding has been at times in great peril. When it became evident after the close of the Mexican war that the South was determined upon extending slavery into the new territories acquired by that war, and had ceased to be satisfied with its existence in the limits before assigned to it, and especially after the repeal of the Missouri compromise, Northern men began seriously to reflect upon the consequences likely to follow that system of subserviency to the South which had hitherto prevailed, and many secessions from the democratic ranks took place. The free-soil party was originally formed out of accessions from both the Democratic and the Whig parties, and even amongst those who still continued faithful to the democratic standard, shades of opinion on the subject of slavery began to show themselves. In the State of New York “Hard Shells” and “Soft Shells” contended for supremacy, and it required all the skill in management of the leaders to keep the party together. It was only by adhering closely to the South, where a clear democratic majority has always existed, that the northern democrats could hope to save the party, and it is to this cause chiefly that their support of the present policy of the South may be attributed. In addition to this reason there is always held over the North the threat of secession on the part of the Southern States, and the fear of endangering the continuance of the Union has induced many northern men to support measures of which they cannot approve.

Whether there is any real danger in this oft-repeated Southern threat of secession may be doubted ; but it has ever produced a powerful effect in the Northern States. The Kansas Question and the assault on Mr. Sumner, have on the other hand done much to strengthen the feeling of Northern resistance, and never were the two sections of the country so distinctly arrayed against each other as during the last hardly-fought Presidential contest in 1856.

So fluctuating is the character of American politics, that it is impossible to foresee what turn any great question may take from day to day. Judging by the strong array of free-soil (or *Republican*, as the party is now called)* votes at the last Presidential election, and the extraordinary display of anti-slavery feeling manifested in the North during the contest, one would imagine that the time was not far distant when every free State in the Union would co-operate in the election of a President firmly pledged to resist all further encroachments of the slave power, and that a majority would be found in Congress prepared steadily to oppose the admission of new slave States. But the superior skill and sagacity of the South—where statesmanship is an art and every man able to give his undivided attention to political struggles—has hitherto secured its supremacy in Congress ; and the Southern States united as one man on any question involving slavery, has been an overmatch for the divided North. Whenever a Southern object was to be gained, Northern associates have been found to assist in the work, and the democratic party has been ready, from the motives before mentioned, to endorse it.

* The " Platforms " (or political manifestoes of the three principal parties of the last presidential election) will be found in the Appendix.

It is only further necessary to remark that the *tu quoque*, the argument of conscious discomfiture, is eternally adopted by those Americans who would defend the institution of slavery, in opposition to the remonstrances of English writers and speakers. Insufficient at any time to combat a reproach, it is peculiarly so in the present question. That poor workwomen are basely treated by their employers, that ruffians cruelly beat their wives, that wives and mothers poison their husbands and children, that our peasantry are uneducated, and our manufacturing classes immoral, are all undeniable and melancholy facts. The artificial state of society in England, the inequality of fortunes, the superabundance of population, the shortsighted pride of aristocracy, the avarice of wealthy manufacturers, the sectarian virulence of portions of the clergy of all creeds, the subserviency of many among the gentry and the middle classes to the domineering great—these are among the causes of evils which are admitted and deplored. Parliament is busily employed for their redress. Our most eloquent authors and speakers wage an unceasing war against the prevalence of those abuses in our social system. Numberless societies exist for their amelioration. Funds to a large amount are subscribed to carry out the various projects of improvement. No body of men of any influence, no individuals of either sex, venture to palliate the existence of these ills; nor does any one object to the interference of foreigners, whether exerted in England or elsewhere, in pointing out, or devising remedies for, our abounding defects. But were those blots upon our boasted greatness ten times more disfiguring than they are, were our priests more bigotted, our peers more haughty, our commoners more cringing, our Parliament less active—did the

sempstresses work their worn fingers still closer to the bone, or sordid mill-owners drive their operatives still faster to exhaustion, or were all the vices inherent in our nature, and inseparable from civilization a thousand fold greater than they are among us, could all that combination justify slavery in America? Could southern slaveholders be acquitted at the bar of Public Justice for maintaining, or cotton buyers at the north for defending it? or should Englishmen be debarred from publicly denouncing what they all abhor? The fact is that it cannot be defended, nor palliated—and what is worse, there is but small chance of its being soon remedied, and none that I can see of its being finally abolished. Admitting all this, we in England would be quite satisfied if Americans admitted it as well. If a bold and straightforward sentiment of Anti-Slavery existed in the United States—if what is undeniable as a fact was avowed to be an abomination—and if means were adopted to abate it, ever so insufficient, or with results ever so remote, the reproaches of Europe would cease, sarcasm be still, and America be cordially met and co-operated with on the broad road of philanthropy.

But as long as the country which boasts of liberty cherishes slavery in its very heart, as long as the States which are really free fraternize with those that hold bondage as a privilege and make man an article of barter and sale, as long as the spinners of cotton make common cause with those who grow it, and while both combine to crush the generous few who fight the battle of Emancipation, so long will the voice of the Old World be raised against those obnoxious portions of the New.

And—finally to dispose of this “great argument”—admitting from the inferiority of the negro race that its

bondage is an allowable result, its operation only warrants the enslaving of the absolute, or what the Americans designate "the full-blooded" negro, the manifest black, who is stamped by nature with that fatal brand which proclaims the inferiority, and vindicates the enslavement. But when this degrading stain is, generation after generation, so weakened as to be almost entirely effaced, when amalgamation has done its work, and the struggle of white against black has been so triumphant that no visible trace of the latter is left, when the complexion is clear, the features symmetrical, the form graceful, the individual a model of female beauty, what possible excuse is left for the law that condemns such a being to chains and stripes, to private indignity and public sale? The predominance of colour is beyond denial white. The distinction of race decided; and no perceptible tinge of African descent. Yet this fair, accomplished, educated woman, is legally a *chattel*, liable to be seized wherever found, and sold in the public slave mart. Quadroons are in all the slave states, but chiefly in Louisiana, bred for slavery and "held to" prostitution, as the most valuable property which the odious system can supply. And this is the chief damning fact of the argument that would make "involuntary servitude" the inevitable destiny of an inferior race.

The Slave Trade with Africa is a question entirely distinct from the one I have been treating. It is out of the province of this work, and it would be peculiarly indiscreet at the present moment for any unofficial and unauthorized person to enter upon it in public discussion, at the risk of doing mischief, and without the chance of doing good. It is now in the hands of Her Majesty's Government, and they are in communication upon it with

that of the United States and with the Emperor of the French. Some recent events—the visiting of American ships by our cruisers in the Gulf of Mexico, the seizure of a slaver, and the liberation of the remains of its living cargo, by a vessel of the United States, and that of the French ship the “Charles-Georges” by the Portuguese authorities, have occurred in close conjunction, and have brought the whole concentrated points of the question to an issue. The interests of the world at large are at stake, and their importance will, it is to be hoped, ensure a reasonable, prompt, and we may trust, a permanent solution. In the meantime, the declamation of American slaveholders and their Northern allies may be safely allowed to pass unrefuted—they may declare their belief (I have heard them declare it within the last few months) that the slave trade will be revived with the sanction of England within five years, and that the whole world is on the point of acknowledging the justice, expediency, and absolute necessity, of their system. We may however hope that the watchful antagonism of the world against such doctrines will not slumber, but that England will keep the place she has so long maintained at the head of the anti-slavery movement, ready as ever to continue her sacrifices in the cause, and to follow up by every moral means of persuasion, remonstrance and example, an object which would not justify, and probably could never be attained by, War.

CHAPTER XVII.

MISCELLANEOUS SUBJECTS.

Inauguration of Mr. Polk—Oregon Question—British Columbia—Rapid Decline in Influential Men in the United States—Despondency of the Whigs—Elation of the Democrats—Mexican War—Last Visit to Washington—Desultory Reflections—Discipline—In the Army—In Civil Life—The Americans a Military People—Obedience to Authority—Definition of Lynch Law—Its Practical Effect—Not dangerous to the Institutions of the Country.

As I am nearly approaching the termination of my work, many subjects press upon me, and I must request my readers to excuse a somewhat incongruous mixture of materials for its closing chapters ; while I must necessarily leave several subjects worth remark wholly untouched.

Washington, without the presence of Mr. Clay, was deprived of one of its greatest attractions. But there were always objects of interest there, both public and private, to repay the trouble of a journey ; and a Presidential inauguration had elements in it, no matter who were the chief personages in the scene, that excited curiosity, were sure to give amusement, and contained many chances for something agreeable turning up. Such was the case in March, 1845, when I was next there, and Mr. Polk had come to take possession of his honours and the White House, vacated by his predecessor Mr. John Tyler.

The inauguration and its fêtes formed a very indifferent spectacle. No enthusiasm could possibly circle round men

of such second or third rate calibre as those who now filled the chief places in the government. The whole of the "scenery, machinery, and decorations," as well as the principal actors, had been changed; and public affairs offered but little excitement. Society, however, though many of its ornaments had been removed, was still agreeable. The *Corps diplomatique* was always there as a rallying point, and several of the private houses were as usual open freely to visitors.

The burning of the Theatre at this period was an event that caused some local emotion, though fortunately no lives were lost; and a new subject of dispute with England, the Oregon question, was soon involved in the intricacies of a diplomatic correspondence, in which, as usual, the Americans had the best of the argument, owing chiefly, as I believe (from the best English authority), to the very ingenious (not ingenuous) manner in which it was handled by the then Secretary of State, who is now in his turn the present President.

I have already entered so much at length into the history of two memorable transactions relating to increase of territory, that I will here barely allude to this one, of Oregon, which offered no great interest from either the subject or its negotiators. A good deal of blustering, and as I can well believe, some chicanery, on the part of the United States, ended in a settlement which gave to England that fine territory, the value of which was little imagined at the time; but which now, under the title of BRITISH COLUMBIA, affords an opportunity to a man of genius to prove, that the highest order of literary fame is not incompatible with the great business of official colonial management.

Year after year, as my stay in the United States was

drawing to an end, the country lost by degrees the far greater part of its interest for me. The most remarkable of the public men were rapidly disappearing altogether from the scene of life, or withdrawing from the struggles to which their rivalry had given *éclat*. The great game of politics was fast losing its importance, the area of its exhibition became narrowed, while it was played by those whose greatest skill seemed but trickery, and who were not capable of conceiving the bold moves of their more daring, but not more scrupulous, predecessors. It was pitiable to mark the succession of adventurers, who so quickly became prominent, and the tone of despondency which pervaded all the better regulated minds. The lofty hopes of philanthropists seemed fading away before every false step which the country was, as they believed, making. Every one of those appeared to lead inevitably to another still more disastrous; and to quote a burst of American eloquence on the painful state of things, "a profound sigh seemed to be wrung from the nation's heart; tears, such as Cato might have wept, were shed from manly eyes; and many of its truest friends began to despair of the republic."*

This was, however, only one side of the question. A large majority of the millions whose will gave the law, saw a boundless expanse of greatness and glory before the advancing destiny of the country. Both parties were convinced of their own sagacity; and it is an axiom as old as Plato, that whatever appears true to each man's individual mind, is true for him. Events, the great test which alone can prove a speculative truth, were hurrying on.

* "Life of Henry Clay," by Epes Sargent; edited by Horace Greely.

THE MEXICAN WAR.

War with Mexico was the inevitable consequence of the Annexation of Texas ; and it was no doubt an item in the plans of American politicians by whom that policy of spoliation was effected. The prophetic voice of Channing in its dying sounds, denounced the transaction and pretty accurately foretold its results. As the best known in England of all the many writers who treated that subject in the same tone, I will insert a portion of his published letter to Mr. Clay, which, eloquent and truthful as it is, produced small effect on the consciences or convictions of the American Government and its supporters.* The extent of its predictions has not as yet been ratified by results ; nor would it be prudent to anticipate or reckon on their entire fulfilment. Channing, as a moralist and a Christian, held a high rank ; but I doubt if he always took the true measure of public characters, or saw largely into the depths of political combinations. In prognosticating a war on the part of England to sustain the integrity of Mexico against American aggression, he was certainly at fault. English statesmen have not come forward as the champions of “oppressed nationalities,” even when the interests of England itself seemed to be involved. The complications of European affairs forbid the chivalric interference which high and generous feeling would prompt, and tyranny too often scorns the remonstrances which are not followed up by blows. The words of Dr. Channing found many an echo in the public, but fell dead on the political minds of his countrymen, and the inevitable war was soon prepared for, provoked, and entered on.

* See Appendix.

The Mexican Minister at Washington had announced to the Government there that the act of the Annexation of Texas could only be considered as tantamount to a declaration of war, and the first measure of actual aggression on the part of the United States, the advance of General Taylor and his forces into the neutral and still disputed territory between the two countries was of course considered as the commencement of hostilities. It was in vain that Clay, Gallatin, Webster, and all the other politicians of that school proclaimed in their writings and speeches the unjust proceedings of the United States. The only answer by the Government and Congress was a levy of 50,000 volunteers; and within two years, from March, 1846 to February, 1848, the whole of Mexico was subjugated, after an obstinate resistance, and several actions, of which General Scott was the chief commander, and Zachary Taylor the principal hero. The vain pretensions of Scott to the next Presidential vacancy were passed over, and Taylor, whom he superseded in Mexico, left him in the back ground at Washington, also beating his democratic opponent General Cass, whose chief distinction at that time was, like that of another of those lawyer-and-attorney Generals, Caleb Cushing, a bitter enmity to England which latter has, I believe, in no way abated.

The conquest of Mexico, and the consequent large accession of territory, including the valuable acquisition of California, afforded unquestionable proofs of energy, courage, and discipline in the American people. I left the country, not to return, during the progress of the war; and I had previously two further opportunities of looking on in Washington at the march of events and the men by whom they were directed. My last visit was in the

summer of 1846, in that hot, dull season when the Capitol being empty, Pennsylvania Avenue deserted, and the White House dependant for attraction on the social qualities of its temporary occupants, I found little to regret in taking my last leave of the place where I had spent so many pleasant days.

In reference to the subject I have been more immediately touching on, some reflections arise on one very remarkable quality of the people I am now so nearly parting with, though they may wander into less important associations than those from which they spring.

The Americans appear to me to possess, beyond all other people, the instinct of discipline. I mean this in its highest sense, according to the distinction pointed out by the Duke of Wellington in one of his letters—"Habits of obedience to orders as well as military instruction." This peculiarity extends, in a very extraordinary degree, through the portions of the country which I have visited; and its development has decided me in ranking the United States among the military nations of the earth. Mere animal courage forms a very common element towards that character. Most men and all people will fight. The Irishman flourishing his shillelah, the Switzer levelling his rifle, the Spaniard wielding his knife, are all brave, and can all be drilled into discipline. But the spirit of order pervading a whole population, by the influence of which men are soldiers ready made, is the national quality which I saw so eminently displayed in the United States.

Obedience to authority is supposed by superficial observers to be repugnant to the spirit and the practice of the American people. This is a great mistake; and I account for it by believing that those who formed the

opinion have only had in view the positive, and at times obstinate, resistance offered by the people at large to certain encroachments of executive power, or to judicial decisions which the general sense pronounced to be unjust. That such instances have occasionally occurred is unquestionable, and that deplorable violations of law and acts of great violence may be cited is equally a fact. But it is, in the first place, to be remarked that such excesses are common in all the civilized countries of Europe; and, in the second, it should be remembered that they may be considered as inseparable from the workings of a democratic constitution. Local outbreaks of popular force are the natural consequence of power lodged in the people at large. Human nature, with all its impulses, its passions, and its imperfections, is liable to those explosions, as the elemental harmonies are interrupted at times by storms, or as the mortal frame is subject to febrile eruptions or internal spasms. Occasional popular excess is the price paid for self-government; and it is absurd to be surprized at a burst of mob fury, while we complacently consider tyrannical outrage as quite consistent (however odious) in a single despot. The true way of becoming reconciled to the lamentable irregularities of our social existence is to consider it in the nature of a compromise, to be content with the fiat that has doomed it to imperfection, but to labour to lessen its deficiencies.

And in largely considering the social and political system of the United States, I confess it appears to me marvellous that so little is to be found exceptionable in the conduct of things. It should never be forgotten that, on the formation of the Federal Constitution, very little confidence was entertained of its well-working even by its framers. The debates in the convention assembled

for the purpose, as lately published in the Madison* papers, show that fact very plainly. The constitution was considered merely as a great experiment. It has been now in action for seventy years, and latterly on a scale of seven-fold its original extent. When it is remembered that inventions of machinery which perform their functions admirably in the narrow sphere of the original models, often fail when adapted to the practical purposes of science on a larger scale, it must strike us as astonishing that this constitution, framed for the uses of four millions of men, has up to this day been found to work so well for the governance of thirty millions and more.

This great result is to be attributed to the good sense of these "millions;" for, had the masses been deficient in that quality, their leaders could not by any arguments have kept things straight. And when it is considered that those leaders are the very individuals who have formed the chief exceptions to the general propriety, and that it is among them that instances of imprudence and outbreaks of selfish violence have been most frequent, the people at large deserve a still greater share of our admiration and respect. Indeed, the greater my experience of the country, the more did I esteem the masses, and the less did individuals seem to merit regard. It is certainly in public that the national character appears to most advantage—at large meetings, political or otherwise, at great festivals, in steamboats, railroad trains, &c. ; and the thing which of all others was the most striking and most wonderful to me was that instinct of discipline by which the greatest portion of the general good is established and maintained.

This pervading quality may be seen all through the

social system. Beginning with the immense concourses which are brought together during election times, such as I have described in a preceding chapter, many thousands meet together, are regularly organised like military bodies, divided into platoons, companies, battalions, brigades, under the command of "marshals;" and thus commanded, these large bodies manœuvre, and disperse, with an order and regularity as complete as that of any army at a review. Interruptions or accidents of the slightest kind are extremely rare on these occasions. The spirit of subordination is perfect, and is a guarantee against all harm.

It is the same with regard to public entertainments. On such occasions the Americans are not satisfied, as with us, that each individual should buy his ticket and repair to the banquet-hall as best suits his convenience. With them a certain parade-ground is always fixed on, where the president of the feast and his assistants, invited guests, and all those who hold tickets by purchase, are called on by advertisements to assemble; and, being duly marshalled into proper order, they march, preceded by a band of music, to the dining place through the most public thoroughfares. It has been my lot to walk in those processions, which are by no means confined to military celebrations. I have had for my right or left hand file Judge Story, Governor Everett, the venerable ex-President John Quincy Adams, and other distinguished civilians on such occasions, and I have invariably remarked the precision with which they all attended to the keeping of time and distance, and the other duties of the drill.

Large public balls are conducted with much of the same management. Committees are formed to supervise

each particular branch of the matter in hand. Some take charge of the decorations, others of the music, others of the formation of the dancing groups, of the supper, the reception-rooms, and so on ; and in each compartment several gentlemen are to be seen, all through the evening and night, performing with indefatigable zeal the most fatiguing and monotonous offices, entirely from a sense of duty, and sustained by the pride of discipline, which seems the ruling principle among them.

Let us next look at the management of the hotels and inns, great and small, and of the boarding-houses which abound throughout the country. In every one of these establishments rules are made with a severity and observed with a strictness that would be remarkable anywhere, but which in a country of such boasted independence, are truly surprizing. The master of the hotel, very often a colonel or major of militia (titles that are frequently borne by even the bar-keepers) is a perfect despot. He fixes and changes hours, orders his waiters, and controls his customers with an air of command that might be supposed to arise from his military rank ; but the merest old woman who is mistress of a boarding-house exercises an equal amount of authority. The most arbitrary and capricious regulations are submitted to by the lodgers with a deference that is at times laughable. They fly to the sound of the gong or bell with the forced alacrity of soldiers rushing from their barrack-rooms at the bugle's call. To be a minute late for any meal seems looked on as a breach of duty. The ease, comfort, or convenience of individuals is never thought of in the arrangements of the house. Gentlemen are removed from one room to another without their consent being asked, and often in defiance of their wish. Every one submits,

if not cheerfully at least without remonstrance, to the rules for the general convenience, which can only be caused by a pervading good sense that consults the "greatest happiness of the greatest number," or, what is less utilitarian but more likely—that instinct of discipline to which I have previously alluded.

If it were not descending too much into minutiae, I could give abundant instances, some of them ludicrous enough, of my general positions.

The despotism of stage drivers throughout the Union is proverbial, and every book of travels in this country contains examples. On board the steamboats the system is the same. But there it seems all right, and is, indeed, indispensable to the common good. On the deck of a ship, no matter of what kind, we naturally look for implicit obedience to the commander. Whether yielded by crew or passengers, it is a fitting tribute to the authority which maintains the general safety. But in marking the admirable regularity, and the quiet despatch of business, among the many hundreds of human beings conveyed and fed in these floating hotels, we must still confess that it is in this country alone that such a striking application could be looked for, of the self-evident propriety of the general rule.

In all public institutions or private places of business, in schools, poorhouses, hospitals, prisons, workshops or factories, the military system of tactics is universally observed. I remember on one occasion, when I accompanied the directors of a house of correction for females on their inspection, observing with admiration the clever manner in which the head matron conducted her scores of women-prisoners, as though they were soldiers on parade. "Ah, sir," said one of my conductors, "she is

the true grit, and no mistake. Yes, sir, Mrs. Kidder is considerable of a General Bonypart, more than any lady I ever met with any wheres."

The air of pride with which these few words were uttered, and the sentiment they expressed, are exactly illustrative of the national feeling in a thousand circumstances and situations. To be "considerable of a General Bonypart" is the aim of everyone in authority, from Henry Clay, dictator of the Whig-party in Congress, down to the meanest coach driver; and obedience to authority is the universal concomitant in the public mind. The law is not observed, because it *is* the Law, but because it is the expression of general opinion for the general good, which latter is the idol of American worship. Occasional violation of right is but a consequence of this sentiment. "Lynch Law"* is not an outburst of individual ferocity; it is the execution of a sentence irregularly pronounced by the majority, and submitted to as an equitable exercise of sovereign authority. Judge Lynch is not a solitary functionary, nor are his lictors few and obscure. He is, it is true, but an abstraction; but he is an ideal embodiment of the mass. He is DEMUS himself, in the plenitude of his power; and those who punish, like those who suffer, are but integral parts of the whole which he personifies.

Seeing, then, that wholesale violations of law are not very frequent, that isolated crime is generally, but not often enough punished in the civilized portions of the country, and that popular excess is always held in check, though it cannot be always prevented, by public opinion, there seems no cause to fear on those grounds for the

* Owing its name to a Virginian farmer so called, a violent person, who took the law into his own hands.

stability of institutions, made and maintained by and for the people.

Were particular *classes* assailed by the *masses*, or did popular fury manifest itself only in individual persecution, the case would be very different. But as things really are, and, without venturing lightly to argue so serious a subject, I think the exercise of what Bacon calls "the wild justice" of the multitude, is in great exigencies and in certain bounds, a wholesome check upon offences which regular laws cannot reach, and on the prompt punishment of which the existence of society itself in sparsely peopled districts may depend.

But it must be admitted that the portions of the country in which the law of preservation may be invoked to tolerate that other ordinance, can have yet no claim to be placed in the first or even the second category of Civilized America.

CHAPTER XVIII.

MISCELLANEOUS SUBJECTS—(*Continued*).

British North American Provinces—Glances at Canada—Boston Emigration Society—A Yankee Job on a Small Scale—Departure from America—Resignation of Consulship—Commercial Dishonesty—Fame of Public Men short-lived—Concluding Remarks.

OUR North American provinces do not come within the scope of the subject to which I am prescribed ; though as regards the actual application of the term “civilization,” they are beyond question as fully entitled to it, under the influence of their monarchical forms, as any of the States of the neighbouring republic. But in calling those Colonial possessions by their distinctive names, Canada, New Brunswick, Nova-Scotia, Prince Edward Island, and Newfoundland, we separate them from the United States altogether ; and I believe that none of their inhabitants feel very ambitious of being designated as “Americans ;” except the portion of those Yankee settlers who may have crossed the frontiers, with the hope of one day forming part of some great scheme of Annexation.

By far the most important and most interesting of those provinces is Canada, in its two divisions of Upper and Lower. I made excursions into it more frequently than any of the others, and I had many inducements to go again and again, for the enjoyment of its splendid

scenery and the charm of its social circles. The various routes by which I approached or returned from it possessed abounding attractions ;—the magnificent country traversed in New York State, much of it left as Nature first fashioned it, its wide-spreading plains, forests, and rivers—the noble railroad for 200 miles, from Boston to Albany, through the beautiful hills and valleys of Massachusetts ; the enchanting scenery of Trenton Falls ; lakes Champlain, George, Ontario, and Erie ; Niagara, the thousand Islands of the St. Lawrence, the rapids, the grandeur of the view from Quebec, Montreal, and the neighbouring mountain from which it takes its name, and Kingston, where I first saw in the New World, with a proud sensation I could not define, the English flag floating over a fort garrisoned with British soldiers. That little town has strong claims to a place in my memory. For there, on my first visit, the walls of the fort just alluded to contained one of the persons dearest to me in the world ; and there, on my last, I saw, for the last time, one of my best friends, Sir Charles Bagot, worn out and sinking under the fatigues of public duty to which he died a martyr.

I hurry from this theme, at which I have merely glanced. Knowing Canada as I did, and hearing of it as I now so constantly do, I can only wonder and rejoice at the progress it has made in all the elements of prosperity and power ; wish for its prompt consolidation with its sister colonies ; and hope that they may some day form a real empire under a British Prince, where Constitutional Monarchy, untrammelled by oligarchical control, may run the race of civilization side by side with Democratic Republicanism, interchanging examples of good and honest government.

Many other subjects crowd upon me, more or less of a personal nature, which I must put aside. I wish I had room to detail the proceedings of the EMIGRATION SOCIETY, which I laboured hard for two whole years to establish at Boston, which I did succeed in organizing, and which ought to have been a source of enduring advantage to the foreign population seeking a settlement in America, and requiring information, encouragement, and protection. It was no easy matter to unite for even this obviously useful object, men of almost all the various religious sects and political parties, Governors and ex-Governors, Mayors and ex-Mayors, native and European citizens, rich and poor. Yet this I was fortunate enough to effect, and I confess I felt proud of my success. Having brought everything as I hoped into good working order, after two public meetings, the nomination of a President and Vice-President of the new-formed society and a well-chosen committee, one point alone remained to be settled—the selection of a fitting agent to receive the Immigrants as they landed, and save from the harpies who always wait the arrival of every ship to pounce on the poor foreigners, to mislead, monopolize, and fleece them. The individual suited to such a laborious and responsible post, required physical strength and such a knowledge of national peculiarities as would give him influence with the ignorant new comers. Plenty of applicants were sure to be found for a place like this, with a yearly salary of a thousand dollars (200*l.*), the only paid place in the gift of the Society. Several candidates were rejected, probably all on sufficient grounds. But the choice of the Committee fell on a person of all the others perhaps the most unsuitable, a sickly, feeble, attenuated Yankee gentleman, a good classical scholar, a

near relative of one of the chief members of the society, but altogether incapable of the rough work required, and knowing nothing practical of the habits, manners, or characters of the motley crew of Europeans whom it was his business to mix with, guide, and instruct. I thought this a mean and paltry job. I remonstrated against the appointment in vain ; and greatly disappointed and disgusted I withdrew from the Society, and I believe that within a year it utterly fell to the ground, though the plan was subsequently revived in another shape.

This failure cooled my ardour. The ignorant opposition of some of the Irish, before adverted to, to efforts made in their favour, was not encouraging ; and altogether the feelings and objects which generally influence the partialities of men becoming weaker, and the increasing pecuniary value of my position being insufficient to counterbalance its defects, I turned my views back to Europe, and after a seven years' residence in the United States, some of the results of which are now before the reader, though very many subjects are left untouched, I quitted Boston with my family one fine summer's day, touched at Halifax, where I shook hands with my old acquaintance the Author of "Sam Slick," and after a voyage of altogether ten days and four hours, I once more gladly stepped on real English ground, for Colonial soil does not after all feel so firm, so solid, or so national.

Domestic causes induced me to request a long extension of my leave of absence. This was most liberally and kindly accorded by Lord Palmerston, who again filled his old post of Minister for Foreign Affairs. Still stronger additional motives made a permanent residence in Europe almost indispensable to me. No opportunity offered for my being transferred to a post at all equivalent to the

one I held ; so on application to my chief, his Lordship allowed me to resign, and appointed in my place my son, who had for several years filled the office of Vice-Consul, in the Consulate to the management of which he was now promoted.

Readers will pardon this page on personal affairs, which are of no interest except in as far as the matter of these volumes is concerned. And my sole object in intruding the mention of my removal from America back to Europe is to explain the position from which the following concluding observations are taken and made.

As long as I had such a binding link between the New and the Old World, the public transactions of the United States continued to excite my constant attention. I followed closely the accounts transmitted across the Ocean of all the chief movements that took place in political circles, and, as far as was apparent, the personal objects of politicians which so much influence the course of public affairs.

The Fishery Question, a sharp dissention fomented by the leading men of the day, including even Daniel Webster, then again in office as Secretary of State, was promptly settled, by the vigorous and decisive action of the British Government ; a few additional ships of war in the disputed waters being admirable arbitrators.

The proposal for a tripartite treaty between France, England, and the United States, for guaranteeing the integrity of Cuba, proposed jointly by the first two of those powers, and rejected by the last, was a small item in what may be technically called the running account of American designs on that Island. And the plausible reply of Mr. Everett, Secretary of State after Webster's death, was only, as I have elsewhere intimated, a loophole for

the future escape of those filibustering schemes, which the late message of President Buchanan (December 4th, 1858), more emphatically avows under some "imperative and overwhelming law of *self-preservation!*" quite in accordance with the unscrupulous scroll called the Ostend Manifesto, put forth by him and his diplomatic associates some few years back.

The affairs of Central America form a more palpable and still-existing subject of serious consideration; that country deriving its chief interest from being the direct route of communication between the Atlantic and Pacific Oceans. The Clayton-Bulwer treaty, framed between the United States and England, for the purpose of securing the independence and neutrality of the isthmus, across which the line of connection must pass, is still the document which guarantees those rights.

This region, formerly the site of the old Kingdom of Guatemala, is now occupied by five independent republics, Nicaragua, Costa-Rica, San Salvador, Guatemala, and Honduras. Projects were entertained by the Spaniards as far back as the time of Cortez for the construction of a ship canal across the isthmus, of late a subject of so much interest and negotiation between the great maritime powers. The most thorough explorations of the country with that object in view were those of Humboldt in the early part of the present century. Many men of science have more lately followed up his researches, England and the United States taking the lead, though other countries were not inactive. The remarkable pamphlet of the present Emperor of the French, published about a dozen years back, gave much prominence to the subject. In the year 1848 a concession was obtained from the government of Nicaragua by Messrs. Vanderbilt and White,

two Americans, under the condition of constructing a canal in twelve years, and in the interval enjoying the privilege of transit for passengers and merchandize by the River San Juan, and through Lake Nicaragua to the Pacific. These speculators having failed to inspire the capitalists of London with sufficient confidence in their project, it had no result, and in the meantime a railroad from Chagres to Panama was built by an American company, and has been for some years in active operation.

The expeditions of Walker proved a serious interruption to all plans of permanent construction ; but the recent conclusion of a convention between the Governments of Nicaragua and Costa Rica with M. Felix Belly, for the formation of an inter-oceanic canal, seems to promise a realization of the long-talked-of enterprize, under the expected guarantee of France, England, and the United States. The interest taken by England in these Central American affairs is proved by the fact of the mission of Sir William Gore Ouseley, who is at present busily engaged with the various governments, having been previously in close communication with the President and cabinet of the United States at Washington, and, it is to be hoped, with a due recollection of the old feats of diplomacy transacted on that stage.

It would be but wilful blindness to doubt the occult intentions of the United States with regard to Central America, or to Mexico, or any other territory within their reach, and left to their mercy. The manifest connivance at the expeditions of Lopez against Cuba, and Walker against Nicaragua, is only surpassed in effrontery by the sham Presidential proclamations in denunciation of those piratical raids. The last of these palinodes from Mr. James Buchanan, is signed with the very hand that

sent forth the Ostend Manifesto, and which is ready to grasp in fellowship that of the first successful freebooter. There is no hope for the integrity of Central America but in a federation between the five republics, and the joint protectorate by France and England, over rights which their united wisdom and power can alone maintain. The greatest hope of the United States for the realization of their plans is in a possible rupture between France and England. Should such a misfortune to mankind occur, short work would be made with the territory they so much covet. If that magnificent centre of the world, in a geographical point of view, is destined to be one day also the centre of commercial intercourse between the West and the East, the two great nations of Europe, as the guardians of civilization, should save those regions in the West, as they have already saved Turkey in the East; and prove to Republican cupidity, as they did to Imperial ambition, that there are barriers which Right and Might together make impassable.

And what is there with any shadow of principle to oppose this intervention? The obsolete figment called "the Monroe doctrine." What is the meaning of, and the authority for, that new law of nations? One sentence gives two answers.

Mr. James Monroe, President of the United States for two successive terms (1817—1824), a brave, prudent, and respectable man, enounced his opinion that "the United States ought not to suffer any European power to interfere with the internal concerns of the independent South American Governments."

This was in those days a just and appropriate opinion. It was concurred in willingly by England, for its object was to protect those young republics from any new hostile

attempt on the part of their old masters the Spaniards. But though it was well-timed then it is now out of date, a counterpart to it might be justified at present, to the effect that "Europe ought not to suffer the United States to interfere." This might make a very rational Derby doctrine to day, being quite as just and still more necessary than its prototype. I do not cavil at the presumptuous adaptation of the word doctrine to a dogma issuing from so secondary a source as James Monroe, though an article of political faith requires some more oracular origin. It has not been in any one instance applied even to the most sagacious sayings of Washington. But even had the doctrine come from that venerated authority, it would have had only the value of those human dicta that have a temporary influence on the guidance of affairs, but cannot legislate for all time, or stop the free highway of the world.

That painful and humiliating subject the Recruiting Question, through which the coarse hatred and cunning tactics of such men as Marcy and Caleb Cushing passed a gross affront on English honour, in the person of its Minister and Consuls, may be for the present laid aside, but will not be forgotten. The animus of America was openly displayed, and perhaps she did not make us pay too dearly for its exhibition.

But all the subjects mentioned in these volumes, whether deeply inquired into or briefly sketched, do not in their combined importance, as far as England is concerned, reach the magnitude of one other—the commercial relations between her and the United States. In those relations are involved, not only the material interests, but the public credit and the private honour of the two nations. On the maintenance or the loss of character on either side

depends the moral status which statistics cannot determine, but on which history will surely pronounce.

Hundreds of documents which have never seen the light, and of transactions which are for the present hidden, will surge up upon the flood of Time and openly tell the tale which is now not half developed. But enough is patent in our days to let the world in general estimate the balance-sheet of probity and truth, deception and dishonour, which regulates the transactions between the two countries.

Matters so pregnant with great consequences should not be treated lightly. A declamatory tirade, half joke half earnest, may be discharged against a vulgar habit, or a caustic paragraph expose a paltry trick. The inimitable wit of Sidney Smith made every jest appropriate, and every sarcasm tell, and such attacks from his pen, were always the right words in the right place. Yet the United States Bank would have been little affected by them had it still retained its capital and its credit, though the first was floating and the latter sinking. It was after its bankruptcy that the suffering satirist fell foul of it, and he could only succeed in refusing to it a moral certificate, but not in saving its defrauded creditors.

But that instance of dishonest doings, confined to a single establishment assuming a false name, forms no parallel to the wide-spread defalcations of dozens of public enterprizes, all compromised to-day in serious implications. The long list of banks, factories and railroads, in the various stocks of which deluded Europeans have rashly invested their funds—not from speculative gambling, but to realize a fair interest—are not susceptible of being dragged, one by one, into day, and their cheateries individually pointed out. The system at

large requires a wholesale exposure ; the delinquent companies must be taken *en masse* ; one large machine, capable of branding the "stuffs" of a score of "Corporations" would be required, to do justice on these mismanaging malefactors.

In proportion to the extent of the evil should be the knowledge of the scrutinizer and the wisdom of the judge. The entire arcana of trade should be practically studied and understood, before sentence can be safely pronounced and punishment apportioned. There may be many shades of guilt, from deception down to actual fraud. Tricks and contrivances exist no doubt by which a clever operator may gain his ends without losing his character. Confederates may thoroughly practise the division of labour, so as to effect the robbery and screen the rogues.* What is still more embarrassing is the question as to what is or is not roguery in the commercial code—as to whether there is, in fact, one system for men in trade and another for those who are not in it. If a private gentleman believes that in dealing with a man of business, they are both equally bound by the rules of honour

* An instance once came to my knowledge of a firm in Boston which admirably understood this method of sharing among them the sin of a minor breach of morals. There were three partners, two very pious, and one, the junior, such a contrast to the others, that he bore the *sobriquet* of "Wicked Will," being rather more than commonly addicted to "slings," "cobblers," "juleps," and the like, and he was my informant. The firm affected to do no business whatever on a Sunday, not even in the way of ordinary correspondence. Wicked Will had personally no scruples of the kind, so it was his duty to go to the post-office on the Sabbath morning and receive the letters—to take them to the next partner, who would read but not apply for them ; and he in his turn proceeded to the head of the house, after church service, and explained the contents, which that great example of religious observance would neither read nor receive, but devoutly listened to, and was able to cogitate over, before answering the next morning. The senior partner died a natural death some years back. Poor good-natured Will was carried off first by *delirium tremens*. The middle-man is a bankrupt, and large defaulter to the shareholders of a corporation of which he was joint treasurer.

ordinarily observed among respectable persons, but that the other has a different creed to go by, which gives impunity to conduct the private gentleman thinks infamous, the latter is at a serious and most unfair disadvantage. He places confidence, where he should, to say the least, look sharply out, and he takes for granted what he should thoroughly sift ; buys shares or bonds, which he is assured are good security, but finds by and bye, that the first pay no dividends or that the latter are "unsecured." If when he discovers his mistake and perceives his danger the business man still urges him to "hold on," falsely states his investment to be "as good as the funds," and finally leaves him in the lurch, holding back all information, and treating all inquiry with neglect, while he had in good time safely sold all his own stocks or bonds in the same rotten concern, to keep up the false credit of which he advised his dupe to "hold on"—what then ? the gentleman counts his loss, looks very foolish and has no redress ; while he who outwitted him may swagger about as before, and give an ostentatious dinner to a hundred guests, among whom he may secure a dozen new customers, to reimburse his "hospitality" tenfold. This is *not* "Fancy's Sketch," like the song in the Opera, but one of many facts.

In an early written passage of this book, I disclaimed any practical knowledge of American dishonesty. Circumstances which I thought fortunate—but I reckoned too soon—allowed me some experience which cost me rather dear. I invested some money in several concerns, following in every case what I thought the most disinterested advice. There is not one of the concerns in which those investments were made that has not, from fraud or something not easily distinguished from it,

caused a loss of from forty to seventy per cent., or more ; which is here recorded in the hope that it may put some one or other European on his guard. Should any one be tempted to trust his money in American ventures let him inquire the history of the New York and Erie Railroad Company, or that of the Middlesex Woollen Company of Lowell, near Boston, in the State of Massachusetts. The affairs of the first-mentioned are notorious from their discussion in every American newspaper. Those of the latter are somewhat more obscure. But it contained among its supporters an array of names that would give the least credulous man full confidence. Its late manager is one of a family that stood the very first in public estimation, and the brother of a late United States Minister in Europe. The House of Lawrence and Stone were the Treasurers of the Company. That firm is bankrupt ; the Manager an untried fugitive ; the defalcation several hundred thousand dollars ; the company nearly ruined.

I may be told that these things happen in England also. True. But a fraudulent Baronet-banker is now in prison, wearing the dress of a convict. The defaulting Manager, when I last heard of him, was reported to be in Rome sitting for his portrait. That marks another difference between England and America. If the latter country will persist in refusing to punish her mercantile or warlike filibusters, or allow them to escape, she must accept for herself the application of the well-known motto :—

“*Judex damnatur cum nocens absolvitur,*”

the whole nation standing in the place of the conniving judge.

After several years practical experience of America, then closely watching its progress from afar, I am utterly surprised at the evanescent nature of public and private feelings. None of them seem to last. They are fleeting and fickle, running over the surface of society, scarcely ever taking root. There seems but faint recollection of things gone by after a period inconceivably short. The affairs of yesterday are forgotten to-morrow. Events and persons of the greatest mark perish like ephemera. There is a strange absence of historical thought. The memorable men of other days have left names to be glibly syllabled, but apparently no examples to be followed. While other nations think of the past and act for the future, America may be said to exist in the present alone. The past has left no shadow, and the future promises no substance. The first is a dream, the latter but a problem. As the leading politicians drop off, almost all thought of them dies out, with the puff of over-praise which wafts them to the tomb. They are embalmed in smoke. The most important transactions pass away like a mist on the earth's surface. They have been breathed on the mirror of the popular mind, but it is in a moment as clear as ever, and as incapable as before of receiving more than a shallow reflection of facts, which neither impress nor improve it. Within a few years from the day on which I am writing, several of the most prominent citizens of the Union have been removed from the world. Dr. Channing the Divine, Judge Story, Chancellor Kent, great lawyers, Washington Allston, the painter, Calhoun, Clay, Webster, and many others of note, most of them personally, some intimately, known to me; and I can now without suspicion of flattery pronounce them to have been men of eminent abilities; yet no record is likely to

be raised to them more lasting than the fulsome speech of some member of Congress, or a few vulgar newspaper paragraphs. As to those who were snatched from life twenty years ago, they might as well have never lived. Oblivion seems to have swept over them—over all, in fact, except the founders of the Republic, whose names are for ever monumental.

If however, to avoid the reproach of exaggeration, I may admit that the nation is not altogether without forethought, I must add that it always takes a downward direction, even when the people talk of lofty destinies. They educate for reverse of fortune, loss of property, a depressed position. They do not prepare for a rise in station or with elevation of mind. Boys are taught hardships, for the rough work of life; girls are brought up with a view to going down. They are practised in the menial duties of household work, prepared for a change, not for the better but the worse, and taught, rationally perhaps, a somewhat stingy prudence instead of a refining, but possibly a deceptive elegance. As mature life shows the fruits of early lessons, so does adolescent America foreshadow the picture of the fullgrown people.

It is certain that America shows as yet no decided proof of the enlightenment which her institutions promised. There are strong evidences of social decline among the upper portions of the mass, the "Guardians" and "Auxiliaries" of Plato's republic. It is among the lower orders, if the distinction may be used, that the better attributes of human nature are more commonly found, a sturdy independence, absence of servility, and a freedom from the degrading impulses superinduced by want in the poor of Europe. That lower class is not only the bone and sinew, but the pride and hope of the United States.

And now, in reviewing briefly my intentions throughout this work, when venturing on subjects of theoretic speculation, I have endeavoured to show that the true philosophy of the democratic principle consists in the great truth, that a medium civilization is alone feasible for those who are opposed to social inequalities. If mountains were levelled, and the chasms between them filled up, the plain could have no pretensions to the romantic or picturesque. Applying this axiom to the analogy presented by the United States, those who envy the splendid contrasts of the European system must make a compromise between their regrets and the necessity of things. Let the masses of civilized America be what they are—independent, unmannered, but still, in accordance with their tastes and wants, contented if not actually happy, decorous if not entirely virtuous, intelligent if not absolutely wise. Let the wealthier and better educated approximate to this middle state, nor labour to abstract themselves from, or become incongruous excrescences on, the harmonious whole. Let a few choice spirits, here and there, devote themselves to the pursuits of literature and the arts, communing with each other, or with their models and counterparts elsewhere ; but let them not force their superiority upon the crowd, nor strain for an avowed pre-eminence. Let them not attempt the high tone of English manners, nor the overstrained refinements of a class which could not exist without an inferior multitude to lord it over. Those who believe that such a class *could* exist without the other, must believe in Plato's perfect republic or dream of an Utopia. The people of the United States should balance well between the insatiable thirst for wealth, and its moderate possession, and ponder over the following laconic truths:—

Aristocracies are built on the indestructible rights of property. Democracies on the indefeasible rights of Liberty. Now, as wealth, tending to corruption, is the basis of misrule ; so freedom, while fostering virtue, is that of good government. The few must always be the rich ; the poor are the many. Then, if property become practically more sacred and stronger than liberty, the few will assuredly become oppressors and the many be enslaved.

APPENDIX.

AT the Meeting of the Repeal Association in Dublin, on Wednesday, October 11th, 1843,

MR. O'CONNELL begged leave to draw the attention of the Association to a matter of great importance. It was, doubtless, in their remembrance that some weeks ago a remittance was received from the Irish Repealers of Cincinnati, in the state of Ohio. This remittance was accompanied by a letter which was ordered to be inserted upon the minutes, and which contained an elaborate and very minutely written apology for negro slavery in the American States. He did not mean to contend that an offence was deliberately intended, but he really felt as if an offence had been virtually offered to the Repeal Association by sending such a composition to them; for the members of the Repeal Association of Ireland were the last men in the world to whom any man should presume to address a vindication of slavery. What did he care for the hue of any man's skin? It mattered not what a man's colour might be, or what his class, or what his creed, if he was a slave, he had in him (Mr. O'Connell) an advocate, and in the members of the Repeal Association men who could compassionate his misfortunes and sympathize in his sufferings. They wanted not any defence or extenuation for slavery, for they had nothing to do with the hateful, the execrable system, but to detest and denounce it. It was with sorrow and pain therefore that he read the letter from Cincinnati, and his feelings of anguish were the more keen when he remembered that it reflected the sentiments of Irishmen. He must indeed be a degenerate Irishman who would put himself forward as the apologist of slavery.

They began by declaring that they had no interest in slavery, for that it was not an "institution" in the State of Ohio; but this state of facts, so far from detracting from their criminality, rather added to the heinousness of their guilt. If the welfare of themselves or of their families were involved in the maintenance of slavery—if their judgment were blinded or their faculties numbed by considerations of personal interest, something might perhaps be urged by a plausible reasoner in extenuation of their delinquency to the cause of virtue and humanity; but that Irishmen, the sons of Irishwomen, should gratuitously volunteer their services as the apologists of slavery, was what excited his indignation to the utmost, and almost suffocated him, so to speak, with sorrow. But what went to his heart most of all was to think that the amiable and high-minded Lord Morpeth—the best Englishman that Ireland ever saw—had been compelled, out of respect to truth, to bear reluctant testimony against the Irish resident in America, for the manner in which they conducted themselves with respect to the slavery question. Lord Morpeth, who in the House of Commons had not hesitated to declare that the domestic and social virtues were more cultivated by the humbler classes in Ireland than by any other class of men in any other country whatsoever—even Lord Morpeth himself, the friend and advocate of the Irish people, had been obliged to confess, at an anti-slavery meeting, held in Exeter Hall, that the worst enemies to the people of colour in America were Irishmen. Lord Morpeth was incapable of calumniating any one, and least of all an Irishman. He had visited America himself—his declaration was the result of minute personal observation, and when his high character was taken into account, there were few who could not venture to assert that the allegation of such a man virtually proved the charge against the parties whom he accused. Was it not the business of that Association to remove this blot, if possible, from the national escutcheon of the country, and to endeavour to disconnect Ireland and slavery as widely asunder as the poles? Let them raise the shout for liberty in favour of *all* mankind, irrespective of all considerations of colour, clime, or caste. The committee which had been appointed for the purpose had prepared the following address to the Repealers of Ohio, which he trusted would meet the unanimous approbation of the Association. He was sure there was not a man of them all who could be induced under any circumstances whatsoever to continue slavery for an instant. The honourable and learned gentleman then read the following

address, which was received with enthusiastic demonstrations of applause :

The Committee to whom the address from the Cincinnati Irish Repeal Association, on the subject of negro slavery in the United States of America, was referred, have agreed to the following report :—

To D. T. DISNEY, Esq., Corresponding Secretary.

W. HUNTER, Esq., Vice-President.

PATRICK M'CROSKEY, Esq.,

P. CODY, Esq.,

T. CONNOLLY, Esq.,

AND

STEPHEN BONNER, Esq.,

} The Executive Committee
of the Cincinnati Repeal
Association.

*Corn-Exchange Rooms, Dublin,
11th October, 1843.*

GENTLEMEN,—We have read with the deepest affliction, not unmingled with some surprise and much indignation, your detailed and anxious vindication of the most hideous crime that has ever stained humanity—the slavery of men of colour in the United States of America. We are lost in utter amazement at the perversion of mind and depravity of heart which your address evinces. How *can* the generous, the charitable, the humane, the noble emotions of the Irish heart have become extinct amongst you? How *can* your nature be so totally changed as that you should become the apologists and advocates of that execrable system which makes man the property of his fellow-man—destroys the foundation of all moral and social virtues—condemns to ignorance, immorality, and irreligion, millions of our fellow-creatures—renders the slave hopeless of relief, and perpetuates oppression by law, and in the name of what you call a constitution?

It was not in Ireland you learned this cruelty. Your mothers were gentle, kind, and humane. Their bosoms overflowed with the honey of human charity. Your sisters are probably many of them still amongst us, and participate in all that is good and benevolent in sentiment and action. *How*, then, can you have become so depraved? How can your souls have become stained with a darkness blacker than the negro's skin? You say you have no pecuniary interest in negro slavery. Would that you had! for it might be

some palliation of your crime! but, alas! you have inflicted upon us the horror of beholding you the VOLUNTEER advocates of despotism in its most frightful state—of slavery in its most loathsome and unrelenting form.

We were, unhappily, prepared to expect some fearful exhibition of this description. There has been a testimony borne against the Irish, by birth or descent, in America, by a person fully informed as to the facts, and incapable of the slightest misrepresentation—a noble of nature more than of titled birth—a man gifted with the highest order of talent and the most generous emotions of the heart—the great, the good Lord Morpeth; he who, in the House of Commons, boldly asserted the superior social morality of the poorer classes of the Irish over any other people—he, the best friend of any of the Saxon race that Ireland or the Irish ever knew—he, amidst congregated thousands at Exeter Hall, in London, mournfully, but firmly, denounced the Irish in America as being amongst the worst enemies of the negro slaves and other men of colour.

It is, therefore, our solemn and sacred duty to warn you, in words already used, and much misunderstood by you, to “come out of her,” not thereby meaning to ask you to come out of America! but out of the councils of the iniquitous, and out of the congregation of the wicked, who consider man a chattel and a property, and liberty an inconvenience. Yes, we tell you to come out of such assemblages; but we did not, and do not invite you to return to Ireland. The volunteer defenders of slavery, surrounded by one thousand crimes, would find neither sympathy nor support amongst native uncontaminated Irishmen.

Your advocacy of slavery is founded upon a gross error. You *take for granted* that man can be the property of his fellow-man—you speak in terms of indignation of those who would deprive white men of their “*property*,” and thereby render them less capable of supporting their families in affluence. You forget the other side of the picture—you have neither sorrow nor sympathy for the sufferings of those who are iniquitously compelled to labour for the affluence of others; those who work without wages, who toil without recompense—who spend their lives in procuring for others the splendour and wealth in which they do not participate. You totally forget the sufferings of the wretched black men who are deprived of their ALL without any compensation or redress. If you yourselves—all of you, or if any of you—were, without crime or offence committed by you,

handed over into perpetual slavery—if you were compelled to work from sunrise to sunset without wages—supplied only with such coarse food and raiment as would keep you in working order—if when your “owner” fell into debt, you were sold to pay *his* debts, not your own—if it were made a crime to teach you to read and to write—if you were liable to be separated, in this distribution of assets, from your wives and your children—if you, above all, were to fall into the hands of a brutal master—and you condescended to admit that there are *some* brutal masters in America—if among all the circumstances some friendly spirit of a more generous order were desirous to give liberty to you and to your families, with what ineffable disgust would you not laugh to scorn those who should traduce the generous spirits who would relieve you, as *you* now, pseudo-Irishmen—shame upon you!—have traduced and vilified the abolitionists of North America.

But you came forth with justification, forsooth! You say that the constitution in America prohibits the abolition of slavery. Paltry and miserable subterfuge! The constitution of America is founded upon the declaration of independence; that declaration published to the world its glorious principles—that charter of your freedom contained these emphatic words:—

We hold these truths to be self-evident: that ALL MEN ARE CREATED EQUAL; that they are endowed by their Creator with certain “inalienable” rights; that amongst these are life, LIBERTY, and the pursuit of happiness. And the conclusion of that address is in those words: “For the support of this declaration, with a firm reliance on the *protection of Divine Providence*, we mutually pledge each other, our lives, our fortunes, and OUR SACRED HONOR.”

There is American *honor* for you! There is a profane allusion to the adorable Creator!

Recollect that the declaration does not limit the equality of man, or the right to life and liberty, to the white, to the brown, or to the copper-coloured races—it includes all races—it excludes none.

We do not deign to argue with you on the terms of the American constitution, and yet we cannot help asserting that in that constitution the words “slavery” or “slave” are not to be found. There are, indeed, the words, “persons bound to labour,” but it is not said *how* bound; and a constitutional lawyer or judge, construing the American constitution with a reference to the declaration of independence, which is its basis, would not hesitate to decide that

“bound to labour” ought in a court of justice to mean “bound by *contract* to labour,” and should not be held to imply “*forced* or *compelled* to labour,” in the absence of all contract, and for the exclusive benefit of others.

However, we repeat that we do not deign to argue this point with you, as we proclaim to the world our conviction that no constitutional law can create or sanction slavery. Slavery is repugnant to the first principles of society; but it is enough for us to say, as regards Americans, that it is utterly repugnant to that declaration of the equality of all men, and to the inalienable right of all men to life and liberty. To this declaration the free citizens of the United States have, in the person of their ancestors, solemnly pledged their “*sacred honor.*”

We shall at once show you how that “sacred honor” is basely violated, and also demonstrate how totally devoid of candour your address is, inasmuch as you rely on the constitution of the American States as precluding the abolition of slavery, whilst you totally omit all mention of one district, which the constitutional law alleged by you does not reach—we mean the district of Columbia.

In the district of Columbia there is no constitutional law to prevent the Congress from totally abolishing slavery within that district. Your capital is there—the temple of American freedom is there—the hall of your republican representatives—the hall of your republican senators—the national palace of your republican President is there—and slavery is there too, in its most revolting form. The slave trade is there—the most disgusting traffic in human beings is there. Human flesh is bought and sold like swine in the pig market—ay, in your capital, your Washington! Yes, let Americans be as proud as they please, this black spot is on their escutcheon. Even under the shade of the temple of their constitution, the man of colour crawls a slave, and the tawny American stalks a tyrant.

The cruelty of the slave principle rests not there—it goes much farther. The wretched slaves are totally prohibited even from petitioning Congress—the poor and paltry privilege even of prayer is denied them; and you, even *you*, friends, Irishmen, are the advocates and vindicators of such a system. What! would not you *at least* insist that their groans should be heard?

It is carried still farther. Even the free-born white Americans are not allowed to petition upon any subject, including the question of slavery; or, at least, no such petition can be read aloud or printed;

and although the Congress is entitled to abolish slavery in Columbia, the door for petition praying that abolition is closed without the power of being opened.

We really think that men who came from generous and warm-hearted Ireland should shrink into nonentity rather than become the advocates and defendants of the system of slavery. But we trust that the voice of indignant Ireland will scathe them, and prevent them from repeating such a crime.

In another point of view, your address is, if possible, more culpable. You state that before the abolitionists proclaimed the wish to have slavery abolished, several slaveholding states were preparing for the gradual emancipation of their negroes, and that humane individuals in other states were about to adopt similar measures.

We utterly deny your assertion, and we defy you to show any single instance of preparatory steps taken by any state for the emancipation of the negroes, before the abolition demand was raised. You violate truth in that assertion. There were no such preparations. It is a pure fiction invented by slaveholders out of their unjust animosity to the abolitionists. It is said that the fear of abolition has rendered the slaveholders more strict, harsh, and cruel towards their wretched slaves, and that they would be more gentle and humane if they were not afraid of their abolitionists. We repeat that this is not true, and is merely an attempt to cast blame on those who coalesce to put an end to negro slavery.

It is in the same spirit that the criminal calumniates his prosecutor, and the felon reviles his accuser. It is therefore utterly untrue that the slaveholders have made the chains of the negro more heavy through any fear of abolition.

Yet, if you tell the truth—if the fact *be* that the negro is made to suffer for the zeal of the abolitionists—if he is treated with increased cruelty by reason of the fault of the friends of abolition—*then*, indeed, the slaveholders must be a truly Satanic race. Their conduct, according to you, is diabolical. The abolitionists commit an offence, and the unhappy negroes are punished. The abolitionists violate the law of property, and the penalty of their crime is imposed upon the negro! Can anything be more repugnant to every idea of justice? Yet this is your statement.

We, on the other hand, utterly deny the truth of your allegations; and where we find you calumniate the slaveholders, we become their

advocates against your calumny. You calumniate everybody—slaves, abolitionists, and slaveowners; framers of constitutions, makers of laws, everybody! The slaveholders are not favourites of ours; but we will do them justice, and will not permit you to impute an impossible crime to them.

You tell us, with an air of triumph, that public opinion in your country is the great lawgiver. If it be so, how much does it enhance the guilt of your conduct, that you seek to turn public opinion against the slave and in favour of the slaveholder—that you laud the master as generous and humane, and disparage, as much as you can, the unhappy slave, instead of influencing, as Irishmen ought to do, the public mind in favour of the oppressed. You carry your exaggerations to a ludicrous pitch, denoting your utter ignorance of the history of the human race. You say, “that the negro is really inferior as a race; that slavery has stamped its debasing influence upon the African; that between him and the white almost a century would be required to elevate the character of the one, and destroy the antipathies of the other.” You add—we use your words—“*The very odour of the negro is almost insufferable to the white, and, however much humanity may lament it, we make no rash declaration when we say the two races cannot exist together on equal terms under our government and our institutions.*”

We quote this paragraph at full length, because it is replete with your mischievous errors and guilty mode of thinking.

In the first place, as to the *odour* of the negroes, we are quite aware that they have not as yet come to use much of the otto of roses or *Eau de Cologne*. But we implore of your fastidiousness to recollect that multitudes of the children of white men have negro women for their mothers, and that our British travellers complain, in loud and bitter terms, of the overpowering stench of stale tobacco-spittle, as the prevailing “*odour*” amongst the native free Americans. It would be, perhaps, better to check that nasal sensibility on both sides, on the part of whites as well as of blacks. But it is, indeed, deplorable that you should use a ludicrous assertion of that description as one of the inducements to prevent the abolition of slavery. The negroes would certainly smell at least as sweet when free as they now do being slaves.

Your important allegation is, that the negroes are naturally an inferior race. That is a totally gratuitous assertion upon your part. In America you can have no opportunity of seeing the negro

educated. On the contrary, in most of your states it is a crime. Sacred Heaven! a *crime*, to educate even a free negro. How, then, can you judge of the negro race when you see them despised and contemned by the educated classes, reviled and looked down upon as inferior? The negro race has naturally some of the finest qualities. They are naturally gentle, generous, humane, and very grateful for kindness. They are as brave and as fearless as any other of the races of human beings; but the blessings of education are kept from them, and they are judged of, not as they would be with proper cultivation, but as they are rendered by cruel and debasing oppression. It is as old as the days of Homer, who truly asserts that the day which sees a man a slave takes away half his worth. Slavery actually brutalizes human beings. It is about sixty years ago, when one of the Sheiks not far south of Fez, in Morocco, who was in the habit of accumulating white slaves, upon being strongly remonstrated with by a European power, gave for his reply, that by his own experience he found it quite manifest that white men were of an inferior race, and intended by nature for slaves; and he produced his own brutalized white slaves to illustrate the truth of his assertion. And a case of an American with a historic name, John Adams, is quite familiar. Some twenty-five years ago, not more, John Adams was the sole survivor of an American crew wrecked on the African coast. He was taken into the interior as the slave of an Arab chief. He was only for three years a slave, and the English and American consuls, having been informed of a white man's slavery, claimed him, and obtained his liberation. In the short space of three years he had become completely brutalized; he had completely forgotten the English language, without having acquired the native tongue; he spoke a kind of gabble, as unintellectual as the dialects of most of your negro slaves; and many months elapsed before he recovered his former habits and ideas.

It is also a curious fact as connected with America, that the children of the Anglo-Saxon race, and of other Europeans born in America, were for many years considered as a degraded and inferior class—indeed, it was admitted as if it were an axiom, that the native-born American was in nothing equal to his European progenitor, and so far from the fact being disputed, many philosophic dissertations were published, endeavouring to account for the alleged debasement. The only doubt was about the cause of it. "Nobody doubted" (to use your words) "that the native-born Americans were

really an inferior race." Nobody dares to say so now, and nobody thinks it.

Let it, then, be recollected that you have never yet seen the negro educated. An English traveller through Brazil, some few years ago, mentions having known a negro who was a priest, and who was a learned, pious, and exemplary man in his sacerdotal functions. We have been lately informed of two negroes being educated at the Propaganda and ordained priests, both having distinguished themselves in their scientific and theological course.

The French papers say that one of them celebrated Mass, and delivered a short but able sermon before Louis Philippe. It is believed that they have both gone out with the Right Rev. Doctor Barron, on the African mission.

We repeat, therefore, that to judge properly of the negro, you should see him educated, and treated with the respect due to a fellow-creature, uninsulted by the filthy aristocracy of the skin, and untarnished to the eye of the white by any associations connected with his state of slavery.

We next refer to your declaration that the two races—viz., the black and the white, cannot exist on equal terms under your government and your institutions. This is an extraordinary assertion to be made at the present day. You allude, indeed, to Antigua and the Bermudas: but we will take you to where the experiment has been successfully made upon a large scale—namely, to Jamaica.

There the two races are upon a perfect equality in point of law. There is no master—there is no slave. The law does not recognize the slightest distinction between the races. You have borrowed the far greater part of your address from the cant phraseology which the West Indian slaveowners, and especially those of Jamaica, made use of before emancipation. They used to assert (as *you* do now) that abolition meant destruction; that to give freedom to the negro would be to pronounce the assassination of the white; that the negroes, as soon as freed, would massacre their former owners, and destroy their wives and families. In short, your prophecies of the destructive effects of emancipation are but faint and foolish echoes of the prophetic apprehensions of the British slaveowners. They might, perhaps, have believed their own assertions, because the emancipation of the negroes was then an untried experiment. But you—*you* are deprived of any excuse for the re-assertion of a disproved calumny.

The emancipation *has* taken place. The compensation given by England was not given to the negroes, who were the only persons that deserved compensation. It was given to the so-called "owners"—it was an additional wrong—an additional cause of irritation to the negroes.

But, Gracious Heaven! how nobly did that good and kindly race, the negroes, falsify the calumnious apprehensions of their task-masters! Was there one single murder consequent on the emancipation? Was there one riot—one tumult—even one assault? Was there even one single white person injured in person or property? Was there any property spoiled or laid waste? The proportion of negroes in Jamaica to white men is as 300 to 60, or 80 per cent. Yet the most perfect tranquillity has followed the emancipation. The criminal courts are almost unemployed. Nine-tenths of the gaols are empty and open; universal tranquillity reigns, although the landed proprietors have made use of the harshest landlord-power to exact the hardest terms, by way of rent, from the negro, and have also endeavoured to extort from him the largest possible quantity of labour for the smallest wages.

Yet the kindly negro race have not retaliated by one single act of violence or of vengeance. The two races exist together upon equal terms under the British government and under British institutions.

Or shall you say that the British government and British institutions are preferable to yours? The vain and vapouring spirit of mistaken republicanism will not permit you to avow the British superiority. You are, bound, however reluctantly, to admit that superiority, or else to admit the falsity of your own assertions. Nothing can, in truth, be more ludicrous than your declamation in favour of slavery. It, however, rises to the very border of blasphemy. Your words are—"God forbid that we should advocate human bondage in any shape." Oh! shame be upon you! How can you take the name of the All-good Creator thus in vain? What are you doing? Is not the entire of your address an advocacy of human bondage?

Another piece of silliness—You allege that it is the abolitionists who make the slave restless with his condition, and that they scatter the seeds of discontent.

How *can* you treat us with such contempt as to use assertions of that kind in your address? How can you think we could be so

devoid of intellect as to believe the negro would not know the miseries of slavery, which he feels every hour of the four-and-twenty, unless he were told by some abolitionists that slavery was a miserable condition ?

There is nothing that makes us think so badly of you as your strain of ribaldry in attacking the abolitionists. The desire to procure abolition is in itself a virtue, and deserves our love for its charitable disposition, as it does respect and veneration for its courage under unfavourable circumstances. Instead of the ribaldry of your attack upon the abolitionists, you ought to respect and countenance them. If they err by excessive zeal, they err in a righteous and holy cause. You would do well to check their errors and mitigate their zeal within the bounds of strict propriety, but if you had the genuine feelings of Irishmen, you never would confound their errors with their virtues. In truth, we much fear, or rather we should candidly say, we readily believe that you attribute to them imaginary errors for no other reason than that they really possess one brilliant virtue—namely, the love of human freedom in intense perfection.

Again, we have to remark that you exaggerate exceedingly when you state that there are fifteen millions of the white population in America, whose security and happiness are connected with the maintenance of the system of negro slavery. On the contrary, the system of slavery inflicts nothing but mischief on the far greater part of the inhabitants of America; the only places in which individual interest is connected with slavery, are the slaveholding states. Now, in those states, almost without an exception (if, indeed, there be any exception), the people of colour greatly exceed the whites; and thus, even if an injury were to be inflicted on the whites by depriving them of their slaves, the advantages would be most abundantly counterbalanced and compensated for, by the infinitely greater number of persons who would thus be restored to that greatest of human blessings, personal liberty: thus the noble Benthamite maxim, of doing the greatest possible good to the greatest possible number, would be amply carried out into effect. By the emancipation of the negroes you charge the abolitionists as with a crime, that they encouraged a negro flying from Kentucky to steal a horse from an inhabitant of Ohio in order to aid him, if necessary, in making his escape. We are not, upon full reflection, sufficiently versed in casuistry to decide whether under such circumstances the

taking of the horse would be an excusable act or not. But even conceding that it would be sinful, we are of this quite certain, that there is not one of you that address us, who if he were under similar circumstances—that is, having no other means of escaping perpetual slavery, would not make free with your neighbour's horse to effectuate your just and reasonable purpose. And we are also sure of this—that there is not one of you who, if he were compelled to spend the rest of his life as a personal slave, worked, and beaten, and sold, and transferred from hand to hand, and separated at his master's caprice from wife and family—consigned to ignorance—working without wages—toiling without reward, without any other stimulant to that toil and labour than the driver's cart-whip—we do say that there is not one of you who would not think the name of pickpocket, thief, or felon, would not be too courteous a name for the being who kept you in such thralldom.

We cannot avoid repeating our astonishment that you, Irishmen, should be so devoid of every trace of humanity as to become the voluntary and peculiarly disinterested advocates of human slavery, and especially that you should be so in America; but what excites our unconquerable loathing is, to find that in your address you speak of man being the property of man—of one human being being the property of another, with as little doubt, hesitation, or repugnance as if you were speaking of the beasts of the field. It is this that fills us with utter astonishment—it is this that makes us disclaim you as countrymen. We cannot bring ourselves to believe that you breathed your natal air in Ireland—Ireland, the first of all the nations of the earth that abolished the dealing in slaves—the slave trade of that day was, curiously enough, a slave trade in British youths—Ireland, that never was stained with negro slave trading—Ireland, that never committed an offence against the men of colour—Ireland, that never fitted out a single vessel for the traffic in blood on the African coast.

It is, to be sure, afflicting and heart-rending to us to think that so many of the Irish in America should be so degenerate as to be amongst the worst enemies of the people of colour. Alas, alas, we have that fact placed beyond doubt by the indisputable testimony of Lord Morpeth. This is a foul blot that we should fain wipe off the escutcheon of expatriated Irishmen.

Have you enough of the genuine Irishman left amongst you to ask what it is we require you to do? It is this:

First—We call upon you in the sacred name of humanity never again to volunteer on behalf of the oppressor; nor even for any self-interest to vindicate that hideous crime of personal slavery.

Secondly—We ask you to assist in every way you can in promoting the education of the free man of colour, and in discountenancing the foolish feeling of selfishness, of that criminal selfishness, which makes the white man treat the man of colour as a degraded or inferior being.

Thirdly—We ask you to assist in obtaining for the free men of colour, the full benefit of all the rights and franchises of a freeman in whatever state he may inhabit.

Fourthly—We ask you to exert yourselves in endeavouring to procure for the man of colour, in every case, the benefit of trial by jury, and especially where a man, insisting that he is a freeman, is claimed to be a slave.

Fifthly—We ask you to exert yourselves in every possible way to induce slaveholders to emancipate as many slaves as possible. The Quakers in America have several societies for this purpose. Why should not the Irish imitate them in that virtue?

Sixthly—We ask you to exert yourselves in all the ways you possibly can to put an end to the internal slave trade of the states—the breeding of slaves for sale is probably the most immoral and debasing practice ever known in the world. It is a crime of the most hideous kind; and, if there were no other crime committed by the Americans, this alone would place the advocates, supporters, and practisers of American slavery in the lowest grade of criminals.

Seventhly—We ask you to use every exertion in your power to procure the abolition of slavery by the Congress in the district of Columbia.

Eighthly—We ask you to use your best exertions to compel the Congress to receive and read the petitions of the wretched negroes, and, above all, the petitions of their white advocates.

Ninthly—We ask you never to cease your efforts until the crime of which Lord Morpeth has accused the Irish in America, “of being the worst enemies of the men of colour,” shall be atoned for and blotted out and effaced for ever.

You will ask, how you can do all these things? You have already answered that question yourselves, for you have said that public opinion is the law of America. Contribute, then, each of you in his

sphere, to make up that public opinion. Where you have the electoral franchise give your votes to none but those who will assist you in so holy a struggle.

Under a popular government, the man who has right, and reason, and justice, and charity, and Christianity itself at his side, has great instruments of legislation and legal power. He has the elements about him of the greatest utility; and even if he should not succeed, he can have the heart-soothing consolation of having endeavoured to do great and good actions. He can enjoy, even in defeat, the sweet comfort of having endeavoured to promote benevolence and charity.

It is no use to allege that the Congress is restricted from emancipating the slaves by one general law. Each particular slave state has that power within its own precincts; and there is every reason to be convinced that Maryland and Virginia would have followed the example of New York, and long ago abolished slavery but for the diabolical practice of "raising" (as you call it) slaves for the southern market of pestilence and death.

Irishmen, and the sons of Irishmen, have, many of them, risen to high distinction and power in America. Why should not Irishmen, and the sons of Irishmen, write their names in the brightest pages of the chapter of humanity and benevolence in American story?

Irishmen, our chairman ventures to think, and we agree with him, that he has claims on the attention of Irishmen in every quarter of the globe; the Scotch and French philosophy have proved, by many years' experiment, that the Irishman stands first, among the races of man, in his physical and bodily powers; America and Europe bear testimony to the intellectual capacity of Irishmen. Lord Morpeth has demonstrated in the British parliament, the superior morality of the humble classes of Irish in all social and family relations. The religious fidelity of the Irish nation is blazoned in glorious and proverbial certainty and splendour.

Sons of Ireland! descendants of the kind of heart and affectionate in disposition! think, oh! think only with pity and compassion on your coloured fellow-creatures in America. Offer them the hand of kindly help; soothe their sorrows; soothe their oppressions; join with your countrymen at home in one cry of horror against the oppressor—in one cry of sympathy with the enslaved and oppressed—

"Till prone in the dust slavery shall be hurl'd,
Its name and nature blotted from the world."

We cannot close our observations upon the unseemly as well as silly attacks you make upon the advocates of abolition, without reminding you that you have borrowed this turn of thought from the persons who opposed Catholic emancipation in Ireland, or who were the pretended friends of the Catholics. Some of you must recollect that it was the custom of such persons to allege that, but for the "violence" and "misconduct" of the agitators, and particularly of our chairman, the Protestants were about to emancipate the Catholics gradually. It was the constant theme of the newspaper press, and even of the speeches in the Houses of Parliament, that the violence and misconduct of the agitators prevented emancipation. It was the burden of many pamphlets, and especially of *two*, which were both written, under the title of "Faction unmasked," by Protestants of great ability. They asserted themselves to be friends of emancipation in the abstract, but they alleged that it was impossible to grant emancipation to persons whose leaders misconducted themselves as the agitators did. They gratified their hatred to the Catholics as you gratify your bad feeling towards the negroes, by abuse of the Catholic leaders as virulent as yours is against abolitionists. But they deceived nobody, neither do you deceive anybody. Every human being perceives the futility and folly of your attacks upon the abolitionists, and understands that those attacks are but the exhibition of rancour and malignity against the tried friends of humanity.

You say that the abolitionists are fanatics and bigots, and especially entertain a virulent hatred and unchristian zeal against Catholicity and the Irish. We do not mean to deny, nor do we wish to conceal, that there are among the abolitionists many wicked and calumniating enemies of Catholicity and of the Irish, especially in that most intolerant class, the Wesleyan Methodists. But the best way to disarm their malice is *not* by giving up to *them* the side of humanity while you yourselves take the side of slavery; but, on the contrary, by taking a superior station of Christian virtue in the cause of benevolence and charity, and in zeal for the freedom of all mankind.

We wish we could burn into your souls the turpitude attached to the Irish in America by Lord Morpeth's charge. Recollect that it reflects dishonour not only upon you but upon the land of your birth. There is but one way of effacing such disgrace, and that is, by becoming the most kindly towards the coloured population; and the most energetic in working out in detail, as well as in general principle, the amelioration of the state of the miserable bondsmen.

You tell us, indeed, that many clergymen, and especially the Catholic clergymen, are ranged on the side of the slaveholders. We do not believe the accusation.

The Catholic clergy may endure, but they assuredly do not encourage the slaveowners. We have, indeed, heard it said that some Catholic clergymen have slaves of their own; but, it is added, and we are assured positively, that no Irish Catholic clergyman is a slaveowner. At all events, every Catholic knows how distinctly slaveholding, and especially slave-trading, is condemned by the Catholic Church. That most eminent man, his Holiness the present Pope, has by an allocution published throughout the world, condemned all dealing and traffic in slaves. Nothing can be more distinct nor more powerful than the Pope's denunciation of that most abominable crime. Yet, it subsists in a more abominable form than his Holiness could possibly describe, in the traffic which still exists in the sale of slaves from one state of America to another. What, then, are we to think of *you*, Irish Catholics, who send us an elaborate vindication of slavery without the slightest censure of that hateful crime—a crime which the Pope has so completely condemned—namely, the diabolical raising of slaves for sale, and selling them to other states?

If you be Catholics, you should devote your time and best exertions to working out the pious intentions of his Holiness. Yet you prefer—oh! sorrow and shame!—to volunteer your vindication of everything that belongs to the guilt of slavery.

If you be Christians at all, recollect that slavery is opposed to the first, the highest, and the greatest principles of Christianity, which teach us “to love the Great and Good God above all things whatsoever, and next to love our fellow-men as ourselves,” which command “us to do unto others as we would be done by.” These sacred principles are inconsistent with the horrors and crimes of slavery—sacred principles which have already banished domestic bondage from civilized Europe, and which will also, in God's own good time, banish it from America, despite the advocacy of such puny declaimers as *you* are.

How bitterly have we been afflicted at perceiving, by the American newspapers, that recently, in the city which you inhabit, an opportunity was given to the Irish to exhibit benevolence and humanity to a coloured fellow-creature, and was given in vain! We allude to the case of the girl “Lavinia,” who was a slave in another state, and

brought by her owner into that of Ohio. She by that means became entitled to her freedom if she had but one friend to assert it for her. She *did* find friends. May the Great God of Heaven bless them! Were they *Irish*? Alas! alas! not one. You sneer at the sectaries. Behold how they here conquer you in goodness and charity. The owner's name, it seems, was Scanlan, unhappily a thorough Irish name. And *he*, it appears, has boasted that he took his revenge by the most fiendish cruelty, not upon Lavinia or her protectors, for *they* were not in his power, but on her unoffending father mother, and family.

And *this* is the system which you, Irishmen, through many folio pages of wicked declamation, seek at least to palliate, if not to justify! Our cheeks burn with shame to think that such a monster as Scanlan could trace his pedigree to Ireland. And yet *you*, Irishmen, stand by, in the attitude rather of friends and supporters than of the impugnors of the monster's cruelty. And you prefer to string together pages of cruel and heartless sophistry, in defence of the source of his crimes, rather than take part against him.

Perhaps it would offend your fastidiousness if such a man were compared to a pickpocket or a felon. We respect your prejudices and call him no reproachful Lavinia name—it is indeed unnecessary.

We conclude by conjuring you, and all other Irishmen in America, in the name of your fatherland—in the name of humanity—in the name of the God of mercy and charity—we conjure you, Irishmen, and descendants of Irishmen, to abandon for ever all defence of the hideous negro slavery system. Let it no more be said that your feelings are made so obtuse by the air of America that you cannot feel, as Catholics and Christians ought to feel, this truth—this plain truth—THAT ONE MAN CANNOT HAVE ANY PROPERTY IN ANOTHER MAN. There is not one of you who does not recognize that principle in his own person; yet we perceive—and this agonizes us almost to madness—that *you*, boasting an Irish descent, should without the instigation of any pecuniary or interested motive, but out of the sheer and single love of wickedness and crime, come forward as the volunteer defenders of the most degrading species of human slavery. Woe! woe! woe!

There is one consolation still, amid the pulsations of our hearts: there are, there *must* be, genuine Irishmen in America—men of sound heads and Irish hearts—who will assist us to wipe off the foul

stain that Lord Morpeth's proven charge has inflicted on the Irish character—who will hold out the hand of fellowship, with a heart in that hand, to every honest man, of every caste and colour, who will sustain the cause of humanity and honor, and scorn the paltry advocates of slavery—who will show that the Irish heart is in America as benevolent, and as replete with charitable emotions, as in any other clime on the face of the earth.

We conclude. The spirit of democratic liberty is defiled by the continuance of negro slavery in the United States. The United States themselves are degraded below the most uncivilized nations by the atrocious inconsistency of talking of liberty and practising tyranny in its worst shape. The Americans attempt to palliate their iniquity by the futile excuse of personal interest; but the Irish, who have not even that futile excuse, and yet justify slavery, are utterly indefensible.

Once again, and for the last time, we call upon you to come out of the councils of the slaveowners, and at all events to free yourselves from participating in their guilt.

Irishmen, I call on you to join in crushing slavery, and in giving liberty to every man, of every caste, creed, and colour.

DANIEL O'CONNELL,
Chairman of the Committee.

Mr. O'Connell wished to observe that this composition was his own. He of course submitted it to the committee before bringing it up, and it was unanimously approved of by them. There was one remarkable circumstance connected with it, and it was this, that while he was dictating it to Mr. Daunt, who was good enough to take it down, Hogan the sculptor was modelling his statue; so that he was standing for Hogan and denouncing slavery at one and the same moment. He begged leave to move that the address be received and adopted by the association.

Mr. Gordon seconded the motion.

The question was put from the chair, and carried amid unanimous acclamation.

PLATFORM OF THE DEMOCRATIC PARTY.

AT the Democratic Convention held in Cincinnati in June last, the Committee on Resolutions submitted the following resolutions, which were adopted as the Democratic Platform :—

Resolved,—That the American Democracy place their trust in the intelligence, the patriotism, and the discriminating justice of the American people.

Resolved,—That we regard this as a distinctive feature of our political creed, which we are proud to maintain before the world, as the great moral element in a form of government springing from and upheld by the popular will, and we contrast it with the creed and practice of Federalism, under whatever name or form, which seeks to palsy the will of the constituent, and which conceives no imposture too monstrous for the popular credulity.

Resolved, therefore,—That entertaining these views, the Democratic party of this Union, through their delegates assembled in a general Convention, coming together in a spirit of concord, of devotion to the doctrines and faith of a free representative government, and appealing to their fellow-citizens for the rectitude of their intentions, renew and re-assert before the American people the declaration of principles avowed by them when on former occasions, in general Convention, they have presented their candidates for popular suffrages.

I. That the federal government is one of limited power, derived solely from the Constitution ; and the grants of power made therein ought to be strictly construed by all the departments and agents of the government ; and that it is inexpedient and dangerous to exercise doubtful constitutional powers.

II. That the Constitution does not confer upon the general government the power to commence and carry on a general system of internal improvements.

III. That the Constitution does not confer authority upon the federal government, directly or indirectly, to assume the debts of the several states, contracted for local and internal improvements, or other state purposes, nor would such assumption be just or expedient.

IV. That justice and sound policy forbid the federal government to foster one branch of industry to the detriment of any other, or to cherish the interests of one portion to the injury of another portion of our common country; that every citizen and every section of the country has a right to demand and insist upon an equality of rights and privileges, and to complete and ample protection of persons and property from domestic violence or foreign aggression.

V. That it is the duty of every branch of the government to enforce and practise the most rigid economy in conducting our public affairs, and that no more revenue ought to be raised than is required to defray the necessary expenses of the government, and for the gradual, but certain extinction of the public debt.

VI. That the proceeds of the public lands ought to be sacredly applied to the national objects specified in the Constitution; and that we are opposed to any law for the distribution of such proceeds among the states, as alike inexpedient in policy and repugnant to the Constitution.

VII. That Congress has no power to charter a national bank; that we believe such an institution one of deadly hostility to the best interests of the country, dangerous to our republican institutions and the liberties of the people, and calculated to place the business of the country within the control of a concentrated money power, and above the laws and the will of the people; and that the results of democratic legislation in this and all other financial measures upon which issues have been made between the two political parties of the country, have demonstrated to candid and practical men of all parties, their soundness, safety, and utility, in all business pursuits.

VIII. That the separation of the moneys of the government from banking institutions is indispensable for the safety of the funds of the government and the rights of the people.

IX. That we are decidedly opposed to taking from the President the qualified *veto* power, by which he is enabled, under restrictions and responsibilities amply sufficient to guard the public interests, to suspend the passage of a bill whose merits cannot secure the approval of two-thirds of the Senate and House of Representatives, until the judgment of the people can be obtained thereon, and which has saved the American people from the corrupt and tyrannical domination of the Bank of the United States, and from a corrupting system of general internal improvements.

X. That the liberal principles embodied by Jefferson in the

Declaration of Independence, and sanctioned in the Constitution, which makes ours the land of liberty and the asylum of the oppressed of every nation, have ever been cardinal principles in the democratic faith, and every attempt to abridge the privilege of becoming citizens and the owners of soil among us, ought to be resisted with the same spirit which swept the alien and sedition laws from our statute-books.

And WHEREAS,—Since the foregoing declaration was uniformly adopted by our predecessors in National Conventions, an adverse political and religious test has been secretly organized by a party claiming to be exclusively American, it is proper that the American Democracy should clearly define its relations thereto, and declare its determined opposition to all secret political societies, by whatever name they may be called.

Resolved,—That the foundation of this union of states having been laid in, and its prosperity, expansion, and pre-eminent example in free government built upon entire freedom in matters of religious concernment, and no respect of person in regard to rank or place of birth : no party can justly be deemed national, constitutional, or in accordance with American principles, which bases its exclusive organization upon religious opinions and accidental birth-place. And hence a political crusade in the nineteenth century, and in the United States of America, against Catholics and foreign-born, is neither justified by the past history or the future prospects of the country, nor in unison with the spirit of toleration and enlarged freedom which peculiarly distinguishes the American system of popular government.

Resolved,—That we re-iterate with renewed energy of purpose, the well-considered declarations of former Conventions upon the sectional issue of Domestic Slavery, and concerning the reserved rights of the states :

1. That Congress has no power under the Constitution, to interfere with or control the domestic institutions of the several states, and that such states are the sole and proper judges of everything appertaining to their own affairs, not prohibited by the Constitution ; that all efforts of the abolitionists or others, made to induce Congress to interfere with questions of slavery, or to take incipient steps in relation thereto, are calculated to lead to the most alarming and dangerous consequences ; and that all such efforts have an inevitable tendency to diminish the happiness of the people, and endanger the

stability and permanency of the Union, and ought not to be countenanced by any friend of our political institutions.

2. That the foregoing proposition covers, and was intended to embrace, the whole subject of slavery agitation in Congress; and therefore, the Democratic party of the Union, standing on this national platform, will abide by and adhere to a faithful execution of the Acts known as the Compromise Measures, settled by the Congress of 1850; "the Act for reclaiming fugitives from service or labor," included; which act being designed to carry out an express provision of the Constitution, cannot, with fidelity thereto, be repealed, or so changed as to destroy or impair its efficiency.

3. That the Democratic party will resist all attempts at renewing in Congress, or out of it, the agitation of the slavery question, under whatever shape or colour the attempt may be made.

4. That the Democratic party will faithfully abide by and uphold the principles laid down in the Kentucky and Virginian resolutions of 1798, and in the report of Mr. Madison to the Virginian Legislature, in 1799; that it adopts those principles as constituting one of the main foundations of its political creed, and is resolved to carry them out in their obvious meaning and import.

And that we may more distinctly meet the issue on which a sectional party, subsisting exclusively on slavery agitation now relies, to test the fidelity of the people, North and South, to the Constitution and the Union:

1. Resolved,—That claiming fellowship with, and desiring the co-operation of all who regard the preservation of the Union under the Constitution as the paramount issue—and repudiating all sectional parties and platforms concerning domestic slavery, which seek to embroil the states and incite to treason and armed resistance to law in the territories; and whose avowed purposes, if consummated, must end in civil war and disunion—the American Democracy recognize and adopt the principles contained in the organic laws establishing the territories of Kansas and Nebraska as embodying the only sound and safe solution of the "slavery question" upon which its great national idea of the people of this whole country can repose in its determined conservatism of the Union—NON-INTERFERENCE BY CONGRESS WITH SLAVERY IN STATE AND TERRITORY, OR IN THE DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA.

2. That this was the basis of the Compromises of 1850—confirmed

by both the Democratic and Whig parties in national conventions—ratified by the people in the election of 1852, and rightly applied to the organization of territories in 1854.

3. That by the uniform application of this Democratic principle to the organization of territories, and to the admission of new states, with or without domestic slavery, as they may elect—the equal rights of all the states will be preserved intact—the original compacts of the Constitution maintained inviolate—and the perpetuity and expansion of this Union insured to the utmost capacity of embracing, in peace and harmony, every future American state that may be constituted or annexed, with a republican form of government.

Resolved,—That we recognize the right of the people of all the territories, including Kansas and Nebraska, acting through the legally and fairly expressed will of a majority of actual residents, and whenever the number of their inhabitants justifies it, to form a constitution, with or without domestic slavery, and be admitted into the Union upon terms of perfect equality with the other states.

Resolved, finally,—That in view of the condition of popular institutions in the Old World (and the dangerous tendencies of sectional agitation, combined with the attempt to enforce civil and religious disabilities against the rights of acquiring and enjoying citizenship in our own land), a high and sacred duty is devolved with increased responsibility upon the Democratic party of this country, as the party of the Union, to uphold and maintain the rights of every state, and thereby the Union of the states; and to sustain and advance among us constitutional liberty, by continuing to resist all monopolies and exclusive legislation for the benefit of the few at the expense of the many, and by a vigilant and constant adherence to those principles and compromises of the Constitution which are broad enough and strong enough to embrace and uphold the Union as it was, the Union as it is, and the Union as it shall be, in the full expansion of the energies and capacities of this great and progressive people.

1. Resolved,—That there are questions connected with the foreign policy of this country, which are inferior to no domestic questions whatever. The time has come for the people of the United States to declare themselves in favor of free seas and progressive free trade throughout the world, and by solemn manifestations, to place their moral influence at the side of their successful example.

2. Resolved,—That our geographical and political position with reference to other states of this continent, no less than the interest of

our commerce and the development of our growing power, require that we should hold as sacred the principles involved in the Monroe doctrine; their bearing and import admit of no misconstruction; they should be applied with unbending rigidity.

3. Resolved,—That the great highway which Nature, as well as the assent of the states most immediately interested in its maintenance has marked out for a free communication between the Atlantic and Pacific Oceans, constitutes one of the most important achievements realized by a spirit of modern times, and the unconquerable energy of our people. That result should be secured by a timely and efficient exertion of the control which we have the right to claim over it, and no power on earth should be suffered to impede or clog its progress by any interference with the relations it may suit our policy to establish between our government and the governments of the states within whose dominions it lies. We can, under no circumstance, surrender our preponderance in the adjustment of all questions arising out of it.

4. Resolved,—That in view of so commanding an interest, the people of the United States cannot but sympathize with the efforts which are being made by the people of Central America to regenerate that portion of the continent which covers the passage across the Inter-Oceanic Isthmus.

5. Resolved,—That the Democratic party will expect of the next administration that every proper effort will be made to insure our ascendancy in the Gulf of Mexico, and to maintain a permanent protection in the great outlets through which are emptied into its waters the products raised out of the soil, and the commodities created by the industry of the people of our Western valleys, and of the Union at large.

Resolved,—That the Democratic party recognizes the great importance, in a political and commercial point of view, of a safe and speedy communication, by military and postal roads through our own territory, between the Atlantic and Pacific coasts of this Union, and that it is the duty of the federal government to exercise promptly all its constitutional power for the attainment of that object.

PLATFORM OF THE REPUBLICAN PARTY.

RESOLVED,—That the maintenance of the principles promulgated in the Declaration of Independence and embodied in the Federal Constitution, are essential to the preservation of our republican institutions, and that the Federal Constitution, the rights of the states, and the union of the states, shall be preserved.

Resolved,—That with our republican fathers we hold it to be a self-evident truth, that all men are endowed with the inalienable right to life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness, and that the primary object and ulterior design of our federal government were, to secure these rights to all persons within its exclusive jurisdiction; that as our republican fathers, when they had abolished slavery in all our national territory, ordained that no person should be deprived of life, liberty, or property, without due process of law, it becomes our duty to maintain this provision of the Constitution against all attempts to violate it for the purpose of establishing slavery in the United States by positive legislation, prohibiting its existence or extension therein. That we deny the authority of Congress, of a territorial legislature, of any individual or association, or individuals, to give legal assistance to slavery in any territory of the United States, while the present constitution shall be maintained.

Resolved,—That the Constitution confers upon Congress sovereign power over the territories of the United States for their government, and that in the exercise of this power it is both the right and the duty of Congress to prohibit in the territories those twin relics of barbarism, polygamy and slavery.

Resolved,—That while the Constitution of the United States was ordained and established in order to establish a more perfect Union, establish justice, insure domestic tranquillity, provide for the common defence, and secure the blessings of liberty, and contains ample provisions for the protection of the life, liberty, and property of every citizen, the dearest constitutional rights of the people of Kansas have been fraudulently and violently taken from them—their territory has been invaded by an armed force—spurious and pretended legislative, judicial, and executive officers have been set over them, by whose

usurped authority, sustained by the military power of the government, tyrannical and unconstitutional laws have been enacted and enforced—the rights of the people to keep and bear arms have been infringed—test oaths of an extraordinary and entangling nature have been imposed, as a condition of exercising the right of suffrage and holding office—the right of an accused person to a speedy and public trial by an impartial jury has been denied—the right of the people to be secure in their houses, papers, and effects against unreasonable searches and seizures has been violated—they have been deprived of life, liberty, and property without due process of law—that the freedom of speech and of the press has been abridged—the right to choose their representatives has been made of no effect—murders, robberies, and arsons have been instigated and encouraged, and the offenders have been allowed to go unpunished—that all these things have been done with the knowledge, sanction, and procurement of the present administration, and that for this high crime against the Constitution, the Union, and humanity, we arraign the Administration, the President, his advisers, agents, supporters, apologists and accessories either before or after the facts, before the country and before the world; and that it is our fixed purpose to bring the perpetrators of these atrocious outrages and their accomplices to a sure and condign punishment hereafter.

Resolved,—That Kansas should be immediately admitted as a state of the Union, with her present free constitution, as at once the most effectual way of securing to her citizens the enjoyments of the rights and privileges to which they are entitled, and of ending the civil strife now raging in her territory.

Resolved,—That the highwayman's plea, that "might makes right," embodied in the Ostend circular, was in every respect unworthy of American diplomacy, and would bring shame and dishonor upon any government or people that gave it their sanction.

Resolved,—That a Railroad to the Pacific Ocean, by the most central and practical route, is imperatively demanded by the interests of the whole country, and that the federal government ought to render immediate and efficient aid in its construction; and as an auxiliary thereto, the immediate construction of an emigrant route on the line of the railroad.

Resolved,—That appropriations by Congress for the improvement of rivers and harbours, of a national character, required for the accommodation and security of our existing commerce, are authorized

by the Constitution, and justified by the obligation of government to protect the lives and property of its citizens.;

Resolved,—That we invite the affiliation and co-operation of the men of all parties, however different from us in other respects, in support of the principles herein declared; believing that the spirit of our institutions, as well as the Constitution of our country, guarantees liberty of conscience and equality of rights among citizens who oppose all legislation impairing their security.

PLATFORM OF THE AMERICAN PARTY.

I. A humble acknowledgment to the Supreme Being who rules the universe, for His protecting care vouchsafed to our fathers in their revolutionary struggle, and hitherto manifested to us, their descendants, in the preservation of the liberties, the independence, and the union of these States.

II. The perpetuation of the Federal Union, as the palladium of our civil and religious liberties, and the only sure bulwark of American independence.

III. *Americans must rule America*, and to this end, *native-born* citizens should be selected for all state, federal, or municipal offices or government employment, in preference to naturalized citizens—*nevertheless*,

IV. Persons born of American parents residing temporarily abroad, shall be entitled to all the rights of native-born citizens; but,

V. No person should be selected for political station (whether of native or foreign birth), who recognizes any alliance or obligation of any description to any foreign prince, potentate, or power, who refuses to recognize the federal and state constitutions (each within its sphere), as paramount to all other laws, as rules of particular action.

VI. The unqualified recognition and maintenance of the reserved rights of the several states, and the cultivation of harmony and fraternal good-will between the citizens of the several states, and to

this end, non-interference by Congress with questions appertaining solely to the individual states, and non-intervention by each state with the affairs of any other state.

VII. The recognition of the right of the native-born and naturalized citizens of the United States, permanently residing in any territory thereof, to frame their constitution and laws, and to regulate their domestic and social affairs in their own mode, subject only to the provisions of the Federal Constitution, with the right of admission into the Union whenever they have the requisite population for one representative in Congress. *Provided always*, that none but those who are citizens of the United States, under the Constitution and laws thereof, and who have fixed residence in any such territory, ought to participate in the formation of the constitution, or in the enactment of laws for said territory or state.

VIII. An enforcement of the principle that no state or territory can admit others than native-born citizens to the right of suffrage, or of holding political office, unless such persons shall have been naturalized according to the laws of the United States.

IX. A change in the laws of naturalization, making a continued residence of twenty-one years, of all not heretofore provided for, an indispensable requisite for citizenship hereafter, and excluding all paupers and persons convicted of crime from landing on our shores; but no interference with the vested rights of foreigners.

X. Opposition to any union between Church and State; no interference with the religious faith or worship, and no test oaths for office, except those indicated in the 5th section of this platform.

XI. Free and thorough investigation into any and all alleged abuses of public functionaries, and a strict economy in public expenditures.

XII. The maintenance and enforcement of all laws until said laws shall be repealed, or shall be declared null and void by competent judicial authority.

XIII. Opposition to the reckless and unwise policy of the present administration in the general management of our national affairs, and more especially as shown in removing "Americans" (by designation) and conservatives in principle, from office, and placing foreigners and ultraists in their places; as shown in a truckling subserviency to the stronger, and an insolent and cowardly bravado towards the weaker powers; as shown in re-opening sectional agitation, by the repeal of the Missouri Compromise; as shown in granting to unnaturalized

foreigners the right of suffrage in Kansas and Nebraska; as shown in its vacillating course on the Kansas and Nebraska question; as shown in the removal of Judge Bronson from the Collectorship of New York upon false and untenable grounds; as shown in the corruptions which pervade some of the departments of the governments; as shown in disgracing meritorious naval officers through prejudice or caprice; as shown in the blundering mismanagement of our foreign relations.

XIV. Therefore, to remedy existing evils, and prevent the disastrous consequences otherwise resulting therefrom, we would build up the "American party" upon the principles hereinbefore stated, eschewing all sectional questions, and uniting upon those purely national, and admitting into said party all American citizens (referred to in the 3rd, 4th, and 5th sections) who openly avow the principles and opinions heretofore expressed, and who will subscribe their names to this platform.—*Provided, nevertheless,* that a majority of those members present at any meeting of a local council where an applicant applies for membership in the American party, may, for any reason by them deemed sufficient, deny admission to such applicant.

XV. A free and open discussion of all political principles embraced in our platform.

RAILROADS IN THE UNITED STATES.

THE following Table gives the names of the principal Railroads in the United States, and their condition near January, 1857. The roads of less importance are put together under the item "Other roads;" and against that line, in the column headed "State," is given the aggregate length of Railroads in the State. The length of each road includes the Branches, but not the double track. When a road is in two or more States, it is put in the list in the State in which the greater portion of it lies.

State.	Name of Road.	Length in operation.	Capital Stock paid in.	Debt, Funded and Floating.	Cost of Construction and Equipment.	Receipts in 1856.	Expenses of Working in 1856.
		Miles.	\$	\$	\$	\$	\$
Maine.	Androscoggin & Kennebec	55	671,500	1,546,840	2,218,316	225,000	118,000
	Atlantic and St. Lawrence (Grand Trunk, Port. Dist.)	149	2,494,900	3,874,000	6,368,577	565,169	461,313
	Kennebec and Portland	72	1,107,526	1,760,000	2,870,000	220,000	
	Portland, Saco, & Ports'm'th.	51	1,396,400	120,000	1,359,000	253,800	135,000
475	Other roads	148					
N. H.	Boston, Concord, & Montr'l.	93	1,810,000	1,081,177	2,770,860	297,000	192,000
	Concord	35	1,500,000	None.	1,500,000	317,050	191,388
	Portsmouth and Concord	47			1,108,859		
	Manchester & Lawrence	27	800,000	242,619	1,000,000	189,789	107,281
	Northern	82	3,068,400	378,701	3,068,400	418,032	228,602
480	Other roads	196					
Vermont	Connecticut & Passump. R.	61	1,000,000	800,000	1,784,147	177,588	104,187
	Rutland and Burlington	119	2,233,376	4,158,369	4,575,397	384,125	306,904
	Rutland and Washington*	62	950,000	800,000	1,771,683	168,845	157,029
	Western Vermont	54	331,939	331,519	1,083,561		
	Vermont Central	118	5,000,000	5,283,299	8,402,055	808,328	653,059
	Vermont and Canada	48	1,350,000		1,350,000		
	Vermont Valley	24	515,374	793,200	1,301,455	50,783	38,271
496	Other roads	10					
Mass.	Boston and Lowell	28	1,830,000	447,660	2,336,450	490,733	385,347
	Boston and Maine	83	4,076,975	150,000	4,176,205	910,355	512,229
	Boston and N. York Central	75	2,240,300	1,696,976	3,659,250		
	Boston and Providence	56	3,160,000	277,465	3,659,966	632,227	337,375
	Boston and Worcester	63	4,500,000	614,514	4,855,411	1,108,732	671,720
	Cape Cod	47	681,690	299,705	1,028,152	124,073	84,480
	Cheshire	54	2,085,925	852,390	3,077,606	355,630	242,552
	Connecticut River	52	1,591,110	267,858	1,801,944	288,670	197,046
	Eastern	60	2,853,400	2,674,136	4,587,435	717,869	395,926
	Fitchburg	68	3,540,000	100,000	3,872,821	668,974	418,142
	New Bedford and Taunton	21	500,000	None.	541,580	168,923	141,100
	Norwich and Worcester	66	2,122,300	891,141	2,598,672	323,402	232,496
	Old Colony and Fall River	87	3,015,100	260,100	3,362,949	683,357	378,217
	Providence and Worcester	43	1,510,200	300,000	1,781,048	344,773	189,730
	Taunton Branch	11	250,000	3,000	313,156	164,375	136,600
	Vermont & Massachusetts	77	2,232,541	1,019,148	3,241,975	259,671	149,146
	Western	155	5,150,000	5,839,080	10,495,505	2,117,932	1,228,219
Worcester and Nashua	46	1,141,000	205,565	1,351,271	216,887	134,167	
1470	Other roads	378					
R. Island	New York, Prov. & Boston	50	1,508,000	425,267	2,158,000	246,754	144,218
	Prov., Warren, and Bristol	15	231,337	146,706	428,500	34,615	31,801
Conn.	New Haven and Hartford	72	2,350,000	944,000	3,329,378	730,795	383,191
	New Haven and New York	62	2,980,839	2,163,537	5,170,916	1,007,666	558,128
	New London, Willimantic, and Palmer	66	510,500	1,052,000	1,603,230	120,571	69,027
	Housatonic	110	2,000,000	363,899	2,437,597	329,297	180,745
	Hartford, Prov. & Fishkill	122	2,017,600	2,150,499	4,156,335	340,598	171,160

State.	Name of Road.	Length in operation.	Capital Stock paid in.	Debt, Funded and Floating	Cost of Construction and Equipment.	Receipts in 1856.	Expenses of Working in 1856.	
		Miles.	\$	\$	\$	\$	\$	
Kent'ky.	773 Memphis and Ohio	56	725,000	767,242		115,500	47,000	
	McMinnville & Manchester	34	140,096	414,671	565,459			
	Kentucky Central	117	1,302,804	2,235,939	4,000,000			
	Lexington and Frankfort	29	430,000	158,000	637,000			
	Louisville and Frankfort	66	700,000	670,000	1,590,000			
Ohio	279 Louisville and Nashville	67						
	See Pa., Mid., Va., & Ind.							
	Central Ohio	137	1,626,850	5,191,877	6,421,908	712,213	575,000	
	Cincinnati and Chicago	108						
	Cin., Hamilton, & Dayton	60	2,155,800	1,526,092	3,130,315	555,709	361,602	
	Cin., Wil., and Zanesville	131	1,761,749	2,587,432	5,320,271	221,792		
	Clevel'd. Columbus, & Cin.	135	4,741,220	103,489	4,731,626	1,329,754	628,950	
	Cleveland and Erie	95						
	Cleveland and Pittsburg	226						
	Cleveland and Toledo	200	2,675,000	3,739,207	6,697,920	736,272	339,286	
Ohio	Clevel'd. Zanesville, & Cin.	61	500,000	500,000	1,300,000			
	Columbus, Piqua, and Ind.	72						
	Columbus and Xenia	55	1,490,450	149,000	1,582,475	403,212	211,524	
	Dayton and Michigan	40						
	Dayton and Western	40	310,000	700,481	1,035,173	125,940	58,687	
	Little Miami	84	2,981,282	1,324,568	3,798,093	806,424	433,048	
	Marietta and Cincinnati	173						
	Mad River and Lake Erie	169	2,451,650	2,572,932	4,446,661			
	Ohio & Miss. (O. & Ia. Div.)	192						
	Pitts., Ft. Wayne, & Chic.	383	5,994,144	7,344,827	11,718,511	1,111,626	449,509	
	Sand., Mans'f'd. & Newark	125	1,350,000	2,206,000	3,550,000			
	Scioto and Hocking Valley	56						
	Stuebenville and Indiana	124						
	Toledo, Wabash, and West.	250	2,965,100	7,577,500	10,542,600			
	Indianap., Pitts., & Clevel.	206	2,708,460	2,249,400	4,843,253	692,795	384,885	
Indiana	3411 Other roads	289						
	See Ohio, Mich., and Illinois							
	Bellefontaine and Indiana	Included	in Indian	apolis, Pittsburg, &	Clevel'd.			
	Evansville and Crawfordsv.	109	707,000	1,178,000				
	Indiana Central	68	612,350	1,261,179	1,909,911	434,000	184,000	
	Indianapolis & Cincinnati	90	1,655,139	1,576,107	2,884,922	579,959	287,098	
	Jeffersonville	66	1,014,000	695,000				
	Lafayette & Indianapolis	64						
	Madison and Indianapolis	87	1,647,700	1,336,816	1,205,000	286,146	173,266	
	New Albany and Salem	288	2,535,000	5,282,000	6,643,000			
	Peru and Indianapolis	73		858,314				
	Terre Haute & Richmond	73	975,000	605,000	1,502,000	531,535	341,832	
	Northern Indiana, air line	Included	in Mich.	S. and N.	Indiana.			
	Illinois	1060 Other roads	142					
		Chicago, Alton, & St. Louis	220					
Chi., Burf'ton. & Quincy		210	2,911,810	3,681,590	6,042,370	1,882,219	913,389	
Chicago, Fulton, and Iowa		106	Owned &	run by the	Galena &	Chicago	Union.	
Chicago and Milwaukee		85						
Chicago and Rock Island		182	5,248,000	1,734,318	6,628,272	1,886,196	1,036,157	
Peoria and Bureau Valley		47						
Ch., St. Paul, & Fond du Lac		123	2,300,000	1,325,000	3,625,000			
Galena and Chicago Union		266	5,441,500	3,318,039	7,742,614			
Gt. Wes., Danville to Naples		167						
Ill. Central and Ch. Branch		706	3,258,615	19,841,724	23,100,339	2,476,035	1,444,546	
Ohio and Miss. (Ill. Div.)		148	1,780,295	3,292,000	4,871,000			
Peoria and Oquawqua		160						
Quincy and Chicago		100						
2581 Other roads		61						

State.	Name of Road.	Length in operation.	Capital Stock paid in.	Debt, Funded and Floating.	Cost of Construction and Equipment.	Receipts in 1856.	Expenses of Working in 1856.
		Miles.	\$	\$	\$	\$	\$
Mich.	Detroit and Milwaukee	141					
	Michigan Central	329	6,058,092	7,287,387	11,848,957	3,104,602	1,872,894
	Mich. South. & North. Ind.	475	6,928,900	9,219,360	13,337,170	2,714,848	1,548,769
1000 Iowa	Other roads	55					
	Burlington and Missouri	38					
	Mississippi and Missouri	70					
	Dubuque and Pacific	50					
	Keokuk, Fort des Moines, and Minnesota	38					
213	Keokuk, Mount Pleasant and Muscatine	11					
Wisc.	La Crosse and Milwaukee (includes Watert'n. Div., 50 miles)	162					
	Milwaukee and Horicon	42	1,101,200		919,757		
	Milwaukee and Mississippi	192	1,826,439	2,400,000	3,578,757	691,844	273,797
	Racine and Mississippi	86	1,586,405	498,479	2,681,086	192,459	73,992
	Mineral Point	32					
534	Kenosha, Rockf. and R. Isl.	20					
Missouri	Northern Missouri	59	1,848,700	326,407	2,848,834		
184	Pacific	125	4,083,900	4,337,828	8,200,841	426,285	
Califor.	Sacramento Valley	22			1,200,000	162,200	85,400
	Total in United States	24,220					
	Panama (Aspinwall to Pa.)	49	3,743,000		6,564,852	1,254,639	326,054

Statement of Public Revenues and Public Expenditures during the Fiscal Year ending June 30, 1857, agreeably to warrants issued, exclusive of Trust Funds and Treasury Notes funded.

RECEIPTS.	
From Customs, quarter ending	
Sept. 30, 1856,	\$20,677,740.40
Dec. 31, 1856,	14,243,414.90
Mar. 31, 1857,	19,055,328.55
June 30, 1857,	9,899,421.20
	<u>\$63,875,905.05</u>
Lands, quarter ending	
Sept. 30, 1856,	892,380.39
Dec. 31, 1856,	808,252.86
Mar. 31, 1857,	1,065,640.11
June 30, 1857,	1,063,213.28
	<u>3,829,486.64</u>
Miscellaneous and incidental sources	926,121.98
Total receipts	\$68,631,513.67
Balance in Treasury, July 1, 1856	19,901,325.45
Total means	\$88,532,839.12
EXPENDITURES.	
For Civil List	\$7,207,112.42
Foreign Intercourse	1,019,435.16
Miscellaneous	19,305,374.79
Under direction of the Department of the Interior (Indian and Pensions)	5,353,274.72
War Department	19,261,774.16
Navy	12,726,856.69
For Public Debt	5,943,896.91
Total expenditure	\$70,822,724.85
Balance in Treasury, July 1, 1857	<u>\$17,710,114.27</u>

State.	Name of Road.	Length in operation.	Capital Stock paid in.	Debt, Funded and Floating.	Cost of Construction and Equipment.	Receipts in 1856.	Expenses of Working in 1856.	
		Miles.	\$	\$	\$	\$	\$	
Kent'ky.	Memphis and Ohio	56	725,000	767,242		115,500	47,000	
	773 McMinnville & Manchester	34	140,096	414,671	565,459			
	Kentucky Central	117	1,302,804	2,235,939	4,000,000			
	Lexington and Frankfort . . .	29	430,000	158,000	637,000			
	Louisville and Frankfort . . .	66	700,000	670,000	1,590,000			
Ohio	279 Louisville and Nashville . .	67						
	See Pa., Mid., Va., & Ind.							
Ohio	Central Ohio	137	1,626,850	5,191,877	6,421,908	712,213	575,000	
	Cincinnati and Chicago . . .	108						
	Cin., Hamilton, & Dayton . .	60	2,155,800	1,526,092	3,130,315	555,709	361,602	
	Cin., Wil., and Zanesville . .	131	1,761,749	2,587,432	5,320,271	221,792		
	Clevel'd. Columbus, & Cin. . .	135	4,741,220	103,489	4,731,626	1,329,754	628,950	
	Cleveland and Erie	95						
	Cleveland and Pittsburg . . .	226						
	Cleveland and Toledo	200	2,675,000	3,739,207	6,697,920	736,272	339,286	
	Clevel'd. Zanesville, & Cin. .	61	500,000	500,000	1,300,000			
	Columbus, Piqua, and Ind. . .	72						
	Columbus and Xenia	55	1,490,450	149,000	1,582,475	403,212	211,524	
	Dayton and Michigan	40						
	Dayton and Western	40	310,000	700,481	1,035,173	125,940	58,687	
	Little Miami	84	2,981,282	1,324,568	3,798,093	806,424	433,048	
	Marietta and Cincinnati . . .	173						
	Mad River and Lake Erie . . .	169	2,451,650	2,572,932	4,446,661			
	Ohio & Miss. (O. & Ia. Div.) . .	192						
	Pitts., Ft. Wayne, & Chic. . .	383	5,994,144	7,344,827	11,718,511	1,111,626	449,509	
	Sand., Mansf'd. & Newark . . .	125	1,350,000	2,206,000	3,550,000			
	Scioto and Hocking Valley . .	56						
	Steubenville and Indiana . . .	124						
	Toledo, Wabash, and West. . .	250	2,965,100	7,577,500	10,542,600			
Indianap., Pitts., & Clevel. . .	206	2,708,460	2,249,400	4,843,253	692,795	384,885		
3411 Other roads	289							
Indiana	See Ohio, Mich., and Illinois							
	Bellefontaine and Indiana . .	Included	in Indian	apolis, Pit	tsburg, &	Clevel'd.		
	Evansville and Crawfordsv. . .	109	707,000	1,178,000				
	Indiana Central	68	612,350	1,261,179	1,909,911	434,000	184,000	
	Indianapolis & Cincinnati . .	90	1,655,139	1,576,107	2,884,922	579,959	287,098	
	Jeffersonville	66	1,014,000	695,000				
	Lafayette & Indianapolis . . .	64						
	Madison and Indianapolis . . .	87	1,647,700	1,336,816	1,205,000	286,146	173,266	
	New Albany and Salem . . .	288	2,535,000	5,282,000	6,643,000			
	Peru and Indianapolis	73		858,314				
	Terre Haute & Richmond . . .	73	975,000	605,000	1,502,000	531,535	341,832	
	Northern Indiana, air line	Included	in Mich.	S. and N.	Indiana.			
	1060 Other roads	142						
	Illinois	Chicago, Alton, & St. Louis . .	220					
		Chi., Burl'ton. & Quincy . . .	210	2,911,810	3,681,590	6,042,370	1,882,219	913,389
Chicago, Fulton, and Iowa . .		106	Owned &	run by the	Galena &	Chicago	Union.	
Chicago and Milwaukee		85						
Chicago and Rock Island . . .		182	5,248,000	1,734,318	6,628,272	1,886,196	1,036,157	
Peoria and Bureau Valley . . .		47						
Ch., St. Paul, & Fonddu Lac . .		123	2,300,000	1,325,000	3,625,000			
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Statement of the Debt of the United States on the 15th of November, 1856.

Denomination of Debt.	Rate of Interest per cent	When Redeemable.	Amount.
Principal and interest of the old funded and unfunded debt, Treasury-notes of 1812, and Yazoo scrip		On presentation .	\$114,118.54
Outstanding Treasury-notes fund-able or payable		On presentation .	112,661.64
Loan of April 15, 1842 . . .	6	Dec. 31. 1862 .	3,784,066.98
„ July 22, 1846 . . .	6	Nov. 12, 1856 .	319,800.00
„ January 28, 1847 . . .	6	Jan. 1, 1868 .	11,773,500.00
„ March 31, 1848 . . .	6	July 1, 1868 .	10,704,291.80
Texan indemnity	5	Jan. 1, 1865 .	3,632,000.00
Texas debt, Act Feb. 28, 1855		523,470.68
Present amount as above		\$30,963,909.64

Extract of Letter from Dr. CHANNING to Mr. CLAY, on Annexation of Texas, and the War with Mexico.

SOME crimes, by their magnitude, have a touch of the sublime; and to this dignity the seizure of Texas by our citizens is entitled. Modern times furnish no example of individual rapine on so grand a scale. It is nothing less than the robbery of a realm. The pirate seizes a ship. The colonists and their coadjutors can satisfy themselves with nothing short of an empire. They have left their Anglo-Saxon ancestors behind them. Those barbarians conformed to the maxims of their age, to the rude code of nations in time of thickest heathen darkness. They invaded England under their sovereigns, and with the sanction of the gloomy religion of the North. But it is in a civilized age, and amidst refinements of manners—it is amidst the lights of science and the teaching of Christianity, amidst expositions of the law of nations and enforcements of the law of universal love, amidst institutions of religion, learning, and humanity—that

the robbery of Texas has found its instruments. It is from a free, well-ordered, enlightened Christian country, that hordes have gone forth, in open day, to perpetrate this mighty wrong.

We boast of our rapid growth, forgetting that throughout nature, noble growths are slow. Our people throw themselves beyond the bounds of civilization, and expose themselves to relapses into a semi-barbarous state under the impulse of wild imagination, and for the name of great possessions. Perhaps there is no people on earth, on whom the ties of local attachment sit so loosely. Even the wandering tribes of Scythia are bound to one spot, the graves of their fathers; but the homes and graves of our fathers detain us feebly. The known and familiar is often abandoned for the distant and untrodden; and sometimes the untrodden is not the less eagerly desired, because belonging to others. To this spirit we have sacrificed justice and humanity; and through its ascendancy, the records of this young nation are stained with atrocities, at which communities grown grey in corruption might blush.

Texas is a country conquered by our citizens; and the annexation of it to our Union will be the beginning of conquests, which, unless arrested and beaten back by a just and kind Providence, will stop only at the Isthmus of Darien. Henceforth we must cease to cry, Peace, peace. Our Eagle will whet, not gorge, its appetite on its first victim, and will snuff a more tempting quarry, more alluring blood, in every new region which opens southward. To annex Texas is to declare perpetual war with Mexico—that word, *Mexico*, associated in men's minds with boundless wealth, has already awakened rapacity. Already it has been proclaimed, that the Anglo-Saxon race is destined to the sway of this magnificent realm; that the rude form of society, which Spain established there, is to yield and vanish before a higher civilization.

A deadly hatred burns in Mexico towards this country. No stronger national sentiment now binds her scattered provinces together, than dread and detestation of Republican America. She is ready to attach herself to Europe for defence from the United States. All the moral power which we might have gained over Mexico, we have thrown away; and suspicion, dread, and abhorrence have supplanted respect and trust.

I am aware that these remarks are met by a vicious reasoning which discredits a people among whom it finds favour. It is sometimes said, that nations are swayed by laws, as unailing as those

which govern matter; that they have their destinies; that their character and position carry them forward irresistibly to their goal: that the stationary Turk must sink under the progressive civilization of Russia, as inevitably as the crumbling edifice falls to the earth; that, by a like necessity, the Indians have melted before the white man, and the mixed, degraded race of Mexico must melt before the Anglo-Saxon. Away with this vile sophistry! There is no necessity for crime. There is no Fate to justify rapacious nations, any more than to justify gamblers and robbers in plunder.

Hitherto, I have spoken of the annexation of Texas as embroiling us with Mexico; but it will not stop here. It will bring us into collision with other states. It will, almost of necessity, involve us in hostility with European powers. Such are now the connexions of nations, that Europe must look with jealousy on a country whose ambition, seconded by vast resources, will seem to place within her grasp the empire of the New World. And not only general considerations of this nature, but the particular relation of certain foreign states to this continent, must tend to destroy the peace now happily subsisting between us and the kingdoms of Europe. England in particular must watch us with suspicion, and cannot but resist our appropriation of Texas to ourselves. She has at once a moral and political interest in this question, which demands and will justify interference.

By the annexation of Texas we shall approach her liberated colonies; we shall build up a power in her neighbourhood, to which no limits can be prescribed. By adding Texas to our acquisition of Florida, we shall do much towards girdling the Gulf of Mexico; and I doubt not that some of our politicians will feel as if our mastery in that sea were sure. The West Indian Archipelago, in which the European is regarded as an intruder, will, of course, be embraced in our over-growing scheme of empire. In truth, collision with the West Indies will be the most certain effect of the extension of our power in that quarter. The example which they exhibit of African freedom, of the elevation of the coloured race to the rights of men, is, of all influences, most menacing to slavery at the South. It must grow continually more perilous. These islands, unless interfered with from abroad, seem destined to be nurseries of civilization and freedom to the African race.

Will a slave-holding people, spreading along the shores of the Mexican Gulf, cultivate friendly sentiments towards communities,

whose whole history will be a bitter reproach to their institutions, a witness against their wrongs, and whose ardent sympathies will be enlisted in the cause of the slave? Cruel, ferocious conflicts must grow from this neighbourhood of hostile principles of communities regarding one another with unextinguishable hatred. All the islands of the Archipelago will have cause to dread our power; but none so much as the emancipated. It is not more than possible, that wars having for an object the subjugation of the coloured race, the destruction of this tempting example of freedom, should spring from the proposed extension of our dominion along the Mexican Gulf? Can England view our encroachments without alarm!

An English Minister would be unworthy of his office, who should see another state greedily swallow up territories in the neighbourhood of British colonies, and not strive by all just means to avert the danger.

By encroaching on Mexico we shall throw her into the arms of European states, shall compel her to seek defence in transatlantic alliance. How plain is it that alliance with Mexico will be hostility to the United States, that her defenders will repay themselves by making her subservient to their views, that they will thus strike root in her soil, monopolize her trade, and control her resources? And with what face can we resist the aggressions of others on our neighbour, if we give an example of aggression? Still more, if by our advances, we put the colonies of England in new peril, with what face can we oppose her occupation of Cuba? Suppose her, with that magnificent island in her hands, to command the Mexican Gulf and the mouths of the Mississippi; will the Western states find compensation for this formidable neighbourhood, in the privilege of flooding Texas with slaves?

Thus wars with Europe and Mexico are to be entailed on us by the annexation of Texas. And is war the policy by which this country is to flourish? Was it for interminable conflicts that we formed our Union? Is it blood shed for plunder which is to consolidate our institutions? Is it by collision with the greatest maritime power that commerce is to gain strength? Is it by arming against ourselves the moral sentiments of the world, that we are to build up national honour? Must we of the North buckle on our armour to fight the battles of slavery; to fight for a possession which our moral principles and just jealousy forbid us to incorporate with our confederacy? In attaching Texas to ourselves, we provoke hostilities, and at the same

time expose new points of attack to our foes. Vulnerable at so many points, we shall need a vast military force. Great armies will require great revenues and raise up great chieftains. Are we tired of freedom that we are prepared to place it under such guardians? Is the republic bent on dying by its own hands? Does not every man feel that, with war for our habit, our institutions cannot be preserved? If ever a country were bound to peace it is this. Peace is our great interest. In peace our resources are to be developed, the true interpretation of the constitution to be established, and the interfering claims of liberty and order to be adjusted. In peace we are to discharge our great debt to the human race, and to diffuse freedom by manifesting its fruits. A country has no right to adopt a policy, however gainful, which, as it may foresee, will determine it to a career of war. A nation, like an individual, is bound to seek, even by sacrifices, a position which will favour peace, justice, and the exercise of a beneficent influence on the world. A nation provoking war by cupidity, by encroachment, and above all, by efforts to propagate the curse of slavery, is alike false to itself, to God, and to the human race.

This possession will involve us in new Indian wars. Texas, besides being open to the irruption of the tribes within our territories, has a tribe of its own, the Camanches, which is described as more formidable than any in North America. Such foes are not to be coveted. The Indians!—that ominous word, which ought to pierce the conscience of this nation more than the savage war-cry pierces the ear. The Indians!—have we not inflicted and endured evil enough in our intercourse with this wretched people, to abstain from new wars with them? Is the tragedy of Florida to be acted again and again in our own day, and in our children's?

But one thing does move me. It is a sore evil that freedom should be blasphemed, that republican institutions should forfeit the confidence of mankind, through the unfaithfulness of this people to their trust.

Extracts from Reports by Mr. J. C. G. KENNEDY, Superintendent of the last Decennial Census of 1850.

SINCE the census of 1840, there have been added to the territory of the United States, by annexation, conquest, and purchase, 833,970 square miles; and our title to a region covering 341,463 square miles, which before properly belonged to us, but was claimed and partially occupied by a foreign power, has been established by negotiation, and it has been brought within our acknowledged boundaries. By such means the area of the United States has been extended during the past ten years, from 2,055,163 to 3,230,572 square miles, without including the great lakes which lie upon our northern border, or the bays which indent our Atlantic and Pacific shores; all which has come within the scope of the seventh census.

In the endeavour to ascertain the progress of our population since 1840, it will be proper to deduct from the aggregate number of inhabitants shown by the present census, the population of Texas in 1840, and the number embraced within the limits of California, and the new territories at the time of their acquisition. From the best information which has come to hand, it is believed that Texas contained in 1840, 75,000 inhabitants; and that when California, New Mexico, and Oregon came into our possession, in 1846, they had a population of 97,000. It thus appears that we have received by accessions of territory since 1840, an accession of 172,000 to the number of our people.

The increase which has taken place in those extended regions since they came under the authority of our government, should obviously be reckoned as a part of the development and progress of our population: nor is it necessary to complicate the comparison by taking into account the probable natural increase of this acquired population, because we have not the means of determining the rate of its advancement, nor the law which governed its progress while yet beyond the influence of our political system. The year 1840, rather than the date of the annexation of Texas, has been taken for estimating her population, in connexion with that of the Union, because it may safely be assumed, that whatever the increase during the five intervening years may have been, it was mainly, if not altogether

derived from the United States. Assuming the population of California to be 165,000 (which we do partly by estimate), the total number of inhabitants in the United States was, on the first of June 1850, 23,263,488. The absolute increase from the first of June, 1840, has been 6,194,035, and the actual increase per cent. is 36·28. But it has been shown that the probable amount of population acquired by additions of territory should be deducted in making a comparison between the results of the present and the last census. These reductions diminish the total population of the country as a basis of comparison to 23,091,488, and the increase to 6,022,035. The relative increase after this allowance, is found to be 35·27 per cent. The aggregate number of whites in 1850 was 19,630,738, exhibiting a gain upon the number of the same class in 1840 of 5,434,933, and a relative increase of 32·28 per cent. But excluding the 153,000 free population supposed to have been acquired by the addition of territory since 1840, the gain is 5,281,933, and the increase per cent. is 37·2. The number of slaves by the present census is 3,204,089, which shows an increase of 716,733, equal to 28·81 per cent. If we deduct 19,000 for the probable slave population of Texas in 1840, the result of the comparison will be slightly different. The absolute increase will be 697,733, and the rate per cent. 28·05.

The number of free coloured in 1850, was 428,661; in 1840, 386,292. The increase of this class has been 42,369 or 10·96 per cent.

The decennial increase of the most favoured portions of Europe is less than one and a half per cent. per annum, while with the United States it is at the rate of three and a half per cent. According to our past progress, viewed in connexion with that of the European nations, the population of the United States in forty years will exceed that of England, France, Spain, Portugal, Sweden, and Switzerland combined. * * * * *

One of the most interesting results of the census, is the classification of inhabitants according to the counties of their birth. We are thus enabled to discover, for the first time, of what our nation is composed. The investigations under this head have resulted in showing that of the free inhabitants of the United States, 17,737,505 are natives of its soil, and that 2,210,828 were born in foreign countries; while the nativity of 39,014 could not be determined. It is shown that 1,965,518 of the whole number of foreign-born inhabitants were residents of the free states, and 245,310 of the slave

states. It is seen that the persons of foreign birth form 11·06 per cent. of the whole free population. The countries whence have been derived the largest portions of these additions to our population appear in the following statement:—

Natives of Ireland in the United States in 1850	961,719
Germany	573,225
England	278,675
British America	147,700
Scotland	70,550
France	54,069
Wales	29,868
All other countries	95,022
	2,210,828

The proportion in which the several counties above-named have contributed to the aggregate immigrant population is shown in the subjoined statement:—

Ireland	43·04 per cent.
Germany	25·09
England	12·06
British America	6·68
Scotland	3·17
France	2·44
Wales	1·34
Miscellaneous	4·47

This view of the immigrant population is important, as serving to correct many extravagant notions concerning it which have attained extensive currency.

SEVENTH CENSUS OF THE UNITED STATES.

Population of the United States according to the Seventh Census and Representatives in Congress.

States.	White Population.	Free Coloured Population.	Total Free.	Slaves.	Federal Representative Population.	No. of Representatives.	Gain or Loss from last Census.	Fractions over.
Maine	581,813	1,356	583,169		583,169	6	—1	22,631
New Hampshire	317,456	520	317,976		317,976	3	—1	37,707
Vermont	313,402	718	314,120		314,120	3	—1	33,851
Massachusetts	985,450	9,064	994,514		994,514	11	+1	+60,284
Rhode Island	143,875	3,670	147,545		147,545	2		+54,122
Connecticut	363,099	7,693	370,792		370,792	4		+90,523
New York	3,048,325	49,069	3,097,394		3,097,394	33	—1	14,435
New Jersey	465,513	23,820	489,333	222	489,466	5		22,351
Pennsylvania	2,258,463	53,323	2,311,786		2,311,786	25	+1	+69,634
Delaware	71,169	18,073	89,242	2,290	90,616	1		
Maryland	417,943	74,723	492,666	90,368	546,886	6		+79,771
Virginia	894,800	54,333	949,133	472,528	1,232,649	13	—2	18,150
North Carolina	553,028	27,463	580,491	288,548	753,619	8	—1	6,235
South Carolina	274,567	8,956	283,523	384,984	514,513	6	—1	+47,398
Georgia	521,572	2,931	524,503	381,682	753,512	8		6,128
Florida	47,211	924	48,135	39,309	71,720	1		
Alabama	426,486	2,293	428,779	342,892	634,514	7		+73,976
Mississippi	295,718	930	296,648	309,878	482,574	5	+1	15,495
Louisiana	255,491	17,462	272,953	244,809	419,838	4		46,146
Texas	154,034	397	154,431	58,161	189,327	2		2,481
Arkansas	162,189	608	162,797	47,100	191,057	2	+1	4,211
Tennessee	756,753	6,401	763,154	239,460	906,830	10	—1	+66,022
Kentucky	761,417	10,007	771,424	210,981	898,012	10		+57,205
Missouri	592,004	2,618	594,622	87,422	647,075	7	+2	+86,537
Ohio	1,955,108	25,319	1,980,427		1,980,427	21		18,544
Michigan	395,097	2,557	397,654		397,654	4	+1	23,962
Indiana	977,628	10,788	988,416		988,416	11	+1	+54,186
Illinois	846,035	5,435	851,470		851,470	9	+2	10,663
Wisconsin	304,758	633	305,391		305,391	3		25,122
Iowa	191,879	335	192,214		192,214	2		5,368
California †	91,632	965	92,597		92,597	12		
Total	19,423,915	423,334	19,847,301	3,200,634	21,767,673	234		
Dis. of Columbia	33,027	9,973	43,000	3,687				
Minnesota	6,038	39	6,077					
New Mexico	61,530	17	61,547					
Oregon	13,088	206	13,294					
Utah	11,330	24	11,354	26				
Total	19,553,928	433,643	19,987,573	3,204,347				
Total by last } Census Tables }	19,553,068	434,495	19,987,563	3,204,313				

* The aggregate representative population (21,767,673), divided by 233,—the number of representatives established by law,—gives 93,423 as the ratio of apportionment among the several States. But this gives only 2 members, leaving 13 to be assigned to the States having the largest residuary fractions.

† In the column of fractions, those marked thus, †, entitle the State to an additional Representative, who included in the number given the State in the column of Representatives.

‡ By the act of July 30, 1852, an additional representative is assigned to California, making the whole number of Representatives 234. The ratio of representation remains unchanged. The last published census tables differ slightly from the above, but as the apportionment of representation is made by the above table, it is continued.

RECAPITULATION.

	Total Population in 1840.	Slaves in 1840.	Total Population in 1850.*	Total Free Population in 1850.	Slaves in 1850.	Representative Population in 1850.	Rep. in 1850.	Gain or Loss.
Free States . . .	9,654,865	1,102	13,434,922	13,434,798	222	13,436,931	144	+1
Slave States . .	7,290,719	2,481,532	9,612,969	6,412,503	3,200,412	8,330,742	90	-1
Dist. & Ter. . .	117,769	4,721	143,985	140,272	3,713			
Total . . .	17,063,353	2,487,355	23,191,876	19,987,573	3,204,347	21,767,673	234	

POPULATION OF SOME OF THE PRINCIPAL CITIES.

According to the several Censuses of the United States.

Cities.	1790.	1800.	1810.	1820.	1830.	1840.	1845.	1850.
Portland, Me.		3,677	7,169	8,581	12,601	15,218		20,815
Bangor, "			850	1,221	2,867	8,627		14,432
Manchester, N. H.			615	761	877	3,235		13,932
Boston, Mass.	18,038	24,027	32,250	43,298	61,392	93,383	114,366	136,881
Lowell, "					6,474	20,796	28,841	33,383
Springfield, "			2,767	3,914	6,784	10,985		11,766
Salem, "	7,921	9,457	12,613	12,721	13,886	15,082		20,264
Worcester, "					7,497	7,497		17,049
Providence, R. I.		7,614	10,071	11,767	16,832	23,171		41,513
New Haven, Ct.			5,772	7,147	10,180	14,890		20,345
Hartford, "			3,955	4,726	7,071	12,793		13,555
New York, N. Y.	33,131	60,489	96,373	123,706	203,007	312,710	371,102	515,547
Brooklyn, "		3,298	4,402	7,175	12,042	36,233	59,566	96,838
Albany, "	3,498	5,349	9,356	12,630	24,238	33,721	41,139	50,763
Buffalo, "			1,508	2,095	8,653	18,213	29,773	42,261
Rochester, "				1,502	9,269	20,191	25,265	36,403
Williamsburg, "					1,620	5,680		30,780
Troy, "			3,885	5,264	11,401	19,334	21,709	28,785
Syracuse, "						6,502		22,271
Utica, "				2,972	8,323	12,782		17,565
Newark, N. J.				6,507	10,953	17,290	34,140	38,894
Paterson, "						7,596		11,334
Philadelphia, Pa.	42,520	70,287	96,664	108,116	167,188	258,037		408,762
Pittsburg, "		1,565	4,768	7,248	12,542	21,115		46,601
Baltimore, Md.	13,503	26,614	46,555	62,738	80,625	102,313		169,054
Washington, D. C.		3,210	8,208	13,247	18,827	23,364		40,001
Richmond, Va.		5,537	9,735	12,046	16,066	20,153		27,570
Charleston, S. C.	16,359	18,712	24,711	24,480	30,289	29,261		42,985
Savannah, Ga.				7,523	9,748	11,214		15,312
Mobile, Ala.					3,194	12,672		20,515
Nashville, Tenn.					5,566	6,929		10,478
Louisville, Ky.			1,357	4,012	10,352	21,210		43,194
Cincinnati, Ohio		750	2,540	9,644	24,831	46,338		115,436
Columbus, "					2,435	6,048		17,882
Cleveland, "			547	606	1,076	6,071		17,034
Detroit, Mich.				1,422	2,222	9,102		21,019
Chicago, Ill.						4,479		29,963
Milwaukee, Wis.						1,700		20,061
St. Louis, Mo.				4,598	5,852	16,469	63,491	77,860
New Orleans, La.			17,242	27,176	46,310	102,193		116,375
San Francisco, Cal.								15,000

* This column is from the last published Census returns.

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